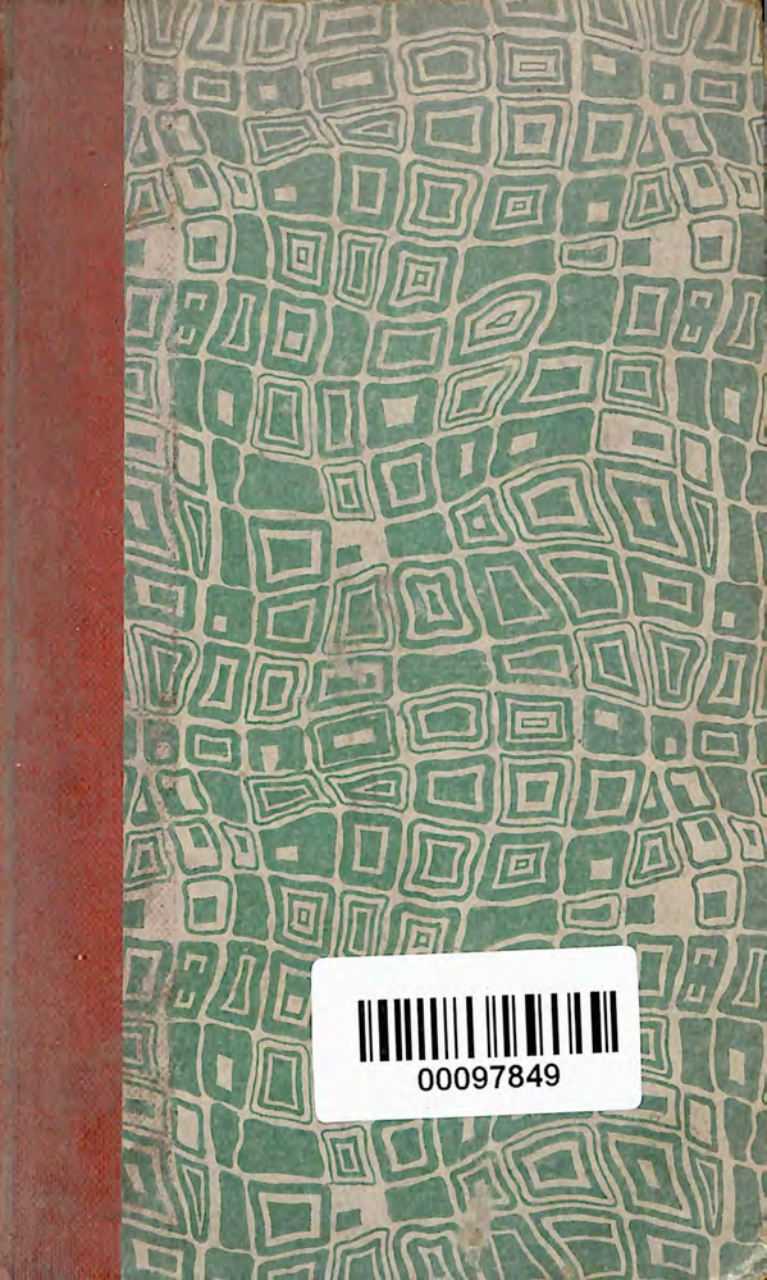
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THE BOOK

WITHOUT A NAME.

BY

SIR T. CHARLES AND LADY MORGAN.

Unfinished things, one knows not what to call,
Their generation's so equivocal.

POPE.

97849

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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THE HONG MERCHANT'S WIDOW.

It never, till lately, has been doubted—except by those who doubt every thing—that the Chinese are the most ancient and the wisest (and the wisest, because the most ancient,) of all the known nations of the earth; but in these latter peering times, doubt has followed inquiry, dogmatism is yielding in every point to suspicion, and the very fundamental proposition, that China is one among the known nations, has ranged among those Janus-like questions, whose two faces look in precisely opposite directions.

Few, however, cared to go as far as China in defence of an hypothesis, or to establish a fact, on the evidence of their own senses; or if they did, would not the Chinese authorities have suffered them to take a peep into the moral interior of their celestial population, and set the matter at rest. It is no wonder, therefore, if the question, once raised, was suffered to remain in abeyance; and if the literary world has not hastened to come to a decision, on a point, concerning which it had no positive interest at stake.

Since politics, however, have entered into the question, since Commissioner Lin has been dragged

in, as part and parcel of our notions of the Celestial empire, and been enlisted by Whig and Tory into the service of debate, the affair has become so complicated, and has been exhibited through so many and such various media, that to presume too far in assertion, may not be unattended with danger.

In adopting the affirmative concerning our knowledge of China, it might be pleaded that this veritable history was indited years ago, before the opinion had been rendered "doubly hazardous," by its connexion with the opium trade; or the notion might be justified, because we know the Chinese, through tea-cups, josses, and caricatures in the print shops. A great deal of knowledge is often presumed on much slighter grounds. On the whole, however, it is safer and more orthodox to take post behind the authority of the established gazeteers and encyclopædists, who not only maintain China to be a known nation, but as well known in all its details, as the county of Middlesex.

Taking, then, Malte Le Brun and his *confrères* as sufficient vouchers, let us assume the three hundred million of pugnacious tea venders as a known quantity, and proceed to reason upon them accordingly. That they are the wisest and the best, the world has their own authority for believing; and who should know better than they, who are not only on the spot to decide, but have also had a much longer acquaintance with themselves and their own ways, than any other people in existence. But a better evidence, put forward by themselves

in their own behalf, is the unchangeable nature of their institutions, their steady adherence to the wisdom of their ancestors. It is not, with institutions, as with coins, that the bad are the least changeable; and there is no more decided proof of the value of an usage, than its having been worn quite smooth, and lost all the characteristics of its original formation. It has, therefore, been generally admitted, that the greatest mark of wisdom in nations, as in individuals, is the knowing they are well off, and not making the *mieux* an enemy of the *bien.* We, therefore, whose institutions are but of yesterday, must look with profound veneration on a nation, whose boast it is, that for the last eight or nine thousand years (to speak modestly) they have forgot nothing, and learned nothing.

Another testimony of their wisdom is their great wall, a work of such ancient date, and persevering labour, that all monuments of antiquity fade in the comparison; and notwithstanding the new project of fortifying Paris, that truly Chinese stroke of policy, the modern monuments may still, as of reason, be flung into the bargain. It is a curious instance, by the by, of the great law of nature, which has provided for the unexpected meeting of extremes, this Parisian fortification! On the score of permanent institutions, the French and the Chinese are at the extremes of the scale. Yet the object of both their walls is clearly the same—namely, to shut up the respective populations, like a Chinese puzzle, in a box. There

are, indeed, those who suppose that, while the Chinese authorities looked only to excluding the Nomadic tribes, which infested the vast frontiers of the Celestial empire (the Russians, Prussians, and Austrians of the far east,) the real design of the French authorities is rather directed against a break out of their own citizens, than an invasion of the enemy. But this is a mere verbal difference: the wisdom in both cases is equal; unless, indeed, it should turn out that the French walls are to be built on the principle of a mousetrap—and while they effectually prevent the egress of the citizens, shall serve only as an invitation to the strangers to enter.

Leaving, however, such considerations to the French engineers, and the project to its destiny, the failure of its prototype in the east, was no proof of a want of wisdom in the contrivance. What, indeed, would become of the reputations of the greatest European Statesmen of the last half century, if they depended upon such judgments by the event!

Let it not, therefore, be imputed to the Chinese, that the more useless their wall became, through the inroads of time and of the Tartars, the more they held it in veneration; and swore by it as a monument sacred to the wisdom of their ancestors. There is nothing so very un-European, or, what is worse still, so un-English, in this mode of ratiocination.

Besides the great wall, the Chinese were indebted to the wisdom of their ancestors for the flattened

heads of their men, and for the crushed feet of their women—usages religiously observed, and reverentially extolled, as the primary causes of the conservation of all things in their primitive perfection throughout the wide expanse of the Chinese empire.

It is thus that another people of equal wisdom consider debt and taxation as the proper elements of national greatness; and refer their religious liberties and intelligent piety of their own sect, to the penal laws fulminated against others, and to the enormous inequality of clerical fortunes in the church established by law.

If it be conceded that China started with perfection, and that its institutions set reform at defiance, nothing better could be contrived, than this operation on the malleable heads and feet of the subject, by which every chance of change was cut off. The brain being denied its natural development, all the organs were kept quiet, without the assistance of literary censors or orthodox reviews; and by crushing the feet of the women—"*varium et mutabile semper fœmina*"—the march of intellect was, with all other marches, effectually stopped in the persons of its leaders.

While other nations, therefore, were in a state of endless revolution, working their way to civilization through long centuries of misadventure, and picking up opinion after opinion, by dint of "apostolic blows and knocks," China stood where she was. Her religion was disturbed by no inquiries, her government (however it might fare with her dynas-

ties,) was harassed by no revolutions; and her learning slept in peaceable possession of schools and universities, untaxed with pedantry, and unimpeached of inutility. All things were stationary; and the omniscience of their preadamite king and legislator, Fohi, presided, to the end, over all the wants of a society, which, knowing no progress, knew no new desires, and which, being doomed to an everlasting childhood, felt no wish for the dangerous and troublesome franchises of an intellectual manhood.

Even the violences done to nature—the causes of this enviable permanence—were never made the subject of doubt or discontent. Such processes became almost to be considered as laws of nature, as, indeed, they had, by usage, become a second nature, to those who, if they ever saw a man as Heaven made him, would have regarded him as a *lusus*. That heads were given to think withal, or that female feet were designed for locomotion, were dogmas never dreamed of in the natural theology of Chinese philosophers; or what came to the same thing, if here and there an unfortunate freethinker, (escaping, through some inattention of his nurses, from the full stringency of his bandages,) discovered that he was more longheaded than his neighbours—if some splay-footed female ventured to assert her independence, by taking to her heels—the devil thereunto tempting them to their destruction—the neighbourhood failed not to fling from itself, with indignation, the fearful suggestion;

and to visit the offenders with all the weight of its censures; or, if need were, of its sticks and stones.

Such daring innovations, therefore, did not occur above once or twice in a millenium; and, if some liberal Mandarin ventured to laugh in his sleeve at an opinion, which it was so useful that the people should believe, habit continued the bias, from which reason secretly swerved; and he would sooner have wedded himself to a woman with a beard, as the less disgusting venture, than have married one who was masculinely bold enough to put her foot to the ground.

No wonder, therefore, that the sex submitted with complacency to a law, so pregnant with conquest and with matrimony. While the Chinese Anacreons sung to them

> Woman, be lame, we must adore you,
> Halt, and the world is weak before you,

the women hopped and hobbled responsively to the strain; and religiously abstained from the slightest *faux pas* of questionable steadiness. Delighted mothers taught, as the first lesson of female education, the maxim that *pour être beau, il faut souffrir;* and their fair pupils, pleased to purchase empire at so small an expense, fell in with the national *esprit de corps,* exclaiming, with an almost universal suffrage, against the wretch so totally unsexed, as to stand upon her natural rights, and walk like a man; but,

> 'Chassez la Nature, elle revient en *galon.*"

When all, however, was done, Nature would occasionally vindicate herself: the innate tendencies of the sex could not so wholly be controlled, that no self-willed innovator should be ever found on her legs. The Chinese women, *maugré* the boasted antiquity of their race, would now and then show some touch of the general mother, in a hankering after the fruits of travel, a propensity to step beyond the circumscribed sphere of permitted knowledge.

In one or two instances, in one or two thousand years, it did occur that some masculine creature in petticoats, some Chinese Wolstonecraft, setting at defiance the iron brodiquins of infancy, would cherish a rebellious fancy for a pedestrian excursion; and would even venture, in the privacy of her chamber, or on the tempting level of her husband's terrace, to make the hazardous experiment of a totter, unsupported by the bamboo railing. Such an instance is on record, as having occurred in our own times; and, as might not unnaturally be expected, in the person of the widow of a Hong merchant, whose residence in the Emperor's good town of Canton particularly exposed her to the propagandism of European gadabouts. It is a matter of more than surprise that the contagion should not have spread wider, and that it should not have become fashionable with Mandarinesses to import the European poison of progression, as their official husbands did opium, notwithstanding all the edicts and bambooings, designed to keep them in the line of duty.

It may be laid down as a maxim in politics worthy of all attention from those whom it may concern, that wherever a bale of goods can pass, an opinion will enter; and that the only security against propagandism is to leave nothing worthy of introduction to be clandestinely propagated. Nothing better, therefore, can be said for the loyalty of the Chinese women, than that they thus submitted to the laws of their country; unless, indeed, it should be presumed, that in this passive obedience they are principally governed by the 'physical' difficulties which beset the path of temptation.

It may be surmised that the Hong merchant's widow was a woman of no ordinary understanding. Many, in her circumstances, would have, at the expence of others, remained contented with theorising, and have proselytised like the tract-distributing females of our own country. Like certain political chieftainesses in the domestic coteries of England, she might have expended her energies in preaching to whoever would listen, that nature had given feet to the women as well as the men, if not exactly to take as long steps, at least to get over equal spaces, by a quicker reciprocation of their pedal extremities.

Not so the Hong merchant's widow; she was a practical reformer, not a bit by bit, but literally what the Americans call a *go-a-head* reformer, an out-and-outer, taking regular exercise herself, to recover the use of her legs, and actually walking

across her own terrace, without the assistance of a cane or an umbrella.

An overt act so manifest could not long escape public attention. A Kotan, or official spy, having got an inkling of the lady's reputation for independence, communicated his suspicion of what was going on to the Mandarin governor of the province, who having no precedent for punishing a crime that had no example, forwarded the report to the imperial court.

The Emperor, whether he was indifferent to an attempt so much at variance with public opinion, and little likely to be repeated, or, on the other hand, feared to attract general attention to a dangerous innovation, by a sanguinary punishment, treated the charge against the Hong merchant's widow in a manner that scandalised his counsel, his court, and, above all, his Empress, her chamberlains, maids of honour, and a powerful party, of which she was the chief. The Empress herself owed all her influence with her husband, and, consequently, all her weight with his ministers, to the smallness of her own tiny and almost imperceptible feet: and this had no small share in determining her indignation at the breach in the ancient institutions of the empire, and in inducing her to place herself at the head of the conservative party, prepared to go all lengths in behalf of the iron brodikins, and the crushing the feet of females of all statures in one common mould of established exiguity.

This party, which had more than once doubted the loyalty of the Emperor himself, were now disposed to question even his religion, when he declared that no law of Fohi, no maxim of Confucius existed, applicable to the case of the walking widow, which authorised the taking off her head, or even bastinadoing her to death, because she had taken to her feet, which, as no blood would have been spilled in the last process, to speak of, was deemed a more decent and humane mode of maintaining uniformity.

In reply, therefore, to the importunities of the Empress, and the references made by her party to his Majesty's coronation oath, by which he had bound himself to maintain the heads and feet of his subjects unaltered and unalterable, the brother of the Sun insisted that the question was of a nature best left undisturbed; and that crimes like the widow's were the most safely punished by leaving the culprit to the scourge of public opinion, always ready to take part with establishments, and to resent the disturbance of its own routine habits of thinking and walking.

For once in his life the Emperor had his own way (no very common occurrence with absolute monarchs, Chinese or European), and the pariah pedestrian was handed over to the secular arm of the government press. It is well known that the Chinese mandarins, the official literati, monopolise all the wisdom as well as the power of the celestial em-

pire,—that all high office in the state depends on a presumed knowledge of the alphabet,—and that to qualify for the highest posts, it is necessary to have obtained the degrees of Syew-esays, Ky-a-fin, and Tsien-ese, that is, Bachelors, Licentiates, and Doctors. The imperial historiographer is the greatest man in the imperial councils; and the governors of provinces, secretaries of state, first lords of admiralty, and commanders-in-chief, are also editors, and even writers of articles in the Pekin Gazettes, the almanacks, and other periodical communicators of orthodox and proper notions. Thus doubly armed with literary and legislative influence, more despotic than the inquisitors of any Christian power, their control over opinion is undisputed, and the victim exposed to their denunciations has no chance of escape.

The conservative upholders of sedentary habits did not, upon this occasion, let their privileges lie idle. The Pekin Gazette, or Imperial Journal of the Empire, took the initiative, and let loose the whole forty thousand letters of the alphabet in endless combinations of calumnious vituperation, against the audacious innovator who had ventured to stand on her own legs, the impious blasphemer of the sacred and time-honoured institutions of the brother of the sun and moon. The tone thus given, was adopted by all the other official organs, metropolitan and provincial. The bonzes preached at her, the dramatists ridiculed her, pamphleteers misquoted her, and the judges dragged her into

their charges to county juries, as a nuisance well worthy of their magisterial interference.

Whether the widow sank beneath the reiterated lash of literary despotism, worn out by its daily petty attacks, and nauseated by its servile malignity; or whether, supported by a consciousness of her right to use the feet which nature had bestowed on her, she ran away to lands where women walk with impunity, and where public sympathy consoles the oppressed assertors of public interests, is of little importance to the application of the parable; but should her story excite commiseration for her fate, or contempt for the barbarous absurdities upheld by time and ancient custom against the light of reason and the dictates of truth, let those who laugh look at home.

It has been discovered by one, whose long residence in Canton, and extensive practice in the smuggling trade, give some guarantee for his knowledge of the localities, that this lady and her faithful maid, the despository of her secret, her concealed proselyte, and the companion of her flight and fortunes, were the identical Chinese beauties who not long ago made their appearance in the British metropolis. That the Hong merchant's widow was safely conveyed to the Kentish shore is now beyond a doubt, and her object in exhibiting herself to the public (it could not be for the sake of the shillings) was, doubtless, to elicit a strong feeling for the torture and injustice with which her sex are treated at home, and to lay a foundation

for some future just and necessary war of liberation. The end, in such a case, did not correspond with the means; for the sensual sensibilities of their English male visitors led them to fall prostrate before those little feet, with feelings the reverse of indignation, and to admire those defects which they should have commiserated. The moment, too, was ill-timed; for at that epoch there was nothing to be gained by a crusade against the consumers of East Indian produce: at present circumstances are very different, and if the British admiral-plenipotentiary succeeds in revolutionising China, and re-opening the market for opium, he has too much gallantry not to take the matter into his consideration, and add to his treaty with the Emperor, a clause in behalf of the Hong merchant's widow and her ill-treated countrywomen.

PIMLICO.

AMIDST the many literary dictations of the day, the "Catalogues," "Libraries," and "Encyclopædias," set up as finger-posts to guide the too rapid traveller in his march of intellect, by the many Procrustes of public taste, there is one nice tidy little corner left happily untouched, which, neither "selected," nor "interdicted," nor "castigated," nor "improved," nor "puffed," nor "indexed," nor "edited," still holds its original place in British popularity—the Library of the British Nursery—a library which will survive, when other libraries, useful or useless, shall be laid in the dust with the Alexandrian, or locked up in counters with that of the Vatican.

The cause of this conservative effect is simply that the literature of infancy draws its materials from the first springs of human passion, and is addressed to those moral instincts which are beyond the reach of conventional tastes or judgments, (the most temporary of all decisions, since every age has

its orthodoxy, predestined to be the heterodoxy of another). The literature of the nursery is founded in the elements of human action; every little tale has its moral, every story its object. The personal vanity of "Goody Two Shoes," the false calculation of "The House that Jack built," the vain glory of that "little great captain" the adventurous "Tom Thumb," the wisdom of *Poucet*, with his seven-leagued boots and his seven dull brothers, (a perfect image of reason working against prejudice, and of wit lording it over folly)—all are dramas of those passions which after-life only develops.

But, above all, and more delightful than all, where all is delightful, stands forth the immortal "*Puss in Boots*"—the Figaro of the nursery—plebeian but intelligent Puss, from whose adroit, clever, and plausible devices Beaumarchais may have borrowed the idea of his "*Barbier.*" In this point of view, "Puss in Boots" may be considered as the type of energetic democracy, and founder of the "*movement*"—a principle better understood in the nursery than the study—a practical doctrine that must "come home to the hearts and bosoms of all" infant readers, who instinctively feel that to "keep moving" is the imperative law of nature—to be still, its penalty.

What, however, I like best in "Puss in Boots" is, that I am a sort of Puss in Boots myself. Unlike the Marquisses and Marchionesses of Carabas, and the Counts and Countesses Almaviva, "*qui ne se sont donnés que la peine de naître,*" I have been, like

Puss and Figaro, obliged to labour to live — one of the operatives of society; and it is, perhaps, this similitude (for sympathy in literature, as in other relations, is the true source of admiration) that has led me to read "Puss in Boots" oftener than any other story, which I had learnt by heart long before I had learnt to read.

There is, too, a quality inherent in Puss that is supremely mine, the self-appropriation of all that is delectable in nature or art, for the time being of its enjoyment; an ideal possession, that has often consoled me for the many privations of the real and personal goods of life. Still rolling on! — by temperament a "Poster of the sea and land"—I am to-day mistress of Chatsworth, to-morrow of Woburn. I have thus reigned over the Colosseum for a month of moonlights, and have enjoyed the magnificence of the fairy halls of Stafford House, as if every Raphael or Murillo were the selections of my own taste, and the purchases of my own munificence.

Between Puss and myself, however, there is this difference, that while he and his master endeavour to impose their assumption on others as a fact, my fleeting appropriations are reserved for the *délices* of my own feelings. The faculty, such as it is, has through life given an artificial interest to every spot I have visited or dwelt on. If I did not find the interest *à point nommé*, I sought for it; and the excitement of the pursuit always compensated for the trouble, and occasionally for the disappointment. What was I to Pimlico, or Pimlico to me, when chance and its delicious park and gardens

tempted me some few springs back to make a lodgement in this ancient district of the liberty of our good city of Westminster? My first impressions of its advantages, moral and physical, were indelible; and from the number of its literary, scientific, and artist residents,* it became to me the Port-Royal of the mighty metropolis of mind; while its plantations of mignonette, and wildernesses of violets, were my daily haunts, as they are now become my ancient neighbourhood.

From admiring, I proceeded to explore — to get acquainted with every tree, tradesman, and tradition "*du quartier.*" There I was, pottering about, cloaked and capoted, late and early, questioning here, and cross-questioning there, from the lordly dwellers of porticos and verandahs, to the lowly tenant of Lady Dacre's charitable asylum for pauper old age. All submitted to my inquisitorial survey, and my appetite "growing with what it fed on," I gradually became the dupe of my own prestiges, fancied myself the Vasi or Fea of the "eternal city of Westminster" and its campagna of Pimlico, till

* Pimlico seems at all times to have been a chosen residence of the *sommités* of various departments of mind; and it boasts among its present, or *quondam* residents, Sheffield Duke of Buckingham, Lords Erskine, J. Russell, Brougham, Morpeth; Bentham, Cobbett, the Kembles, Popes, Allan Cunningham, Carey, H. L. Bulwer, Chorley, Chantrey, Westmacott, Murchison, Mesdames Shelley, Sheridan, Pardoe, the Editor of the "Athenæum," G. Darley, Madame D'Arblay, and a long etcetera of names not unknown to fame, to which may now be added one of the greatest poetical illustrations of the age —Thomas Campbell.

its gardens were elevated to the dignity of the hanging gardens of Semiramis, and the "old house up the lane," to the *maison quarrée de Nismes*. I pursued "these *fouilles*", with the enthusiasm, if not with the classical taste of the late Duchess of Devonshire. Pimlico became the Pompeii of my imagination, and proved in the interest it excited—

That nothing *is* but thinking makes it so.

Without, alas! eyes to write, I have still an instinct to scribble; and so, ere the genius of speculation or the principle of reform cuts down the cotton-tree under whose shade Milton once dreamed, or destroys the studio where Chantrey still works, I would fain "prate of my whereabouts."

Pimlico, a district of the city of Westminster, lying due west of the British metropolis, is said to have no legitimate and ascertained boundaries. The distinction of its name, still "lengthening as it goes," under the arbitrary influence of fashion and Mr. Cubitt, has spread far beyond its supposed limits in the seventeenth century, for it already extends from the broad sanctuary of the Abbey to the further confines of the principality of Grosvenor—a sovereignty whose revenues might purchase the domains of half the Duchini of Italy, or Graafs of Germany.

Pimlico, as at present it stands, is bounded on the extreme west by the ex-marshes of its own five fields, those diamond mines of intelligent enterprise, whose paths are paved with gold, and whose

sites are purchaseable at "the price beyond that of rubies." These five fields were some fifty years back offered to his Majesty George III. for a few hundreds per annum, for the purpose of enlarging the gardens of Buckingham House; but the thrifty and royal agriculturist is said to have rejected the extravagant proposition; and the five fields, once the focus of loyalty, the scenes of many a volunteer parade and train-band review, were left for future exploitation, and for the dispersion of wealth through its most legitimate channel—employment of the labouring classes.

Over the greensward of the five fields now rises those western palaces of eastern splendour which have converted murky London from a city of brick into a city of marble; for before the rural magnificence of Belgrave Square and its purlieus, the low red rambling edifices of Grosvenor Square, (that *via sacra* of dowager aristocracy,) blink and wax dim, like their own old oil-lamps contrasted to the radiance of the modern gas-burner.

To the east, Pimlico is bounded by St. James's Park; but, though Buckingham and James's Gate are said to form its iron barrier, still, as Pimlico was a district of Westminster, the imaginative topographer may be permitted to include within its precincts the Birdcage Walk—where Milton's house and garden still stand—where the mansion of his aristocratic neighbour, Lord Scudamore, still totters—where the adjoining sturdy brick edifice to the right may be seen, in which lived Constantia Phi-

lips, a brave-spirited woman, who emitted lights on the common justice of humanity, which her illustrious successor,* under the same roof, improved for the benefit and illumination of ages yet unborn.

To the north, Pimlico is terminated by a long line of royal gardens, and by a palace, over whose domes falls a halo of moral interest, which effacing their architectural defects, renders them the bright beacon of a nation's hopes. There sleeps, and wakes (the sweet sleep of early youth—the bright vigil of concentrated and unworn energies, ripened prematurely to high purposes), the fair young sovereign of the greatest nation of the earth, the guardian of its rights, and child of its affection! May

> All good grow with her!
> In her days may every man eat in safety,
> Under his own vine, that which he plants,
> And sing the merry song of peace to all his neighbours!
> *Shakespeare.*

A homely prayer, but including all that philanthropy can wish for, or reform effect; a prayer, realized by the wisest monarch "the country e'er was blessed withal," and that monarch a woman! Daughters of the land, this is *your* epoch, when "England expects every woman will do her duty." Be true, then, to yourselves, and to the great cause

* Bentham, whose first attention to the defects of the law was drawn by the autobiography of Constantia Philips. This writer occupied her house in St. James's Park.

upheld by that "fair vestal, throned in the west," who represents you; and then, as the old epilogue has it, "all the best men are with us." *

So much for the boundaries of Pimlico!—like other boundaries, removeable at the pleasure of expediency, which uproots the barriers of greater regions, and removes the frontiers of more ancient states, till formal old Europe, and her balance of power principalities, scarcely know their own. Such as it is now, Pimlico contains within its circuit much of the elements of society, in all the changes and combinations of its progress. Here are churches for all religions, hospitals for all maladies, palaces for peers, refuges for paupers, cottages of gentility for dandy celibacy, and *maisonettes* (that look like palaces seen through the reversed end of a telescope) for the younger brotherhood of "the order," whose broods of "pretty little ones," sporting in its green enclosures, seem purposely emparked, to serve for models to the poetical chisel of their neighbour, Westmacott.†

One of the earliest notices of Pimlico in the literature of the seventeenth century, is to be found in a comedy by Thomas Green (a cotemporary of Shakespeare), printed in London, for John Trundle, 1614, with a curious wood-cut—a man uttering the words "*Tu quoque!*" (the name of the play,) which, with a quaint preface by Thomas Heywood, and a punning epitaph on the author

* Henry VIII.—*Shakespeare.*

† The younger.

by some unknown elegiac Joe Miller, presents altogether a curious literary relic of that most stirring time of mind.

The mention of Pimlico is prefaced by another bit of topographical antiquarianism—"The Maze in Tuttle"—the Tothill Street of Westminster, in the purlieus of Pimlico, of the present day. The scene is sufficiently illustrative of the habits and manners of the frequenters of the Crockfords of that century, and of the bad morals that prevailed among the gentlemen of England, who, in those bad times, actually frequented gambling-houses, and cheated each other:—

[*A party at quarrel at a gaming table.—Spendall loses his money.*]

Spendall. You seeme a gentleman, and you may perceive,
I have some respect unto your credite
To take you thus aside; will you restore
What you ha' drawne from me unlawfullie?
Staines. Sirra, by your outside you seeme a citizen,
Whose cockscomb I were apt enough to breake,
But for the lawe; goe, ye'are a prating jacke,
Nor is't your hopes of crying out for clubbes
Can save you from my chastisement, if once
You shall but dare to utter that againe.
Spend. You lie, you dare not.
Sta. Lie! Nay, villaine, now thou tempt'st me to thy death.
Spend. Soft, you must buy it dearer;
The best blood flowes within you is the price.
Sta. Darest thou resist, thou art no citizen.
Spend. I am a citizen.
Sta. Say thou arte a gentleman, and I am satisfied,
For then I know thou'lt answer me in field.

Spend. I'll say directly what I am—a citizen,
And I will meete thee in the field as fairly
As the best gentleman that weares a sword.
Sta. I accept it. The meeting place?
Spend. Beyond the *Maze* in *Tuttle.*
Sta. What weapon?
Spend. Single rapier.

The Maze then was some "wild wilderness" in Tuttle, the Chalk Farm of the day.

Pimlico is introduced into another scene, which gives an amusing insight into the cockney manners of that age. Sir Lionel, a city trader, has lately been knighted, and, full of his new honours, is resolved on giving a *fête* to his friends. His note of preparation to his servant is full of detail.

[*Enter Sir Lionel and a Servant. Sir Lionel is a merchant and trader, recently knighted, and puffed up with his honours.*]

Sir Lionel. Come, come, follow me, knave, follow me—I have the best nose i' the house, I thinke; either we shall have rainie weather, or the vault's unstopped; sirra, goe see. I would not have my guests smell out any such inconvenience. Doe you heare, sirra Symon?

Servant. Sir?

Sir L. Bid the kitchen-maid skewre the sinke; for the wind lies just upon it.

Serv. I will, sir.

Sir L. And bid Anthony put on his white fustian doublet, for he must wait to-day: it doth mee so much good to stiree and talke, to place this and displace that, that I shall need no apothecaries prescriptions. I have sent my daughter, this morning, as farre as Pimliko, to fetch a draught of Darby ale, that it may fetch a color in her cheeks.

Pimlico, then, in the early part of the seventeenth century, was celebrated for its air and its ale; and in the times of the Shakespeares, the Ben Jonsons, and the Greenes, was a place of note worth quoting.

Its early topographical history, however, and the origin of its local appellation, are involved in mystery, and, like that of Troy, and Rome, and other sites of remote civilization, are rather guessed at than known. The antiquarians of the district trace its name (spelled Pimblico in some ancient surveys) to a place in the extreme east of London, where a street leading from Hoxton Town to Haberdashers Row still bears the same name. The word haberdasher itself, applied to a row, or a street, marks its antiquity: *haber-das-hier*—have you that here? a phrase most probably introduced by the high German merchants of Edward III.'s time, and applied to a place in which, like the modern bazaar or arcade, every thing was to be found necessary to every-day wants and fashions. On this subject, however, some historic doubts have been started; and the establishment of the Haberdashers' Company, who may have held there a mart, or inn, or hall, is suggested as having, in more modern times, given their name to a row in the north-east of London.

Certain it is, however, that, towards the close of the sixteenth century, there once dwelt in this quarter of "the liberties of our city" a man of substance, a wealthy burgher, one Master Pim-

lico—probably some denizen of the city; *i. e.* an alien born—enabled by the king's patents to purchase lands, and leave them to his heirs; for Pimlico is neither a Saxon nor Norman name, and Master Pimlico was probably either a Lombardy goldsmith, or a merchant "of high Allemaine." This is the more probable, on account of his having raised gardens in a quarter within the jurisdiction of the mayor and aldermen of London, whose jealousy, at that epoch, of all merchant strangers was so great, that in the reign of Edward III. they extorted a royal charter, in which it is ordained, "that for the better securities of our liberties, granted to the citizens of our city of London, merchants and strangers coming into London should remain at board with the free-hosts of the city aforesaid, without keeping any houses or societies by themselves;" and that "there should be no brokers of any merchandizes, unless they were chosen thereunto by the merchants in the mysteries."

This churlish charter (the third of Edward III.), which denominates all foreign merchants "spies to the privity of the land," was confirmed by the "royal charter granted by Charles II. to the city of London." The wisdom of our mercantile ancestors of the good city of London was ever, as is well known, mystery and monopoly.

Master Pimlico's garden, or Pimlico gardens, in the east of Temple Bar, must have become a place of public resort and notoriety, since the name of their site, and the tradition of their wealthy owner,

still exist in that now remote quarter; but at what precise period the gardens of Pimlico in the east were transported to a salubrious village of the city of Westminster in the west, is not exactly known. They are first alluded to in the earlier times of the Stuarts, in the commencement of the seventeenth century:—"bad times, my masters," times of miracles and mysteries, of plots and papistry; when the scarlet Lady of Babylon began to "call up a look," like Lady Pentweazel; and when there was no longer in "Protestant England,"

Defense à Dieu,
De faire miracle dans ce lieu.

The gardens of Pimlico, therefore, may have travelled from east to west, through the air, like our Lady's house from Palestine to Loretto; and the present are not times to doubt miracles, when people read with their stomachs, and see with the back of their neck; when gallant guardsmen are thrown into ecstatic visions, like hysterical young ladies; and when legislative wisdom becomes liable to betray state secrets, under the potent manipulations of the magnetist. Who now will say that the power of interfering with the laws of nature may not have been thus extended to Pimlico Gardens for purposes beyond the reach of poor human wisdom? Certain it is, that the old high Catholic city of Westminster, at the epoch when Pimlico Gardens flourished in its purlieus, was frequently selected as a place most "fit for treason, stratagems,

and"—*plots*—chosen as the site of strange doings, to uproot church and state, or rather to reseat both on their old basis. Here skulked and lodged Guy Vaux; here, some suppose, was first hatched the Gunpowder Plot (under the very nose of Westminster Abbey, perhaps in some of its monkish aisles, or idolatrous chapels); here were concocted the Popish and Rye House Plots, and many other plots, which, with "fear (or hope) of change, perplexing monarchs," brought power and patriotism alike to the scaffold and its axe.

Here, too, Pleasure (a Papist at heart) opened gardens, every day in the year, for public recreation, where the rich idle enjoyed themselves on week days, and the industrious poor (service over) on Sundays; for here bloomed and blossomed the far-famed Mulberry Gardens,* alluded to in the drama and poetry of the reign of Charles I., which preserved their fashion even through the unflowery and unpoetical reign of the Protector. Evelyn thus describes the Tory ton of London at that time:—"My Lady Gerrard treated us at Mulberry Gardens, now y^e^ onely place of refreshment about the towne, for persons of y^e^ best quality to be exceedingly cheated at; Cromwell and his partisans having shut up and seized on Spring Garden, w^ch^, till now, had been y^e^ usual rendezvous for the ladys and gallants at this season."

* The Mulberry Gardens covered the site and gardens of the present new Palace of Pimlico.

Besides these gardens (dangerous as those of Armida) there were temples of heathen name, opened in the very heart of Pimlico, for the utter subversion of the orthodoxy of the people! In the rear of the Mulberry Gardens rose a festive pavilion, known in those times by the name of "Pan and the Bacchanals," with a sign (sketched, it is said, by Vandyke, or some other Popish painter), that attracted, in the stern days of Roundheadism, much suspicion—for Pan had horns and a cloven foot; and before the restoration of Charles II., the sign was transformed into "The Devil and the Bacchanals," a name which afterwards degenerated, under the anti-Presbyterian principle of high church ascendency, into "The Devil and the Bag of Nails." The evil spirit once called here was never conjured, and, true to its original destiny, the same site is still the resort of "black spirits and white, blue spirits and grey," which at this moment shine forth in all the light and lustre of a palace of the genius of Gin, but too well known (in vulgar parlance) as the "Bag of Nails," to many of the denizens of the vicinage of Pimlico.

The air of Pimlico, however, and its neighbourhood to the parks, halls, palaces, and glories of Westminster, induced taste, wealth, and pride, as well as politics and pleasure, to raise their standards on its sites. Here stood one of the earliest town residences of the noble and enlightened stock of the Howards. On the spot now occupied by

James Street, fronting Buckingham Gate, and commanding the whole sweep of the beautiful Park, rose Tart Hall, and its vast gardens; of which it is said, that to a late period "many of its garden flowers still grew wild." Tart Hall was a noble mansion, built by that most accomplished patriot, Henry Howard (second son of the Earl of Arundel and Surrey), who had been created Viscount Stafford, with remainder to his heirs male, in 1640. In 1648 he was accused by Titus Oates of being concerned in the "Popish Plot," and was arrested, in his happy home at Pimlico, with five other noblemen, whose crimes were their virtues and their patriotism. After lingering in his dreadful prison in the Tower for three years, he was brought to trial. It was one of those affecting and awful scenes, in which the lives of the noblest were sacrificed on the testimony of the vilest, for the worst of purposes by the worst of kings.

Lord Stafford was accompanied on this solemn occasion by his two young and fair daughters, the Marchioness of Winchester, and her sister, Lady Mary Howard, both celebrated for their beauty, and for that thoroughbred and distinguished bearing (to judge by their portraits), which is the inheritance of the daughters of the house of Howard to the present day. The Duchess of Portsmouth was also present at the sanguinary farce of Lord Stafford's trial,* "dealing out smiles and *bon-bons*

* "He was condemned," says the honest but high Tory Evelyn, "on the testimony of Oates and a Frenchman, Tu-

to the witnesses against him." What a picture! and what a contrast! The chaste beauty and pious sorrow of the unfortunate daughters!—the hardened effrontery and meretricious coquetry of the royal concubine! Lord Stafford was of course condemned to death, and on the 29th of December was beheaded on Tower Hill, declaring his innocence to the last. His estates were confiscated, and his magnificent mansion in Pimlico was turned, with its gardens, into a place of public entertainment and festivity. In 1720, the earliest home of the Howards in Pimlico was rased to the ground; but the historical name, with all its unalienable domestic virtues and public spirit, still illustrate the district, and add, to its other honours, the distinction of having been the residence of the family of Carlisle.

The increasing beauty and magnificence of St. James's Park, towards the latter part of the seventeenth century, under the special preference and protection of Charles II., increased the value of such of the Pimlico sites as commanded its malls, ponds, and islets. The park was then surrounded by and connected with the two palaces of White-

berville, swearing that they had delivered a commission to Viscount Stafford from the Pope, constituting him paymaster-general to an army *intended* to be raised. These men were the king's witnesses, and agents of a party. Lord Stafford observed, that the testimony of such witnesses should be admitted against the life of a peer was a monstrous thing; and, adds Evelyn, "it was a disgrace to our religion and our nation."

hall and St. James's. The king had also made some of its finest edifices the lodgings of his sultanas. Cleveland House, the magnificent mansion of the Duchess of Cleveland (to the moral annoyance of Evelyn), was sufficiently spacious to lodge an embassy, and occupied a spot not far from the Bridgewater House of the present day; and "Nelly's lodgings"* looked out from casements (near the late Harrington House), which commanded the Park and the Mulberry Gardens of Pimlico. The latter, thrown out of fashion, was granted by Charles II. to his favourite and minister, Henry Bennet, Earl of Arlington, who raised a magnificent mansion, where Buckingham Palace now stands. The sumptuousness of its patrician halls, and the fêtes given there on the occasion of the marriage of the young and beautiful heiress of the house of Bennet with the handsome Duke of Grafton, (the king's son by the Duchess of Cleveland), belong to the pleasantest Diary that ever was written.† Its vicinity to the park and palace

* "Nelly" afterwards removed to a house in Pall Mall, long celebrated for the costly mirrors with which the walls of its saloons were lined, and still bearing, in the recollection of many, the name of its former mistress.

† Henry Bennet, second son of Sir John Bennet, of Dawley, was created Baron of Arlington on the 14th of March, 1663, and Earl of Arlington the 22nd of April, 1672. He had an only daughter, Isabella, who married Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton, for her first husband, on the 1st of August, 1672, and had by him Charles, an only son, who was born at Arlington House, 25th of October, 1683, and was the an-

occasionally subjected its noble mistress, the Countess of Arlington, to be called into services by her royal mistress, under circumstances that would have rendered such capricious royal ordonnances

More honoured in the breach than the observance.

Evelyn, after dining with "Lord Bath, Salisbury, Talbot, and *Mr. Dryden, the poet,*" going to prayer, and walking in the Park with Lord Clarendon (where "they fell into discourse on the Bishop of Salisbury, and his subtlety), terminates his evening by calling in at Arlington House. There, he says, "I found Lady Arlington, groom of the stole to her Majesty, who being hardly seated at table, word was brought her that the Queen was going into the Park to walk, it being near eleven at night. The alarm caused the Countess to rise in all haste, and leave her supper to us. By this one may take an estimate of the extreme subjection courtiers live in, who have not time to eat and drink as they please."

"The Park," where majesty has walked at midnight, and statesmen and sages have discussed politics and philosophy, was then also the resort of fashion and frolic. There masked beauty, played off the "ribboned chivalry" of the camp and court; there wit found refuge against foreign despotism, and science opened its first zoological garden, for

cestor of the present Dukes of Grafton. The duke, her husband, was wounded at the siege of Cork, and died on the 9th of October, 1690.

the amusement rather than the edification of loungers of all classes. There the fair frail Shrewsburys and Chesterfields gave up their hearts and their hours to the Buckinghams, and the De Grammonts; there "La Belle Jennings" flirted between Hamilton and Dick Talbot, undecided if she should marry either, and finally *marrying both;* there her younger and cleverer sister first saw and conquered the conqueror of Europe, and inspired love as imperishable as his laurels; and there passed scenes, and were whispered secrets, of royal confidence and political importance, which some Lady Kitty Crackaddle, the waiting lady of the Princesses Anne and Mary, may have consigned to her diary, for the future exploitations and purchase of modern publishers, without the imputation of treachery, or stain of ingratitude.

TWELVE O'CLOCK AT NIGHT.

"Well, if any thing be damn'd,
It will be Twelve o'Clock at Night: that twelve
Will ne'er escape.
It is the Judas of the hours, wherein
Honest salvation is betrayed to sin."—
Revenger's Tragedy.

THE opinion here delivered concerning that "celebrated hour," * to which the literary world is so deeply indebted, is most harsh and unchristian. It is now many years since I first had the honour of forming an acquaintance with twelve o'clock at night; and, in the interim, I have known it in almost every department of life; yet cannot I charge my memory with any misconduct justly to be laid to its door, which might warrant so severe a denunciation. On the contrary, judging from personal experience, I must bear testimony, that, of the whole four-and-twenty hours, it is the one which yields the most intense and varied pleasures to mortals; and is, indeed, "the sweetest morsel of the night."

* Thus designated in the novel of the Heroine.

Of all the imputations levelled against "the witching hour" (and they are many and heinous enough to sink a greater reputation), there are few, if any, which apply to its habits and manners in these times. If formerly there might have been some slight semblance of foundation for such charges, twelve o'clock at night, like a good Christian as it is, has long since repented of its sins, and "reformed them altogether:" and he leads at the present *day* (if that be not a bull) as exemplary a life as his namesake of noon,—as exemplary, as if he had taken the temperance pledge, or had been appointed a deputy licenser of plays to my Lord Chamberlain.

One of the standing accusations against twelve o'clock at night is, that it is a dark and gloomy hour, of a louring and suspicious countenance, and an avowed protector of rogues and vagabonds:—

"Oh! grimlooked night! Oh! night with hue so black!"

Now, though this might fairly be met with the reflection that the matter in charge is rather a misfortune than a fault, and that if the sun chose to keep more fashionable hours, or the moon were less capricious in her movements, midnight might be as flaunting in its exterior, as "the garish eye of day," (which truth any one may ascertain by direct experiment, who will only give himself the trouble of a voyage to the whale fisheries)—yet there is no necessity for availing ourselves of that plea. By a much shorter and pleasanter journey to Regent

Street, or to any other of the leading thoroughfares of the metropolis, the most prejudiced of readers may satisfy himself that Twelve o'Clock at Night completely outshines the *soi-disant* "radiant boy" its brother (who, by the by, is much too frequently under a cloud.) Without being dependent on "the seasons or their changes," and without let or hindrance from London fogs, or London smoke, it is all the year round alike brilliant and gay; which is much more than can be said of the brightest of mortal wits upon town, from Jekyll down to the smallest cynosures of the minor green-rooms inclusive.

Then, as to encouragement of rogues and vagabonds, and keeping bad company, the accusations are notoriously obsolete. Rogues and vagabonds commit their worst depredations in open day: while twelve o'clock is seen every *evening* at the best houses in London, ushering into the ball-room whatever is most choice and select in the supreme *bon-ton* of the supreme *bon-genre*.

Nor is it any imputation upon this ill-treated hour, that it is sometimes to be met with in company with certain legislators of bad repute, voting away the public money without stint and without inquiry; because the part it takes in the business is quite involuntary, and the result of a major force, put upon the hour by certain long-winded speakers, who care not what time they kill, provided they can fill the columns of the next day's journals.

Another most unfounded imputation, from which it is scarcely necessary to defend this "injured in-

nocent," is that of murder. A night-prowling band figures well in a melo-drame; innuendoes of

> "Wither'd murder
> Alarm'd by his sentinel the wolf,
> Who's howls his watch,"

will pass muster in poetry; and "the midnight murderer bursts the faithful bar," is soon said; but every one knows that the most desperate and bloody deeds are those which are committed in the face of the sun. Ajax prayed for a light to see his way through the Trojan ranks; and by far the majority of the great pitched battles, in which murders are counted by tens of thousands, still take place by day; even though it be true, as the old lady once supposed, in order to account for a rise in tallow, that war is sometimes carried on by candle-light.

Besides, the chief practice of physic is conducted between breakfast and dinner, and not even the double fee is sufficient to make the doctors pleased with being called out of their midnight slumbers. Again, who ever heard of twelve at night being present at a duel, that most fashionable and approved mode of manslaughter? If such a charge had been brought against six o'clock in the morning, it might not be wholly divested of colour; though why people should be dragged out of their warm beds so unreasonably, and, like Master Bernadine, get up to be put to death, is more than the wisest can tell. Either incommodity alone is quite

enough for one morning's amusement; but such an accumulation of bores is absolutely unbearable.

If twelve o'clock at night were as murderously inclined, "as some folks will think," still it would be very clever to catch a subject for its operations, either at Chalk Farm, the Fifteen Acres,* or any other fashionable place of duelling resort. Then as to assassination, that might have been all very well, when men passed the midnight hour asleep and alone; but now, when this period has become the time of general assembly, the thing is impossible. A man is as safe from Burking at midnight, as he is upon Change.

In respect, indeed, to this charge of murder, poor twelve at night is, and always was, "more sinned against than sinning." There is not a tavern in London in which, on every night in the year, there will not be found at least one set of jolly dogs drowning the calumniated hour, like Clarence, in a wine-butt; and, while the masters are thus killing the eldest-born of time, their apprentices, whose "mothers do not know that they are out," with the like felonious design, are employed in kicking up rows, or engaging the police. Even the gravest dowagers, and, now and then, the bishops themselves, do not flinch from slaughtering "the enemy," not only by forming an unholy alliance with the four kings, but by enlisting the very knaves in their warfare against midnight.

* The Fifteen Acres is the accustomed duelling rendezvous of his majesty's lieges of the city of Dublin.

There is not a single hour on the dial-plate that has so much to fear from clubs, or has more reason to be on its guard against the "odd tricks" of its open and concealed enemies.

Among the other sins imputed to twelve o'clock at night, it labours under an ill reputation for gallantry. No hour has a worse name for dealing in assignations and rope-ladders, for hiding conscious blushes, and encouraging female delicacy into all sorts of peccadilloes. Against this charge, it were sufficient to quote the oft-cited passage of the very highest christian authority, and desire those only without sin to throw the first stone against the offender. I fancy the peccant hour would not run much risk of coming off with a broken head.

But the fact is, that the accusation is altogether founded in ancient prejudice. The dark half hour between the riding and dressing times has much more to do with love affairs; and the veiled twilight of the well-draped boudoir conceals more real guilt than the blackest obscurity of a country midnight. The worst that can be charged against twelve o'clock at night, on this head, is the helping a lady to put on her rouge; or, perhaps, a little innocent flirtation in windows, doorways, and on the staircases of crowded assemblies. Here, indeed, we have as clear a case of *alibi* as the prisoner at the bar can desire. Most commonly twelve o'clock at night is engaged with a "large party of fashionables," discussing "every delicacy in season;" or, perhaps, listening to the snoring of

country gentlemen, with the Speaker of the House of Commons; or discussing an orthodox bottle of port at Bellamy's.

There are, it is true, some malicious persons, who pretend that this good behaviour is all owing to gas-lights, vagrant acts, and the incessant vigilance of the police in making suspicious characters "walk on;" but how much of every sin depends upon circumstances, and how many of the happiest escapes of the most moral of mortals will be found to depend altogether upon such crosses in the way of temptation! Besides, every one will tell us, that the chief pleasure of gallantry lies in the vice; and Milton, long ago, has decided that, in such cases,

"'Tis only daylight that makes sin."

Twelve at night is not accused with less virulence and injustice of being given to gambling. It would indeed be affectation to deny, that this hour does sometimes lend a cloak to the modester, or more timid gamesters, such as the clerks and 'prentices, who flock to the minor hells to gamble with the sums they have stolen, or *borrowed*, from their masters; but to insist upon this, is to realize the proverb, "Dat veniam corvis, vexit censura columbas," with a vengeance. Of what consideration is the worst, that *rouge et noir*, or hazard, can perpetrate, when compared with the wholesale speculations of stock-jobbers, sugar-merchants, and the frequenters of Mark Lane? Yet noontide passes daily

unblamed, not only for this "grave and reverend gambling," but for all its misdeeds on the turf, at steeple chases, and other constructural robberies of the country aristocracy.

Another unfounded objection against midnight is the keeping of late hours. Formerly, not to be in bed before midnight might have been esteemed a rake-hellish practice; but Shakespeare, who knew every thing (*omne cognoscibile*, at least), and who, as the Frenchmen had it, "first destroyed this worl', and den made anozer for himself;"* Shakespeare, I say, has fully refuted this calumny. "To be up after midnight," he says, "and to go to bed then, is early; so that to go to bed after midnight "is to go to bed betimes,"—and Aristotle himself could not take off the argument. Midnight lucubrations were formerly infamous, as the cause of those pale and emaciated faces, which were then wont to appear in the quadrangles of Trinity and Christ Church; and the midnight lamp was once esteemed more deleterious than prussic acid, or the *Grotto del Cane:* but, in this nineteenth century, if such faces are to be met with in those collegiate haunts, or in any other places sacred to the muses, it would be more just to accuse the smaller hours, brandy punch, and Havannah cigars, of the discoloration.

While the world has been thus busy in traducing twelve o'clock at night, and accusing it of especial

* In probable quotation of Dr. Johnson's, "Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new."

addiction to all sorts of wantonness and debauchery, there are certain persons not less industrious in embroiling this hour with legitimacy, in the hope of having it sent to the *carcere duro*, for conspiracy and treason. It is enough, however, to remark, that in these days conspiracies against legitimacy are altogether out of fashion, as being obviously the most dangerous and the least effectual modes of carrying on the war against "the right divine to govern wrong." There is more terror to the despot in a single article in a morning journal, than in all the midnight conspiracies past, present, or to come: and a county meeting will more effectually curb a Tory ministry, than a dozen Cato Street plots. There is no treason now in vogue, but the treason against common sense and common honesty; and that stalks abroad openly, and "as notorious as the sun at noon day."

To defend twelve o'clock at night from a charge of sorcery will by some be deemed superfluous, while by others it will be censured as irreverent. There is high poetical authority for the accusation, and the "secret, black, and midnight hags" of Shakspeare are hard to overthrow. Johnson, or Peter Pindar for him, has well said,

> "Nought proves the non-existence of the ladies;"

and in these "give-an-inch-and-take-an-ell" times, I doubt if it were wise in my lords the judges to make a positive declaration of the emptiness of sorcery. If they be no conjurers, how can they

answer for it that nobody is wiser than themselves? Besides, if the fact be so, what will become of their favourite instigation of the Devil, so essential to a true bill of indictment?

Fortunately, it is not necessary to go this unjustifiable length, and to put every thing established into jeopardy, in order to obtain the acquittal of our client. We may safely concede to Messrs. Day and Martin and Mr. Warren, that such a thing as the black art exists, and twelve at night will yet remain unscathed by the admission. The mysteries of sorcery are said to be performed in silence and in darkness, and we have already proved that midnight is a perfect stranger to one and the other.

To the witchery of ladies' eyes, indeed, twelve at night has something to say; and Taglioni has *enchanted* the opera-going world under the influence of this hour, to the manifest breach of what is called the Sabbath, and the great scandal of those who so denominate the Christian Sunday; but for any worse dealings with the devil, the usual hours of doing business are much more liable to the imputation.

It is a common accusation against twelve at night that it has no religion, and is indeed little better than an atheist. Now this charge is obviously at war with the last. If twelve at night does not believe in the devil, how can he enter into a contract with "his darkness," as Byron calls that fallen angel; and if he have "his eternal

jewel given to the common enemy of mankind," he cannot be an atheist; because, under that hypothesis, the devil would never have made so bad a bargain. At the same time it may be urged, that there is high authority for advancing the most contradictory charges against offenders, without any fear of an imputation of false logic; but then, be it remembered, this is only in the case of political offenders, and any rope is good enough to hang them. Upon the count of the indictment, however, concerning sorcery, it must honestly be confessed that the defendant's case is not so satisfactory as could be wished; for it is difficult to prove a negative. But adopting the useful and sensible distinction of the Scotch law, though we cannot absolutely acquit our client, we may at least aver a sufficient absence of evidence to entitle him to a verdict of not proven; and many an honest man has thought himself well off with such a delivery. With this decision we are more contented to abide, because much would depend upon circumstances. A London jury might grant more; a country jury not, perhaps, so much.

The truth is, that twelve o'clock at night, like many other fashionable characters, leads a very different life in town and in the country. In London, the only stars it ever consults (and astrology is near akin to the black art) are those in the chalky firmament of a ball-room, or on the breasts of gallant knights. It evokes no spirits but the spirits of fun, frolic, and joviality; and there is,

at least, one species of demon, the blue devils, who fear it much worse than cock-crow.

But in the country, things are otherwise arranged; there, midnight is tranquil as the grave, and melancholy as the churchyard. When its approach is announced, it is not by the roll of carriages, and the thunder of the footman's knock, but by the iron and solemn tongue of time, when the owl hoots in concert with the bell-clapper: then the tender virgin hides her moistened forehead deep between the sheets, and her palpitating bosom throbs with "thick-coming fancies," and "horrible imaginings."

Why this particular hour should be so disagreeable to village maidens, and yet so ardently anticipated by metropolitan belles, would be hard to explain, if it were not for their different creeds in the matter of the black art; and for the salutary fear of his infernal majesty, in which twelve at night has somehow got implicated, in the fancies of the rural population.

One word more, however, on the subject of religion; a point the more important to settle, because it is so much the fashion to think the scrutiny into other people's faith of far more consequence than the examination of our own; and because it is little matter what may be a man's actions and behaviour, if he gives attendance at the wrong church. For the satisfaction of the curious, then, it is necessary to state, that, though twelve at night has not for years been known to frequent any place of

public worship in England, and may, therefore, be ignorantly suspected of free thinking; yet, before the reign of Elizabeth, his attendance at "lauds" was most exemplary. It may, then, be safely left to those whom it may concern to decide whether the party can be esteemed a worse christian for not having rejected the reformation; or whether his piety is more equivocal, because it seeks the privacy of a chamber, and is no longer exhibited ostentatiously in churches and monasteries.

This all-influential point being satisfactorily cleared up, and twelve at night being manifestly a good Protestant, its case may be considered as complete. So far from being the reprobate set down in the preliminary quotation, or in danger of the judgment there predicted of it, the world must acknowledge that it is sufficiently punished in being nightly sent to bed, as it now is, without its supper.

Here again is a shocking instance of the prevalent hypocrisy. The canters turn up the whites of their eyes, and talk of Cornaro and the apoplexy. Supper is decried as unconstitutional, like reform; and twelve at night is to be starved for the sake of a paltry cheese-paring saving: but, in this stingy speculation, the enemies of the good things of this world will be disappointed. There is a very formidable list of charitable and energetic persons, most laudably engaged in counteracting the plot, and providing for the necessities of twelve o'clock at night, by inviting him to dinner.

NOT AT HOME.

" Mi par d'essere in Londra, dove il nome
Vi chiede il servitor, poi—*Not at Home.*"
Il Poeta di Teatro.

CERTAIN, pettifogging strainers at gnats and bolters of camels — men with just morality enough to be offended with all sins but their own, and just sufficient religion to hate their neighbour very cordially — affect to be scandalised at that customary white lie to which servants are compelled to condescend, in denying their masters to an unwelcome visitor.

It is pitiable to be obliged to justify this practice against the imputations of such quibblers and quiddity mongers, and to combat the whimsies of those who take " your humble servant" at the bottom of a letter, or the miscalling an ugly, tiresome cub, "lovely spirited boy," to the mother's face, for offences against veracity. According to these point device moralists, men should speak out all they think; and a very pretty piece of work poor human

nature would make of it, shivering in this primitive nakedness.

If the body stands in need of extrinsic clothing, to shelter it from the inclemencies of the atmosphere, not less does the mind require the protection of a little innocent deception, to protect it from the rubs and strains of its own stormy passions. We do not always desire to kill the thing we hate, and every petty defect does not demand that the culprit should be sent to Coventry; but if we are to live at all with our species, it is worth while to live well with them. Pretty terms we should be upon with our friends, if we openly told the poet that his verses were dull, the joker that his wit was pointless, the dinner-giver that he was less hospitable than ostentatious, the uxorious husband that he was a jerry. Nor would it be a sufficient balm to the jealous self-love of humanity, to wrap one's-self up in the honest reserve of a prudish silence; the withholding of praise would be regarded as direct censure. *C'est chose estrange; l'homme desire naturellement scavoir la verité, et pour y parvenir, remue toute chose; neant moins, il ne la peut souffrir.*"—CHARRON.

But to return to the matter more immediately in hand, it would, doubtless, be as conciliatory as it would be agreeable, when you knocked at a friend's door, for the surly porter to tell you, "Yes, my lord *is* at home, but does not care to be troubled with your tiresome visits;" or that my lady is *not* gone into the country, but she is just now better en-

gaged." What, again, would your tailor say, if, in answer to his, "Is Sir John within?" he was answered "To be sure he is, but not to duns: so you and your bill had better wait, till you are sent for." If ever there was a case in which

> "The pleasure is as great
> In being cheated as to cheat,"

it is this case of "not at home;" and it can scarcely be supposed that the visiter is not as thoroughly satisfied with a dispensation from the toil of his visit, as the visited can be, in the undisturbed enjoyment of his retirement. Upon the broad principle of utility, then, a stand may be taken to maintain that "not at home" is not only a justifiable, but a commendable practice, and as necessary to the well being of society, as a physician's quieting equivocations to his patient, or the peacemaker's temporizing with an irritable drunkard. Is not every man's house, moreover, by law and by right his castle, sacred from intrusion?* Even the advocates for co-operative convents, who would have every thing else in common, allow to each family its separate chamber, to have and to hold secure from invasion.

It was the boast of the great Lord Chatham, that the poorest man's cabin is by the constitution of England protected from violation; and, that "though the winds of heaven may penetrate it, the

* Excepting only from the prying of the exciseman, and of one or two more.

rain may enter it, yet the king cannot." But the right of the subject would be of little use to him, if this blessed sanctuary, which even the "*Dis æqua potestas*" must respect, should be penetrable to every common-place bore, who has the hardihood to make his unseasonable attacks upon it. The inquisitorial "Is your master at home?" would then have the effect of a star-chamber process, and break down all the barriers of liberty and property. A badger will bite the nose of any animal that thrusts the unwelcome protuberance into its hole; a snail will retreat to the innermost whirl of its shell from intrusion; and an oyster, the dullest of animated beings, has the privilege of closing its valves against external annoyance, and being "not at home" to the sea-gulls. Nature has exerted its utmost skill upon this point of the animal economy; and the beautiful pendulous nest, that ingenious contrivance for denying the unwelcome visit of the snake to its retiring inhabitants, is but one among a thousand means provided for discharging the function of the "not at home" of the human species.

The right, then, being indefeasible, the fiction by which it is guarded is perfectly honest, and stands upon the same ground as the most approved fictions of law. The pretended moral obligation to refuse its protection is not, therefore, more reasonable, than that which should compel the criminal to plead guilty, and be hanged in maintenance of his character for veracity.

Of all the privileges which a great city enjoys over the country, that of being thus denied is the most valuable. What are fresh eggs, and milk warm from the cow, to a peaceful interior; and what the privilege of inhaling the fresh air, to the independent mastery of one's own time? In the country, where a man is obliged to know every body, whom chance has made his neighbour, for no better reason than because he lives within a calling distance, where propinquity is the chief bond of friendship, and get-at-ability the *summum bonum* of sociality, the power of being "not at home" would have been especially desirable.

Every man, it is said, must, in his time, "eat a peck of dust:" but, if he be wise, he does not leave the "when" at the unrebuked discretion of his cook; neither does he remit the occasions of taking physic to the indiscretion of his apothecary. In like manner it would be equally agreeable, that, though compelled to put up with the dulness of the prosy parish rector, or the vulgarity of the half-bred squire, we should still possess the fullest opportunity of selecting for ourselves the occasions for such an infliction. In the country, however, the thing is quite impossible. The intruder finds you "walking, not unseen," in your shrubbery; spies you through the open windows of your library, or catches you in the act of looking over your farm. There is no escape. Nay, should you have the good luck to keep out of sight, your butler cannot turn away unrested the horses that have

come so far. He must offer the visiter refreshment: while you, a prisoner in your hiding place, are reduced to the repetition of St. Ernulphus's curse against the whole race of morning visitors, as your sole recreation, till the guest chooses to give up possession of the premises, and beat a retreat.

To a family of any taste, sense, or feeling, a morning visit in the country is the *ne plus ultra* of insipidity and mawkishness: the men all bored to death at being dragged into the scrape; and the women, sad and silent as so many Dalai Lamas, wrapped up in the contemplation of their own equipages and finery; or haply chattering like magpies, to make amends for a long week's silence at home.

Abominable as this is to a country gentleman, himself "a native, and to the custom born," the affair is ten times worse to the Metropolitan, when the casual inmate of a country-house, to whom all the parties are absolutely unknown, and all the trivialities of their confabulation wholly unintelligible.

"*Je l'ai toujours dit,*" says Rousseau, "*et senti que la veritable jouissance ne se décrit pas.*" How, then, shall I hope to describe the joys of "not at home?" Who is there that has not experienced the delight of hearing a threatening intruder depart unsatisfied from the door, while, with loosely-slippered feet toasting on the fender, he himself continues the uninterrupted thread of a well-written novel? Not longer ago than last

week, I was hastily torn from an unfinished meal on Sir Walter, because my stupid servant chose to admit the most notorious professor of boring in the parish of St. James's, against whom I had given the strictest general orders; but I was even with the fool, and sent him packing the next morning to seek another service, and more νοῦς to keep it.

Oh! it is so provoking, when one has made up one's mind for enjoyment, and completed every arrangement for spending an evening comfortably, to have the little scheme of domestic happiness overthrown by any villanous intruder, who thinks his intimacy sufficient to warrant him in bestowing "all his tediousness on your worship." This is worse than the case of an unfortunate gentleman, who, having made up his mind to suicide, was obliged to break off in the middle of his parting letter to his relations, by the intrusion of a set of self-invited acquaintance, whom he was compelled to entertain with champagne, punch, and oysters; and, consequently, was forced to put off his journey to the other world till the following morning.

On the convenience of "not at home," as a refuge against tradesmen with unsettled bills, or a protection from borrowing friends, whose importunities are too well founded to admit of a *viva voce* refusal, it were needless to enlarge. Every Collegian who has "sported oak," is aware of this pleasure. But no one can understand the full value of "not at home," who has not heard it from the lips of the fair object of his tenderest pre-

ference, when, on entering her boudoir, she impresses it on her servant, with the emphatic addition of, "whoever calls." What a long string of delightful conclusions flow from the enchanting premises! What a flattering innuendo in favour of the privileged mortal, for whom all the world is excluded! It is not merely the *seccatore*, the obliging gentleman, who, like Madame du Deffand's Englishman, "always spends the evening where he dines;"* it is not the casual acquaintance, the routine visitor, who are to be denied; but "whoever calls," *i. e.*, wits, *beaus*, worth, genius, the friend of her bosom, the adoring rival, or the time-honoured relation; all that is most desirable in sociality, all that is most intimate in affection: lucky dog!

The usages of modern society have given a vast increase of utility and importance to this *para-bore*, this innocuous conductor of the *fulmen* of the street-door knocker. In the old times, when none but the select few sought admission to the interior of the mansion, no visits were common but such as were perfectly acceptable. A man would as soon have thought of turning from the door a tenant on rent day, as giving a general order of exclusion, unless when the physician was the sole exception. But, in these days, "not at home" is a very necessary *convenance* interposed between the visitor and visitee, in those numerous calls of mere etiquette, which, while they are perfectly essential to the

* "Où je dine, je reste."

maintenance of social order, and civilized society, are insufferable taxes on time and patience.

In order to reap a few dinners, it is necessary to sow an infinity of visiting cards; and if the bearers were always received *in propriâ personâ*, a bachelor would run considerable risk of being starved, for want of leisure to overtake his invitations, and qualify for their repetition. What between visits of introduction, visits after balls, friendly visits for jogging the memory, and "*visites de digestion*," a diner-out might spend his whole life in the vocative case, were it not for the paper currency, in which he is permitted to discharge these honourable debts.

But the matter would be still worse with the ladies, who are forced to carry on a diplomatic exchange of visits, with a punctilious list of some six or eight hundred particular friends, not one of whom would acknowledge them at an assembly, or exchange a salute through the carriage window, if the annual visit at the commencement of the season had not been duly paid. Like the service of a writ, the putting in of a refreshing card (and lucky it is that this suffices) is an essential preliminary to bringing the parties to a hearing. Without this protocol, there is no re-establishing the accustomed relations between the high contracting allies of the last season; two square inches of pasteboard, more or less, make all the difference between the most intimat friendship and the cut direct.

In a case so weighty as this, nothing is more

unpardonable than that carelessness and inattention to good breeding, with which an *étourdie* will sometimes suffer herself to be at home when she should not. Every one who possesses a knowledge of the art of living in decent society will take care not only to guard against such an error herself, but also to hire servants whose instinctive tact has been sufficiently refined by long and habitual exercise, to enable them, without specific orders, to determine when their mistress is or is not at home. The want of this talent in domestics leads to a dreadful abuse. When a blockhead of a porter has not the skill to distinguish between the bullion of his employer's drawing-room and the paper currency, when, after examining his man from head to foot, he knows no more how to class him, than a naturalist how to place the Ornithorhynchus, he coolly replies to the customary interrogatory of, "Is your lady at home?" with "I'll see, sir;" and away he trots to decline the visitor's name and appearance, and take orders, according as these happen to be in the vocative or the ablative.

This is perfectly abominable! Much better is it to give a bold "No," at once, at the risk of dismissing the bearer of an offer of marriage, or a rich brother from the East Indies; for how, after this, can a negative answer be taken in any other light than that of a personal affront? Gullibility itself would not credit the statement; and the most egregious vanity must sink under the unpleasant truth it develops.

Besides, how *gauche* it is to leave a gentleman waiting in the hall while this errand is doing, and permitting him to hear the loud whisper of "Oh! no, by no means, *to him*," followed by the loud shutting of the drawing-room door. There are few houses in London large enough to admit of this manœuvre being decently performed.

But to return to the awkwardness of being improperly at home. There are thousands of dear friends who so perfectly understand each other, that, between being "at home" at night, and *not* being at home in the morning, they carry on an intimate intercourse through life, without ever meeting in private. Husbands in trade, or in professions, are apt to be saddled with connexions which the wife cannot disavow, yet will not be too familiar with; and though every one seeks to live only with those above them, yet no one can so far succeed as not to *know* a few, of whom they are ashamed—persons dangerous to cut, yet impossible to bring into absolute evidence: with such persons, all the decencies of life are fulfilled, "all parts absolved," when an annual card is dropped at their door, and an annual invitation given to the *omnibus* party, which gets rid of "the sweepings of the porter's book" (the metaphor is not the most elegant), at the close of the season.

Friends upon this foot, are not more than known to each other by sight; and if their faces are recognized, it is often without suggesting, by any very precise association, the names they bear. Judge, then,

how very distressing to all parties it must be, when a blundering servant brings them into close action, and forces them into the accustomed inquiries after family and connexions, of which they are reciprocally in the most absolute ignorance! Think of asking a thrice married widow for the wrong husband, who has been buried these thirteen months; or of making tender inquiries after Master Tommy's cough from a spinster of forty! Think of asking for a runaway daughter; or a son, absent without leave, on suspicion of swindling,—for a brother horsewhipped at Newmarket, or on the black board in Capel Court.

Then, supposing all these difficulties happily vanquished, how dreadful is the appalling want of common topics for eking out the visit, the tomb-like silence and monumental stiffness, that precede the telegraph signal for departure, and the ringing of the bell! Verily the prime cause of such a disaster merits not less than a little hanging.

But, if it be wrong, under certain circumstances, to admit visitors, it is a still greater breach of the peace not to take a denial when it is fairly given—to force the *consigne*, and to insist on "getting in." The impertinent familiarity of "I know your master is at home *to me*," is a direct violation of the fundamental laws of visiting intercourse; and the Roman was quite right who insisted on being believed on his own assertion, that he was "not at home;" for who ought to know better the necessities of the case?

An intruder of this description can never be sure that he will not lay bare some weak point in the domestic economy by his Marplotism. In small families the ladies may be in *déshabillé*, or the house in no state for public exhibition. In greater establishments, he may pop into the middle of an execution, or derange an unacknowledged *tête-à-tête*. How does he know what third person he may meet with in such undue efforts to gain admission, whom he himself would rather not encounter? How can he foretell that he will not run bolt against his own divorced wife, the man who has thrown him out of parliament, or black-balled him at the club, the holder, perhaps, of his promissory note, the plaintiff in his action for damages, or the lady who has just rejected his addresses? In mere self-defence such practices should be abandoned; and no friendships, no intimacy, can justify them. As well might one tolerate the impertinent curiosity of the prying friend, who pumps the servants to learn who called on you yesterday, or what you have for dinner, as overlook an indiscretion at once so dangerous, so annoying, and so indicative of uncivilized vulgarity.

There is, however, one exception to this rule; there is one personage who has a prescriptive right to admission at all hours, and who never takes a denial. But this gentleman is universally admitted to be so great a bore, that no one in his senses would think of imitating him. He'll knock at any

door he pleases, whether it be in Grosvenor Square or St. Giles's—

Æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
Regumque turres;

and, like his friend the doctor, he stops to ask no question, but walks up stairs at once, even to "my lady's chamber." With a fellow of this peremptory character, there is but one point of good manners to be observed; which is to be always ready to receive him with a good grace, neither weakly dreading his visit when he does not come, nor treating it when he does, as a thing unexpected and unusual. Receive him with the firmness of a Stoic, the cheerfulness of an Epicurean, and the respect due to the power, in whose name he intrudes; for he was never known to retire from a bad reception, nor to remit his claims, to tears, struggles, or supplications: and as for "not at home," and leaving his card, shew me the porter who would dare to propose it.

A GOOD NAME.

"He who filches from me my good name," &c.

"Would you, sir, if a Jew of a godfather had proposed the name (of Judas) for your child, and offered you his purse along with it, would you have consented to such a desecration of him?"—*Tristram Shandy.*

I never could understand why Sterne should have thought it necessary to put so much of insinuation into old Shandy's manner, in order to pass off his hypothesis concerning names, as if the matter were either new or rare, or as if the theory were not as good and lawful a theory, as any that passes current among philosophical speculators. Certain it is, that I, for one, have had but too many proofs of its validity, in the innumerable instances in which I have been the victim of two mischievous appellations,—the worst, perhaps, that the lexicon of personal nomenclature can furnish: insomuch, that I never reflect upon the question in the Catechism, which asks, "What did your godfathers and godmothers then for you?" without wishing them—no matter where, for their part of my designation.

In spite of the well-worn quotation from Shakespeare, whoever has lived in the world for ever so short a time, no matter in what rank, must know that *every thing* is in a name. Names, like physiognomies, produce the strongest impressions unconsciously, and in spite of the most resolute predetermination to laugh prejudice out of countenance.

In the present days of refinement and schoolmasterization, the calling names, *à propos,* constitutes the whole art and mystery of politics and criticism; and if the mere sounds of traitor and patriot, orthodox and heterodox, make such sweeping differences in the nature of individuals, and their acts and writings, it is not too much to presume that the *tantum valet quantum sonat* applies equally to proper as to *improper* appellatives. In one word, does not "*la sagesse des nations,*" — that wisdom which cries out in the street, but which every one regards,—expressly declare, that to give a dog an ill name, is as bad as to hang him?

Not, however, that I am absolutely superstitious in the affair, or would go the whole length of honest Mr. Shandy, in believing that "there is a strange kind of magic bias, which good or ill names irresistibly impress upon our characters and conduct;" yet this opinion has been entertained, ay, and by wise men too. Augustus, the night before the battle of Actium, met a poor fellow driving his ass, and their names being respectively Eutyches and Nicon (that is to say, Fortunate and

Victor), he thereupon drew a happy presage of the morrow's fight. The more ass he for his pains, perhaps you will say; and I so far agree, that, if there be any thing in the augury, the benefit could lawfully belong to none but the owners. To have acted consistently, he should have given the command of his army to the man and his beast, and it would not have been the first ass the world had seen in that responsible situation.

When that modern Eutyches, Mr. Goodluck, somewhile keeper of a lottery-office on Cornhill, assumed his fascinating appellative, he had an undoubted eye to his own good fortune, and not to that of his customers; who, if they fell into the mistake of Augustus, and speculated upon its influence on themselves, most frequently paid very dearly for the "flattering error." But soldiers are ever superstitious; and the ass of Augustus was, after all, as good a hobby-horse, as the "*Cæsaris fortuna*" of his predecessor, or as the rival *stars* of Napoleon and the Wellesleys, about which so much has been said and sung.

St. Jerome takes a more Christian view of this matter, and tells us that certain names were applied by the ancients, "*quasi ob virtutis auspicium, sicut apud Latinos, Victor, Probus, Castus;*" or, as Camden expresses it, in his quaint English, "upon future good hope conceived by parents of their children, in which you might see their first and principal wishes towards them." *

* Remains.

Now this is precisely the case with certain *little* personages, who give their children the names of *great* personages, "upon future good hope" of something to be got through their influence,—just as the Catholics give their offspring the names of favourite saints, with a view to ensuring the holy protection of the patron for his namesakes.

Mankind are, in general, prone to believe that what they desire will happen, the simple wish gradually warming into a presumption of cause and effect; and whenever philosophy fails in discovering a why for the wherefore, credulity gets up a nice little occult cause to justify the supposition.

The superstition of *onomantia*, or divination by names, of which the quintessence lies in Mr. Shandy's creed, that a man may be "nicodemused into nothing," is but part and parcel of this common infirmity of our nature. The whimsey has had more or less of vogue in all times,—being, as usual, prevalent in proportion to its emptiness and absurdity. It was influential among the Covenanters, as is witnessed in those elegant euphonisms, "Tribulation," "Holdfast," "Freegift," "Praise God Barebones," &c.

Camden mentions a German of his day, who drew up a table of good and ill names, "which," says he, "I wish had been suppressed; for that the devill, by such vanities, doth abuse the credulitie of youth to greater matters, and sometimes to their own destruction;" and, truth to tell, I have myself thought that "the gentleman in black"

had more to do with my own christening, than at first sight comports with the holiness of the ceremony, and that personage's well known aversion from the consecrated element. From this conceit about names, arose the singular custom of pricking with a pin into the Bible, in order to obtain a fortunate *prænomen:* a custom which the "without note or comment" folk might have once more brought into fashion, had not an unlucky onomant thus stumbled upon Beelsebub for his child's namesake; which (as Paddy would say) was "the devil's own name to give a Christian."

Leaving all such superstitions on one side, there is an abundance of natural causes, whose operation is sufficient to justify the hypothesis, that names are not indifferent to the fortune of their owners, and that a good name, like a good address, is a powerful letter of recommendation. They, for instance, who are acquainted with the history of Ireland, will well understand the reasonableness of that common Irish remark, applied to an O'Flanigan, a Geoghegan, or an O'Flaherty. "Arrah, is not that a pretty name to go to church with;" which is only as much as to say, that nothing Protestant could wear such a Milesian appellative. Such names, therefore, must be unlucky in the highest degree; and I put it to any man of common sense, if a Terence O'Phelim O'Shaughnessy (no offence to the worthy bootmaker so called) should apply for a place under government, at the same time as an Augustus Frederick De Courcy,

or a William Henry Fitzwalter; would not the latter names, *cæteris paribus*, carry the day, in any office in Downing Street, or the Castle of Dublin?

A good name, right or wrong, implies a good parentage, and a fashionable name implies a fashionable nominee. Giovanni della Casa has written a spirited *capitolo* on his own ill luck, in having been christened John. I cannot understand how any parent, having the bowels of compassion for his offspring, could impose upon a boy such a trivial and insignificant appellation, to be held in common with all the tag, rag, and bobtail of society.

> "Così, qualche intelletto di cavallo,
> Barbier, o castra-porci, o cavadenti,
> Sempre ha viso, d'aver quel nome, e hallo."

John is, indeed, one of the worst of names, and is applicable to every thing that is common-place and contemptible in *rerum naturâ*, to a "boot-*jack*," "a saucy *jack*," "a *jack* in office." What personal merit can withstand being called Jacky, or Johnny? When was a "Gros Jean," or a "Petit Jean," ever known to thrive, or, at least, to become genteel? No.

> "Mutalo, e sminesiscil, se tu sai,
> O Nanni, o Gianni, o Gianino, o Gianozzo,
> Come più tu lo tocchi, peggio fai,
> Che gli è cativo intero, e peggior mozzo."

Then, again, consider Thomas. Who, above the condition of a footman, would be called Tom? Nay, even the very footmen reject so contemptible

a *sobriquet*, and endeavour to get a step on in the world, by dropping it, and assuming their surname, even though it should be Atkins, or Hodges itself. "Is it Tom, the footman; or Tom, the cat?" asked a little Thomas of his grandam, when she was accusing him by name of some mischief; and it was a good enough stroke of policy to derive this incidental advantage from the obscurity of an indiscriminating name.

But though many such cases may occur, in which a certain ambiguity, "whether it be Mrs. Sullen or Dorinda," may have its use; yet, *per contra*, it would be rather disagreeable to one Tom Smith to be hanged for another; or for a Jack Jones to lose a fat legacy, for want of "that ilk," to distinguish him from his numerous name-fellows.

If Christian names sometimes show the vanity, cupidity, or ambition of parents, sir (or sur) names are often proofs of the malignity of the world. The Maleverers, for instance! though their name is now a good, aristocratical name, it comes not the less from "malus leporarius;" and must, in its origin, have been applied either in fun or malice. The Malduits also betray the *animus imponentis;* for he must have thought the founder of that family better fed than taught, and entertained but a bad opinion of his scholarship. Innumerable are the family names thus imposed in the true spirit of dicacity.

The Romans were prodigal in such nicknames, probably owing to their military habits; just as the French army called Buonaparte "*le petit caporal;*"

and as our men christened the great captain of the age, "Nosey." The Scrophas, the Strabos, the Cæsiuses, the Ciceros, and the Balbuses are cases in point. The low wit of the middle ages expended itself rather by certain scurvy additions to the Christian name, such as Long-Shanks, Lackland, the Bald, the Stammerer, the Unready, &c. &c. Baldwin Le Pettour is said to have acquired his untranslateable addition, from the singular tenure by which he held his lands, "*per saltum, sufflatum, et pettum, sive bumbulum;*" so that it was, in those days, probably, "*proprior honori quam ignominiæ.*"

Such could never have been the case with those horrible nuncupations, the Higginbottoms, the Ramsbottoms, Badcocks, Glasscocks, and Heavisides: "disguise them how you will," they must ever remain a reproach and a by-word against their unfortunate owners.

Platina, in his "Lives of the Popes," tells us that the custom of changing the name, on arriving at the Pontificate, arose with one BOCCA DI PORCO, who, "*per la brutezza di questo nome, si facesse Sergio II. chiamare.*"

In this his Holiness did perfectly right; for, surely, it would have been both a sin and a shame, if the infallible decrees of heaven had been suffered to find a vent through the mortal mouthpiece of a hog. This, indeed, was a fit case for applying the vulgar adage, that "a pig may whistle, but it has a very bad mouth for it:" and to see a pig's muzzle perched in the chair of St. Peter, would have gone

nigh to justify a whole encyclopædia of Exeter Hall diatribes.

Mr. Shandy has divided names into good, bad, and neuter. In this division I can by no means agree. Every undistinguished name is *malum in se*. If a man without a name is like a man without a shadow, a man with an undistinguished name must be no better than a man with an undistinguished shadow, which is equivalent to no shadow at all. Names are imposed for distinction alone; and every name that leaves its owner sticking in the mud of society, must be a bad name, even though it does not, in itself, hold him up conspicuously as a cockney and a vulgarian. It would indeed be utterly impossible to look a Higgins or a Spriggins in the face, without laughing; or to be introduced to a Buggins, without an internal movement of discomfort, from the association.

The irredeemable *roture* of these sounds stares us in the face, and the simplest observer cannot mistake them: but Smith, Brown, Jones, and Robinson, though they have crept into the peerage, are not a whit the more neuter on that account. They differ in degree, but not in kind, even from the Simpkins, Wilkins, and all other diminutives in "kin," which I look upon as the very *ne plus ultra* of unfortunate denominations.

The value which mankind in general set upon a good name is strikingly illustrated by the convulsive efforts which are made to twist, modify, and disguise a bad one. Some men, conscious of the

indignity of their family appellation, seek to qualify its vulgarity, or insignificance, by bestowing on their children a high-sounding christian name. The Amelias, Wilhelminas, Rosa Matildas, abound chiefly in low life; and I never knew a restaurateur's *garçon*, in all Paris, who was not an Auguste or an Hippolyte. This, however, is a poor come off, and only produces a startling catachresis, which serves but to make bad worse. What is to be made of an Augustus Tofts, a Michael Angelo Crooks, or a Wilhelmina Skeggs? Many a poor fellow has hanged himself for a smaller combination of ill-luck.

Others have tried to mend the matter, by sliding in a distinguished termination, like the Thomasière of the French. Thus, a celebrated architect adopted the addition of *ville* to his name, at the expense of forming a mulish cross between the Saxon and the Norman. Hogsflesh (in the whimsical, though d—d, farce, called "Mr. H.") gets a license to change his name to Bacon, sheltering himself under the wing of the mighty restorer of philosophy; and no greater instance can be cited of the triumph of virtue over the malignity of fortune, than in the gentilization of so homely and culinary a name as that of the philosophic chancellor. Who now would not be proud to bear it?

There are certain other attempts at getting rid of a bad name, as abortive as they are disingenuous. The exchange of Smythe for Smith, for instance, of Tayleure for Tailor, Ryder for Rider, are paltry

equivocations, unworthy either of a great or a good man: but I must approve of the conversion of Armstrong into Strongi'th'arm, both on account of its ingenuity, and of the middle-age sort of look it carries with it.

The sly smuggling in of a prefixed *de* is a dangerous deceit; since any fool knows that de is exclusively the avant-courier of a Norman or French name. Much better is it to exchange the offensive sound altogether; like that worthy Irish gentleman, who, shocked at the nationality, and therefore vulgarity, of his family name of O'Sullivan, called himself O'Neal, to prove his English blood.

This changing a name is, I am aware, a very serious business, when it is not done with authority. "Polyonymous," indicating a man of many names, is almost a synonyme for a thief. But this is arguing from abuse to use. There is no more shame in coming out of a bad name, than Cato thought there was in coming out of a suspicious house: only it is prudent not to avail one's-self of the occasion for committing a capital felony.

Neither ought a man to change his name as often as the fashion of his coat; for, exclusively of the inconvenience, the world, perfectly satisfied that you can have no right to such a variety of appellations, will surmise that you never had even one name that you could lawfully call your own. On the subject of these variations, it will be well to hear Camden — an excellent authority. "But hereby it may be understood that an *alias*, or

double name, cannot prejudice the honest; and it is known that when Judge Catiline took exception at one, in this respect, saying that no honest man had a double name, and came in with an *alias*—the party asked him what exception his lordship could take to Jesus Christ, *alias* Jesus of Nazareth."

The natural ways in which a bad name produces ill luck are many; and fully prove that nomination, not "conduct, is fate." Its sinister influence on the owner's political fortunes has already been demonstrated. In love, an unromantic appellation is as bad as a snub nose or a squint. Thomas Trott, subscribed to a love letter, would effectually overthrow the finest oratorical structure that ever was raised by Rousseau himself. I know not what effect it might have had on the world, had *Julie* been depicted with a broken back; or if St. Preux had been drawn with one leg three inches shorter than the other, or endowed with a wen on his head as big as a twopenny loaf: but of this I am certain, that the most quizzical bodily infirmity, a full-bottomed wig, or a set of false teeth, could not more completely dissipate all the illusions of sentiment in the Nouvelle Heloise, than the simple conversion of the two protagonists into Bill Gubbins and Judy Goodbody. This, in some measure, has become matter of record, produced by the effects "in Giles Jollop the knave, and the brown Sally Green," on the imaginations of the reading public.

If to marry for a title be an object of lawful ambition, the choice of a name cannot be beneath

the consideration of a wise woman. Mortimer and Montmorenci are, in themselves, almost as good as a peerage; and far beyond a baronetage when it illustrates a Sir Dilberry Diddle, or a Sir Barnaby Tallowkeech. Nicks, on the contrary, and Junks, Titmouse, and Bumford, are names that would frighten the most despairing spinster, if she have the slightest taste or good breeding.

A bad name not only reflects upon its owner and his immediate relations, but even on his friends. It would be better to cut a dear and valued connexion at once, than to linger under the chronic malady of an obligation to introduce to every stranger that comes, "my old and valued friend, Mr. Jeremiah Sneak."

I knew a lady whose custom it was to arrange the cards on her chimneypiece according to her estimate of the relative value of the names they bore. Thus, Mrs. Veal would be hidden from view by Mrs. Constantine Cavendish; Mr. Crump would be eclipsed by Mr. D'Aubigny Mountjoy; and Miss Jenny Jones would play least in sight behind Mr. Beauchamp Sellinger Capel.

But the evil to the offending parties did not stop here: in making up her entertainments, the good names were scrupulously reserved for this curious lady's select dinners and snug suppers; while the Atkinses, Wilkinses, the Smiths, *et id genus omne*, were asked only to routs and squeezes. Her most intimate acquaintance was a stupid, apoplectic, alderman, whose sole social recommendation was,

that his godfather had called him Marmaduke; and she absolutely cut her own mother, for taking, in second marriage, a worthy gentleman of the name of Cheese.

This singularity is not so much to be wondered at. I never leave my ticket at a tolerably genteel house without blushing to the eyes when the servant spells my two unlucky names; and it has cost me more money than I will mention, in lodgings situated in the most fashionable streets, simply to redeem the vulgarity of my *calling*. Yet even this is a miserable set-off. What is Mr. Boot, of Albany, or Mr. Garlic, of Waterloo Place, to Mr. Paganel, or Mr. Tailbois, even though the one should live in Houndsditch, and the other in the Minories? Any defect in residence may be concealed in a neat running-hand, and banished to the extreme corner of the card, as thus—

Mr. Villeneuve Grandmaison,

Bethnal Green.

Or it may be omitted altogether, or the address be given to a club-house or a fashionable coffee-house. But what is to be done with a bad name? It was I who first brought up the fashion of printing names too small to be legible without a lens; but I found, on experience, that this only piqued curiosity, and drew attention to the infirmity it was designed to hide.

As a general rule for the government of name-giving, let it be remembered that the more out-

landish and pagan a Christian name may be, the better for the wearer; and that the poorest surname is preferable to that of the best Saint in the calendar. Orlando, Hector, or Ulysses will pass muster well enough, with a decent family appellative to tack to them: but Mr. Scott Lot, or Mr. Roe Doe, is better still, and will find favour where Mr. William Lot and Mr. John Doe would be utterly rejected. This is especially important to citizens, in the way of being knighted. Sir Montague Pattypan, or Sir Wilbraham Tomtit, would make a dreadful inroad on the heart of a city damsel, where nothing could be expected for a Sir Jonathan, or a Sir Moses.

When there are rich relations in the way, whose vanity must be soothed by your adoption of their silly name, the addition of a second surname will patch up the business with some credit. A double surname always proves that the bearer belongs to somebody who is something. This effect is improved when one of these names is in duplicate. Tim Tompkins, for instance, is the very devil! But Mr. Timothy Tompkins Tompkins is respectable enough. So, too, Henry Jones is a name for nobody; but Sir Henry (I prefer Sir Harry) Jones Wills Jones—Wills Jones Jones—or Jones Jones Wills (I don't care which)—is a real delight. None, however, but a genuine true-blooded aristocrat will venture on such double reduplications as Mr. White Brown Brown White, M. P.

The Lady Fitz Hamon, a respectable feudal

dame, mentioned by Stow, and no descendant from the gentleman who was hanged on a gallows forty feet high, had a very just notion of the value of a double name. This she expressed in the following distich—

" It were to me a great shame
To have a lord without his twa name."

The Spaniards, also, who are famous for the plurality of their cognomens, show great intelligence in that particular; for it would be hard, indeed, if, among the whole aggregate, there were not one or two names tolerably respectable.

The importance of a name being thus established, the intelligent reader will at once perceive the necessity for some regulation to prevent its capricious change. As every one would be born to a title and an estate if he could choose for himself, so every one would be a Howard or a Talbot, if the royal licence did not put some restraint on individual inclinations. The Catholics indeed, in confirmation, have permission to change their baptismal appellation, which to a person doubly unfortunate in his names, must be an acceptable relief. It is really shocking that Protestant liberty does not possess an equal privilege. If ever I should be tempted to apostatize, it certainly will be in order that I may no longer be obliged to subscribe myself,

Your obedient servant,
EZEKIEL TIBS.

THE HOTEL DE CARNAVALET.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED WORK.

THE state of society in France, during the seventeenth century, (the vigil of the great epoch of transition which followed) presents one of the most important pages in the history of mankind: viewed at this distance of time, it forms also one of the most amusing. Exciting in its events, it was eminently dramatic in its scenes and groupings. Its details were graphic, and its combinations picturesque, beyond the reach of fanciful creation. With just enough remaining of the rude imagery of the middle ages to give a poetic and romantic character to the picture, and just sufficient civilization and refinement to redeem it from the coarseness of semi-barbarism, it afforded a last representation of institutions, a last glimpse of a phasis of society, which were to be rapidly succeeded by a total change in all. Forests, fortresses, the bristling rampart, the *rendezvous de chasse*, the court, the camp, the chateau, the manoir, the palace, the

hostel, the shrine, the state prison, the convent, the hut of the peasant, the "house" of the burgher, all still remained at once subjects for the artist, and landmarks of that dreadful disparity in human conditions, arising from wrongs, oppressions, and errors, which, (drawn to their extremest tension, and about to burst by their own pressure), were destined never again to be reknit.

Such was the scenery of this melo-dramatic era; its *dramatis personæ* were still more striking and pictorial; every class moulded in its own physiological form—every grade habited in its own peculiar costume—every countenance energized by passion, or stultified by degradation, as nobility brought the consciousness of power, or slavery, unredeemed by right or privilege, sunk in passive obedience to its lot of ignorance and of suffering.

A social combination, so pregnant with all the symbols of poetry and romance, and, therefore, so amusing to retrace through the long vista of time, was yet based in false principles and gross illusions, the inevitable results of barbarism, and of its attendant credulity. Hollow, though cumbrous—false, though brilliant—the social structure was kept together, like one of those gigantic but childish machines, which, in the old court masques, (propelled by the most coarse and complicated means) nodded to its ruin at every motion. Its exterior, indeed, presented glittering forms, and gave effect to the most amusing incidents: but it concealed from sight the pain and labour by which it was

supported; and it betrayed not the immensity of cost so disproportionate to the paltry ends it was calculated to effect.

The seventeenth century opened in France with the birth of the second of the Bourbons, Louis XIII. It received much of its character and colouring from the peculiar temperament of that fatal family; and more particularly from him, whose salient reign, unsurpassed despotism, and extraordinary longevity, drew to a point and harmonized to a system the demoralizing and disorganizing elements, which met him on his entrance upon power.

Between the hardy, well-bred, frank-hearted founder of the Bourbon dynasty and his descendants, or rather his successors, there was little resemblance, either physical or moral. The sons of the Italian and Austro-Spanish queens exhibited few traces of the superior characteristics of their immortal predecessor. They were of a different mould and temper from the "brave Bearnois;" and they resembled much more the Philips and the Medici, than him to whose genius and virtues they have so often referred posterity for the family qualifications.''

They found the age they were called upon to influence well fitted to receive the impulse they were desirous to give to it. The peasantry still continued what they had been from the beginning — serfs of the soil: no item of their degradation effaced, no particular of their slavery redeemed. The inhabitants of the towns and cities oppressed,

not protected, by their provincial parliaments, were burghers without independence, and tradesmen without knowledge of commerce; which latter was then confined to England, Holland, Venice, Genoa, Flanders, and the Levant. The industry of the nation, concentrated chiefly on the production of costly futilities, was little better than a strenuous idleness. Workers of tapestry, painters of fans, inlayers of gold, silver, brass, and wood, jewellers, lace-makers, hair-dressers, and embroiderers — the artizans of France were devoted more to gratifying the luxury and ostentation of the few, than to providing for the wants, and developing the energies of the many.*

The natural and almost inevitable consequences of this direction of industry, were frequent fluctuations in trade, insolvency, and ruin. It was a law in the code of aristocratic morality, to pay no debts, but those of honour; and to regard common probity as the prejudice of a *roturier* education. In a commercial nation this cannot be; but in a society where none had rights, where a few had privileges, and where the will of one was the law of all — where the higher classes were cheats like the De Grammonts, coiners like Pomenais, and frau-

* Towards the close of the century, indeed, Colbert gave to France her manufactories of silk and woollen, and purchased the looms and the art of stocking-weaving at a high price from other countries. To this great man Louis XIV. owes his best claims to the epithet of "Great," in general so falsely bestowed upon him.

dulent profligates like the Richelieus; such a state of morality was natural and consistent.

The French aristocracy, whose feudal independence had been broken down by Louis XI., whose proud spirit had been tamed by Cardinal Richelieu (the virtual king of France, and real arbiter of Europe, under the name of Louis XIII.,) were degraded, under the personal despotism of Louis XIV., to the "mean ambition" of serving in his antechamber, catering for his seraglio, and receiving the grace and dignity of their being from the breath of him whom they called emphatically "the master." The League and the Fronde, indeed, stirring events of incalculable though remote benefit to the nation, had preserved to the nobility an air of faction, and a semblance of independence; but their participation in those public movements had no higher motives than their own selfish ambition and personal jealousies.

The religious wars of the "holy league" originated in the rivalry of the two great houses of the De Guise and the Montmorency;* and the intrusion of the princes and nobles into the bold and honest resistance of the citizens of Paris to unjust taxation, during the Fronde, had no other object than the intrigues of the Orleans, the Condés, the Longuevilles, and the De Retz; who, like the rest of their order, aimed at the ruin of the queen and of

* "Leur première dispute fut pour l'estat du grand maitre, que le roi donna au Duc de Guise, et en dépouilla Monsieur de Montmorenci."—*Histoire de la Ligue.*

Mazarin—the recovery of their own overwhelming influence—the security of their own dangerous privileges—and the indulgence of their own licentious passions. Still maintaining those signorial rights over their wretched serfs, which it now blanches the cheek of humanity to enumerate, they had surrounded themselves with the *prestige* of an inherent superiority, which none disputed, and few even dared to doubt. "*Les princes du sang et autres nobles,*" says an old writer of Louis the Thirteenth's time, "*ont tousiers esté sacrées personnes, comme les colonnes et appuis de la couronne;*" and "*sacrées personnes,*" beings of a superior mould and temper from the rest of their species, the French aristocracy of the seventeenth century still claimed to be. Yet then, even then, their position, unadapted to any durable condition of society, furnished to the observation of philosophy an evidence of their coming destruction.

Louis XIV., the son of Anne of Austria, and grandson of the atrocious Philip II., so well known in the bloodiest annals of England and of Flanders, inherited the temperament of his mother's family: his legitimacy, indeed, and right to the throne of France, was doubted even by his reputed and feeble father.* Born with an instinct towards despotism,

* After twenty-two years of childless matrimony, Anne of Austria produced a son, (some writers say two.) Accused by the king and his ministers of various gallantries, and of conspiracies (one even against her husband's life, with the intention of marrying his brother Gaston, the Duke of Orleans,)

and cradled on a throne, his reply, when but four years old, to Louis XIII.,* was as indicative of his future vocation, as his celebrated *l'état c'est moi*, or his speech at his first council on taking the reins of government: "*Vous sçavez mes volontés*, Messieurs, *c'est a vous de les executer.*" †

The *volontés* of a vain, uneducated boy, were then the law of the nation, and the destiny of millions! Believing royalty to be an entity, and not an accident—and fancying that to be born on a throne was the result of a divine calling, a creation out of the common roll of ordinary humanity, Louis acted through life under this false impression; and, having been deprived by his ambitious mother of the lowest rudiments of education, no light of knowledge ever beamed on his besotted pride to discover the illusion, or to check its fatal results. He lived, therefore, and ruled as one to whom the destiny of his subjects was committed, without the control of any law, or responsibility to any tribunal. How capri-

Anne sought to extort from him, in his last moments, an avowal of her innocence. The dying king refused, and said to Chavigni, his secretary of state, "*En l'état où je suis, je dois lui pardonner; mais je ne peux la croire!*"

* After the ceremony of his christening, (which did not take place till he was four years old,) he was taken to the king, who asked him what name he had received. "*Je m'appelle Louis Quatorze,*" he stoutly replied. "*Pas encore, pas encore,*" said the king, in angry emotion.

† Even in his last days of adversity, Louis XIV. had not got rid of his belief in his divine right; and said, "Dieu donc a oublié tout ce que j'ai fait pour lui!"

ciously he sacrificed their liberties and their lives, the private memoirs, even more than the public records of his reign, fearfully attest.

To this despotism France had nothing to oppose. The people, disgusted with the selfish factiousness of the nobility, (who, after exciting them to rebellion, had betrayed and sold them,) impoverished also, and intimidated by unsuccessful resistance, were crushed and broken-spirited; hopeless and helpless: the nobility, disunited among themselves, and without support from the commons, were already beaten down in detail, and deprived as a body of all power, save that which was reflected from the grace and favour of the monarch. To obtain that favour, and to counteract the intrigues of rivals, they quitted their ancient baronial castles, and, flocking to the seat of government, sank at once into courtiers and voluptuaries. Filling the most domestic offices about the person of "their master," as *menins*, pages, grooms of the chamber, and "officers of the mouth," * disputing for the distinction of presenting to the king his shirt, or changing his plate, and too proud if they might be admitted "*du voyage*" in the royal excursions, packed up with the rest of the *valetaille*, with footmen and furniture, tendeurs and tapestry, and other moveables of ostentatious luxury. Ambitious only

* Absurd and undignified as this may appear, still even in these times of reform, the courts of Europe, from St. James's to St. Petersburgh, are modelled upon that of Versailles and the Tuileries under the "grand monarque."

of the "*casaque bleu*," * they wholly lost sight of their feudal "*vie de château*," where chivalry had bred up her gallant sons, and where all that old France had known of independence was born and nurtured. Not to have a sumptuous hotel in the aristocratic quarters of Paris, and a pavilion within view of the turrets of some royal mansion in its environs, was to be beyond the pale of distinction, under the ban of royal indifference, and excluded from all honours, wealth, promotion, and favour. To be "*relegué à son château*," "*exilé à sa terre*," was a stigma, which (once inflicted) was never effaced. It broke the hearts of some, it left others to pine in hopeless despondency through life. Against this overwhelming ruin, fortune had no remedy, philosophy no defence, religion no consolation.

To compensate for such utter degradation of the aristocracy, the wealth of the nation was concentrated on the heads of its members. All places of power or emolument in the church, the army, the court, and the government, became the plunder of the nobility; pensions, presents, commands, offices, all paid by extortions wrung from the ruined people, provided for every extravagance, and gratified every passion to satiety. The king frequently paid the debts of the favourite of the day, when creditors were too importunate, or important, to be got rid of by other means.

* The livery of the monarch for those who followed him to Fontainebleau, Versailles, &c. &c.

The competition in sumptuosity and magnificence, thus fostered, and almost commanded, covered Paris with palaces, and its neighbourhood with villas, such as Florence and Genoa could not rival in vastness and expense, nor Rome surpass, save only in beauty and in taste.

The passion for architecture and painting had arisen in France, so far back as in the time of Francis I.; and the progress of these arts had been materially forwarded by the Italian queens, who brought with them to their ultramontane thrones the tastes, as well as the vices, that marked the family temperament of the Medici. Cardinal Richelieu, magnificent as he was despotic, built for himself a palace (the Palais Royal) in which kings were proud to lodge; and he obtained a glory by the establishment of academies and schools of art, which kings might emulate, but could not exceed.

At the commencement of the seventeenth century, the hotels of Paris were losing their character of fortresses. The crevelated towers of the Hotel de Guise, and the Hotel de Soissons,* where the proud Duchess of Montpensier, and the politic Catherine de Medici, had each respectively con-

* One tower of the Hotel de Soissons, a hundred feet high, still remains *enclavé* in the Halle de Bléd. It is the scene of the principal incident of the popular drama of Henri Trois; and is encrusted with allegorical ornaments, torn wreaths, and broken mirrors, with the letters C and H interlaced, all expressive of the love and viduity of Catherine, who built the edifice for astrological purposes.

cocted their conspiracies against human life and liberty, were already considered as *bicoques*, when compared to the Palladian palaces raised by the travelled genius of Bullant and Cerceau, the successors of old Pierre L'Escot, De Mercier, and Sarazan; all of whom worked on the beautiful Louvre, and drew a letter of credit on the admiration of posterity, which posterity still is well disposed to honour.

Bullant returned from a long residence in Italy embued with all the taste of that native region of the arts, and with all the extravagance borrowed from the gigantic projects of popes and cardinals. Seized upon by the constable De Montmorenci, who gave him *carte blanche*, he raised the chateau of Ecouen, with an utter disregard of expense, and in perfect accordance with the wealth and the orders of his magnificent patron. The Hotels de Sully, de Bouillon, de Matignon, de Thoulouse, de Gars, de Conti, de Soubise, rose in rival vastness and splendour, under the presiding genius successively of De Cerceau and Mansard. To calculate the scale of expenditure, or to put a limit on the means placed at the disposal of either, were deemed insults by the haughty architects. Mansard refused Colbert's proposition to rebuild the Louvre, unless he was permitted to throw down one day what the caprice of another preceding one had approved. The president De Longueil, a *sous-intendant de finance*, employed him, on the same terms, to build him a mansion; and Mansard, availing himself of the

licence, continued for years to throw down and reconstruct, without once consulting his employer on the subject. "But," says the biographer of the architect, "he (the *sous-intendant*) was rich enough to afford such a latitude of discretion; and he obtained in return the satisfaction of inhabiting one of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of French architecture.

Painting, sculpture, gilding, inlaying, and gardening, were called in to give the highest finish to these modern palaces. The genius of Vouet, and of his disciples, Le Brun, Le Sueur, Mignard, Du Fresnoy, Coypel, &c., enriched the walls and ceilings; and the looms of Italy and the Gobelins were rendered tributary for decorations, which, sumptuous as they were, brought little profit to the funds of national industry.

The prevalence, among a privileged class, of notions and of habits thus extravagant, give fearful note of privation and misery among the industrious, and of a vicious misgovernment of the whole. For, the productive power of the human individual being limited by his physical and moral capabilities, no honest and acknowledgeable distribution of the proceeds, could feed such lavish expense. The average capability of a people to procure for themselves comforts and enjoyments will necessarily vary with the variations in climate, locality, population, institutions, and the general commerce of the age and nation. But, under the most favourable circumstances, it can never become so high as to admit of an unbounded luxury in the few, unbased in extor-

tion, and the robbery of the many. In one country domestic slavery, in another predial slavery, in a third unrepresented taxation, in a fourth military conquest, may place the unrequited labour of the lower classes at the disposition of the higher; but in none can lawful industry, unbacked by privilege, render enormous accumulations of wealth frequent: and they exist not any where, without producing, as if by an electric polarity, a proportionate mass of desolating want and deplorable suffering.

It is under the pressure of such fearful injustice, that cities of palaces arose in Paris over regions of hovels; and that marble and precious stones beamed in mockery over the mud and misery of poverty and discomfort. The palaces of the Italian Republics were the purchase of commerce, and paid for by imported wealth, the fruit of their monopoly in the markets of the world, the sweat of serfs in distant and unobserved lands. But the wealth of the French aristocracy, founded in military conquest, and increased by the political corruptions of after times, flowed from domestic violence and oppression; and it prepared that dreadful revolution, in which the nobility expiated the crimes of their ancestors and their own, by a sweeping extermination.

Commerce did not flourish in France to feed the arts, till towards the end of the seventeenth century, and then under unwise restrictions which the greatest financier of the realm, Colbert, had not the genius to acknowledge or remove. The arts, consequently placed under the exclusive patronage

of aristocracy, were not congenial to the genius of the land. The schools founded by Richelieu and Colbert produced only a horde of artists, whose multitudinous names are now forgotten, and whose insipid allegories still fade and perish on the walls and ceilings of the old and vast hotels, where their tasteless, but sumptuous proprietors, gave to talent the bare means of existence, in return for eternizing their own vanity and emblazoning their self-love.

Whenever a great genius emanated from amidst this mass of mediocrity, it fled to more genial climes. Poussin and Claude Lorraine abandoned the banks of the Seine for the Pincio, and the academy of the despot at Paris for that of St. Luke at Rome. Poor Vouet sought to follow their example, but was hurried from his ennobling studies at the Vatican, by *lettres de cachet*, which doomed him to immortalize the tyrant who issued them, and to consecrate his own genius to ridicule, by endless representations of the royal "god of day," smirking "*noblement et avec dignité*" on nymphs and graces, whose originals it would have been an epigram to paint as Diana or the Muses.*

Though the arts were sought after with avidity,

* Vouet, anxious to escape from the humiliating patronage of the French princes and nobles, by whom the arts were employed, not appreciated, put himself under the protection of Urban VIII., who made him prince of the Academy. He married a wealthy wife, and enjoyed the friendship of all the men of genius of Italy. From this happy condition, he was recalled to France by a royal mandate; and to his despair presented with the undignified distinction of Peintre du Roi.

and liberally remunerated, the artists were despised. The Mansards and the Le Bruns, (tyrants in *their* way,) were but menials in the ante-chambers of their extravagant patrons; and, while their enormous demands enabled them to raise domestic edifices for themselves, elegant and elaborate as the hotels of their employers, they dared assume no higher name for them than "their house." "*La maison Mansard*," "*la maison Le Brun*," still bear evidence of the wonderful extent to which the ruinous passion for building had gone, towards the middle of the reign of Louis XIV., and of the low grade the owners themselves held in society.

The Hotel de Matignon (in St. Germain de Prés) covered four English acres with its court and gardens, in which was a small and beautiful edifice called the "Petit Palais," more suited to the enjoyment of its inhabitants, than the great building. This was a common appendage to the great hotels, and was destined to the same purposes as the Venetian Casino. The Hotels de Rambouillet, de Villars, de Harcourt, de Rohan, de Bouillon, de la Rochefoucauld, and countless others, still tell the story of the times, and proclaim the magnificence and boundless wealth of their founders. The Hotel de Soubise, now open to public inspection, as the repository of the royal archives, has already been noticed,* but never adequately described. The Hotel de Thoulouse is a fair specimen of this class of buildings, both as to their architecture, and to

* France in 1829-30.

the distribution of their apartments, which throw a light on the manners of the day.

The vast and ostentatious salons raised for representation, the nests of little cabinets called "*les petits appartemens*," reserved for business or comfort, intrigue or conspiracy, with the *chéminées tournantes*, sliding panels, back stairs, dark closets, and endless "passages" which often "led" to a great deal—spoke of that social insecurity, and necessity for concealment, incidental to a despotic government, and the false position of the very highest ranks.

The Hotel de Soubise was built upon the plan of Mansard. The order of its *corps de logis* and wings was Doric, the latter surmounted by an elaborate balustrade. The great stairs, as was then usual, were placed at the extremity of the vestibule, in the angle of the left wing. They were ornamented by pilasters, intersected with trophies and sculpture, by Charpentier and Marceau. The Salle des Rois and Salle des Amiraux (two vast rooms on the *rez de chaussée*,) the state apartments on the first floor, the *petits appartemens* in the wings, the interminable galleries, were repositories of all that art and luxury could produce; and the description of their details, still extant, fills a volume which would make the despair of a modern virtuoso.

In those grand, but now antiquated and gloomy quarters, where still stand the sumptuous edifices of the seventeenth century, labelled with historic names, there are, however, but few hotels which

create a moral interest, or awaken an intellectual association, to prompt inquiry, or to check the passenger's speed. Many are converted into public offices, many into places of public resort, baths, taverns, manufactories, public schools; while the greater number are occupied as *hotels garnis*, receptacles of all classes, from the pauper in the Mansarde,* to the prince, *au premier;* from the *petit commis* in the *entresol,* to the maimed member of the *vielle garde,* in the *loge du portier*, once only confided to the fidelity of foreigners, as the "*parlez au Suisse*" still indicates.

Some few there are which still shelter the descendants of their once powerful founders, who, reduced to their own personal qualifications for whatever suffrages they obtain from society, live on, without one time-consecrated prejudice to protect their pretension from ridicule, or redeem their inability from contempt. These scions of a worn-out stock still retain a competency sufficient for their wants, and even for their enjoyments (derived from "*locataires*" as independent, and haply more opulent, than themselves), though they are deprived of that ill-gotten and exuberant wealth which hurried on the destruction of their class, and left little to commemorate its existence, save the edifices which now stand eloquent monuments of national bankruptcy, anarchy, and revolution! The

* Mansarde—the loft under the naked tiles of the high-ridged roof, so called after the architect, who introduced that style of building.

hotels of the Birons, the De Villars, the De Maines, and a hundred others, attract no foreign visitants, revive no associations. Few know, fewer care, what site they occupy, what quarter they dominate.

Still, among the stupendous fabrics of St. Antoine, St. Avoie, and the Marais, there is one, to which the pilgrim steps of literary enthusiasm turn with the same devotional curiosity, as conducts the pious votary of other and holier shrines. The Hotel de Carnavalet is still sought for by every representative of the intellectuality and education of Europe, in their indispensable pilgrimage to the metropolis of European civilization. "*L'appartement de ma fille*," "*l'appartement du petit bon*," seem rather recollections than discoveries; and the topography of the entire mansion, like that of the home of our youth, is familiar to its visitants; who, whether they come from the banks of the Thames or the Tibur, from the Rhine or the Dnieper, are animated by the same interests, and led by the same associations.

The charm, the spell, which hovers over this hotel, is, simply, that something more than a century back it was the residence of a charming woman—a woman, however, who made no claims on posterity, and never dreamed of fame; for she was not like the De Mottevilles, the Montpensiers, the Mazarins, the Contis, and the D'Orleans, the heroine of her own memoirs. She was not a poetess, like the Des Houlières — a romance writer, like

Mademoiselle Scudery—a novelist, like Madame Lafayette—a professed wit, like Madame Cornuel—nor the president of a *cótérie,* like the lady of the Hotel de Rambouillet. She was not a stateswoman, nor a churchwoman, nor an author; and yet she has survived, in the memory of posterity, those female notabilities of her time, who were all these, and much more than these; and the modest mansion consecrated by her residence is sought after, and examined with a fond and lingering feeling, which time seems rather to increase than to obliterate. This woman was Marie de Rabutin, Dame de Chantal, and Marchioness de Sevigné—high-sounding titles, now signifying nothing, save as they intimate the existence of one whose happy nature and superior organization placed her in the fore-ground of female excellence.

The Hotel de Carnavalet dates back as far as the close of the sixteenth century, when it was the scene of an adventure of gallantry to the Duc de Guise, of singular consequence. The anecdote, however, is rather a tradition attached to the mansion, than a fact attested by history. This hotel stands in the Rue de la Culture St. Catherine, on the confines of the Marais. It was esteemed in the seventeenth century for its architecture, and was quoted as one of the *chefs d'œuvre* of Bullant and Du Cerceau, its first architects. Grugion, their cotemporary, was employed upon its sculptures; and Mansard, at a later epoch, undertook to raise its *façade* a story higher. Religiously respecting,

however, the works of his predecessors, Mansard added, without altering.

The *corps de logis*, with two wings, which occupy a spacious court, is embellished with twelve gigantic figures, in *demi-relief*, representing the signs of the Zodiac, by Grugion. Above the great entrance is a *cartouche*, filled with armorial bearings, and the whole is encumbered with that allegorical sculpture, indispensable to the mansions of the aristocracy, when the Hotel de Carnavalet was raised.

With all its architectural magnificence, this building would have sunk into oblivion, with the other great and noble hotels of its neighbourhood; but that about the year 1651 it became the residence of the young and widowed lady, who, dating from it her private and familiar letters to her children and her friends, gave to its walls an interest never to be destroyed, so long as a fragment of the apartments in which those singular and attractive compositions were produced, shall remain to stimulate curiosity, and to awaken imagination.

In the distribution, names, and fixtures of the apartments, nothing is changed since the time of Madame de Sevigné. An entrance on the left wing (approaching it from the court) leads to the stairs, every step of which she has marked with a recollection expressed with the grace and nature which, coming more from the heart than the head, form a style that never grows old. The stairs terminate in an ante-chamber, which opens into

Mad. de Sevigné's own suite. The salon, or reception-room, is spacious and light. Here, from youth to age, during half a century of the most brilliant epoch of refined society, the pleasantry, the conciliating spirit, the intellectual *naïveté*, much more than the genius or rank of its immortal mistress, drew around her all that France boasted of worth or wit. "*Mon coin de feu*," from which she so often dates her charming domestic chronicles, is a spacious hearth at the head of the room, ornamented with a handsome chimney-piece, with *chenets*, or dogs, on which the great Condé might have rested his feet, and La Rochefoucauld reposed his gouty legs.

Close to the chimney of this apartment, a little door opens into her *cabinet de travaille*, which was also her dressing-room. It communicated with her sleeping apartment, and with a room for her two maids, Helen and Marie, whom she has rendered personages as historical as herself. The windows of the salon command a view of the residence of Ninon de l'Enclos (so long the object of her maternal solicitude, and of her son's bewitchment), and of the Maison de Mansard, the architect, to whom her own residence owed so much of its beauty, and to whom she often alludes in her letters. Beyond these, a glimpse of the towers of the Bastile might once have been caught, where her cousin, Bussi Rabutin, was incarcerated for the utterance of *bon mots*, which the king thought were injurious to "two great ladies of the court,"

and a sufficient pretext for depriving a subject of his liberty, when the only law of libel was a king's disapprobation! Of this indiscretion, the gallant Comte de Rabutin lived and died the victim.

To the left of the entrance lies "*l'appartement de ma fille,*" a small but pretty suite, occupied by à Mademoiselle de Sevigné during her girlish days, when she was the ornament of the court of Louis, in its most brilliant epoch, and the "subject of much verse" by La Fontaine, Benserade, and others of the most eminent writers in France. Here she studied the philosophy which she professed through life, as the disciple and daughter of "*son père Descartes,*" a pursuit for which she was frequently rallied by her more agreeable and *enjouée* mother. Here, too, she lodged, in after times, as Comtesse de Grignan, when, leaving the grandeur of her remote and dignified government in Provence, she returned to bless, by her presence, the doating mother, to whom she owes the immortality of her beauty and talents. The "*two steps,*" which make the subject of one of Mad. de Sevigné's prettiest passages, are still identified as leading to that apartment; and it is impossible to visit the spot without recalling the scenes described as having passed in it, in so many of those delightful epistles which founded the art of familiar letter-writing in France.*

* See her graphic sketch of her daughter while she was still with her, though married. Mad. de Grignan, in her honeymoon, is writing to her husband, "Elle est présente-

On the day of her first separation from her daughter, Mad. de Sevigné, unable to remain in a house where every object recalled her loss, flew, in the restlessness of that acute grief, which she says, "*seroit bien médiocre, si je pouvais vous la depeindre,*" to the convent of Saint Marie; for it was the fashion then for ladies of rank to have apartments in those quiet retreats, to which they might retire, when under any affliction that unfitted them for the world. Of her return home, and of the impression made on her, in passing the apartment of her daughter, she says, "*Je reviens enfin à huit heures de chez Mad. de Lafayette; mais en entrant ici, bon Dieu! comprenez vous bien ce que je sentis, en montant ce degré? Cette chambre où j'entrois toujours, helas! j'en trouvai les portes ouvertes; mais je vis tout demeublé, tout dérangé,; et votre petite fille, qui me représentoit la mienne. Comprenez vous bien tout ce que je souffris? Les réveils de la nuit ont été noirs, et le matin je n'étois point avancée d'un pas, pour le repos de mon esprit.*"

On the *rez de chaussée* of the same wing are the apartments of the gay, the brilliant, the gallant Marquis de Sevigné, where so many of those humorous scenes passed between the witty mother and her witty son, which she has given with such laughable effect. On the opposite wing, a suite of

ment séparée de nous, au coin de sa chambre, avec une petite table et une écritoire à part; ne trouvant pas que M. de Coulange ni moi nous soyons dignes d'approcher d'elle."—LETTRE IV.

small apartments are pointed out, as the residence of "*le petit bon*," to whom so many allusions are made in the letters of his niece. L'Abbé de Coulange had presided over her liberal and (for the age) extraordinary education, and he had endowed her with his property during his own life. She repaid him with more than filial tenderness, and he passed a happy old age under her roof, and died in her arms.

The courtyard, spacious and well paved, is not without many a recollection of scenes, traced by that pen which dramatized all it touched. It has recently furnished the subject of an amusing picture to an ingenious French artist.* Once the site of fashionable bustle, "by many a wit and many a hero trod," it now only echoes to the footsteps of the studious and scientific pupils of the schools and *Bureaux des Ponts et Chaussées*, who occupy the ground-floor. The apartments of the immortal mistress herself are now the residence of the learned and accomplished inspector-general, Baron de Prony, to whose taste and literary feeling the high preservation of the Hotel de Carnavalet is mainly attributable, and to whom the author of this slight sketch stands gratefully indebted for the opportunity afforded her of dropping one additional tear, and lighting one taper more, at the shrine of the idol of her early fancy, "LA DAME DES ROCHERS."

* The departure of Mad. de Sevigné for Les Rochers. The details are taken from her own graceful and animated description of the scene.

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PRESENT STATE OF PARTIES IN GREAT BRITAIN.

"Aujourd'hui, muse, il nous faut rire,
Nous pleurerons un autre jour."

"Do you not think, my dear," said Mrs. Stubshaw to her loving spouse, taking an artist-like advantage of one of those *mollia tempora fandi* (whatever they may be) in which husbands are supposed to be unusually complaisant, "do you not think, my dear, that it is high time we gave a party? It is absolutely necessary that we should make some return to our friends for a whole winter's civilities: and now that the girls are coming out, we *must* (laying a particular emphasis on the obligatory monosyllable) do something to get them married. I am sure, you, too, would be much more popular, and get on better in your profession, if you would live a little more like yourself, and lay yourself out for making friends."

To this proposition Mr. Stubshaw did not answer affirmatively, and at once, either from an acquired habit of self-defensive refusal, with which all such

conjugal demands are best met, in the first instance; or, perhaps, because he did not altogether sympathize in the matter *avec sa chère moitié*. Neither did he absolutely say "no;" and this possibly from a well-founded apprehension of the *probo aliter* of Mrs. S. It is not very easy to explain in print precisely what answer he did make; but it bore no very distant similitude to the solitary ejaculation of a *bassetaille* hog, upon a passing invasion of his share of the trough by the mother of his little ones. The fair rhetorician, therefore, who took the reply for what it was worth, proceeded with her attack.

"Why, Mr. Stubshaw, there are the Joneses, the Higginbottoms, the Thoms, the Jenkinsons, the Badcocks, the Turnpennys, the Redtails, and a dozen of other families, to whom we owe I know not how many entertainments; and you must own it is exceedingly shabby to be always taking, and never giving any thing ourselves." ("Mighty convenient, though," thought Mr. S.) "If you don't choose to live a little more genteelly, the girls may lie on our hands," (I rather think she said *lay*, but *n'importe*.) "It need not cost us more than a few cakes and some lemonade — nobody gives suppers now, they're not genteel — the fiddles, and half-a-dozen pounds of palace wax butts, will be all you will have to pay for. The young man who did your picture will chalk the floor for nothing; and we can borrow any thing we want from the tradesmen."

It is not very certain what part of this matri-

monial oration found its way to the soft corner of Mr. Stubshaw's heart. Whether it was the general issue, as the lawyers phrase it, or some special plea, such as the utility, the cheapness, or the moral fitness of the plan, I will not undertake to determine. It is not impossible that the affair might have gone off on some collateral point, as is often the case in graver discussions. Among the proposed invitees there might have been something feminine, not altogether indifferent to Mr. S. Perhaps his vanity might be tickled by the opportunity afforded of exhibiting the aforesaid full-length portrait of himself which had just come home; and in which he figured "to the life," in a pink and peach-coloured face, his hair powdered to the exact resemblance of the head of a pot of porter, and his hand hidden in the breast of his waistcoat, after the manner of the Marquis of Granby on a sign-board: perhaps it was only a desire to sleep, that rendered the worthy gentleman amenable, a desire which it is said will tame the fiercest animals.

But, whatever was the cause, Mr. Stubshaw did not repeat his grunt; and the dialogue went on with a mutual understanding that the main point was conceded, as assuredly, as if it had been established by a dozen of protocols.

"There never was a better time than the present for giving a party," continued the lady, "for both the county members are in town with their families. Your clients, the Dunstanvilles of Beaumanoir,

are at Thomas's Hotel, on their way to the continent. Besides, we can have the young lord, who goes every where, and Lady Betty Lackland, who goes about with us in our carriage to parties, and who was so kind as to *chaperon* Kate for me when I was in my confinement. Then, there is our new acquaintance from India, Sir Josiah Rumpot Row, with his three sons, all marrying men; and your old schoolfellow, whom you have so long neglected, he, I mean, who was made a commissioner of customs the other day. I'm sure he might serve a schoolfellow with the minister, since he is in place. At all events, his wife sees the best company *now*; and, if she *is* vulgar, no one minds vulgarity in a commissioner's wife."

So many reasons for giving a party might have mollified even Molière's miser; and the treaty was accordingly formally ratified. The party, however, being carried, the next thing that suggested itself was the expediency of prefacing it by a snug little dinner, to *secure* the Lord Lickplatter, the Rumpot Rows, *père et fils*, and the most desirable of the dancers for the girls.

Exquisites never dance under claret and venison. A dinner also was a *sine quâ non* to a renewed intimacy with the commissioner. "Let me see," said Mrs. Stubshaw, reckoning her guests on the tips of her fingers as she spoke, "there are the two M. P.'s and their wives, are four; Lord L., five; the five Rumpot Rows, make ten; Major Spinham the waltzer, eleven; Cornet *Queue-de*

Chât, twelve; Captain *Lookandie*, thirteen; the commissioner and his vulgar wife, fifteen; and our two selves seventeen, (for the girls need not dine with us;) — who else shall we have? Suppose Mr. Splutter, eighteen; he is called Conversation Splutter, because he lets nobody talk but himself. Then, there's what's his name, the reigning dandy of last winter, who never opens his mouth but to swallow his soup, or to gulp down a bumper of hock or champagne. He and that strenuous diner-out, Hopthetwig, who spouts verses and plays the short-armed orator, will just make twenty."

The uninitiated may, perhaps, object that there is a great want of keeping in this narrative, and wonder how Mr. Stubshaw could begin by resisting a dance, and end by agreeing without a struggle to a dinner. But, such is man! Not a wife in the whole parish of Bloomsbury, with the addition of its adjunct St. Giles's in the Fields, to boot, but knows that in matrimonial struggles *c'est le premier pas qui coute*, and that if a woman can once insinuate the point of her tongue into a crevice in her husband's obstinacy, she will soon drive a coach and six through his opposition.

Moreover, Stubshaw himself liked a good dinner, and rather thought he shone at the foot of his own table; he had a choice batch of claret (a professional *douceur*) in his cellar, that only wanted drinking; and, more than all, he had just received a magnificent piece of plate, duly inscribed with a pompous eulogium on his professional and moral

merits, from an insurance company, whose charter he had steered through a stormy opposition in the House of Commons. Nothing, therefore, was more explicable than his condescension in the article of the dinner; and no difficulty was started, save as to the filling of the table.

"Well," said Mr. S., advancing, in his turn, his claim to a nomination, "won't you ask some of those friends to whom you say we owe so much? What say you to the Thoms, or the Turnpennys? There is no one sets off a party half so much as pretty Mrs. Jenkinson, with her bright eyes and her diamond drops."

"Not the Thoms, my dear, *this time*. They go out four in family! and what can we do with two sticky, holefaced, ill-dressed idiots, taking up the table? The Turnpennys might do; but, then, he is deaf, and she is so affected, she'll give a *mauvais ton* to the whole entertainment. As for Mrs. Jenkinson, as she is *your* favourite, we'll have her, by all means—that is, if her husband's on circuit; but he, poor man, is absolutely not *presentable*. The Dunstanvilles and Lady Bettywould do much better. To be sure Lady B. is a good soul, and would not mind being left out at dinner, if there was any body *very* particular to take her place. What think you of Sir Whirligig Logarithm? He talks mathematics to the blues, and foxhunting to the philosophers; and he is at every thing that is good. I should prefer the Rev. Peter Plimpton, but there's no getting him."

"Very good, Mrs. Stubshaw, very good," exclaimed Mr. S., with a slight exacerbation of voice that implied "very bad;" "you quite forget the Redtails, with whom we have dined three times running; and he is very useful to me in the way of business."

"Oh! Mr. S.! ask an attorney to meet such company!—impossible! The poor creatures themselves, too, will know nobody; and then what will you do with his squinting wife, who *will* commit that breach of the first laws of heraldry, the placing flowers upon feathers; which go together as ill as her singing the "Minstrel Boy" does with the accompaniment she plays, in one key in the bass and another in the treble? No, dear Stubby, no Redtails, if you love me."

Much in this manner were the Joneses, the Badcocks, the Higginbottoms, and divers others *ejusdem farinæ* successively put in nomination, and rejected, for some mode or other of that constructional offence *mauvais ton*, so difficult to define, yet so impossible to pardon. In vain were the claims of friendship, kindred, and the "long arrear of *treats* to settle with Alonzo," urged by the good-natured husband. Mrs. Stubshaw vehemently declared that *inconvenance* was the greatest of social faults, and persisted, with something like a shew of reason, that the harmonizing of guests requires as much *tact* and nicety, as the assortment of colours in the furniture of a room, or in the composition of a ball-dress.

Had it been well cooked and well served, nothing could have been finer than the dinner; for the Stubshaws, when they did entertain, liked to do things well, and in all particulars to follow the customary forms (in that case provided) with the strictest precision. Four chased silver wine-coolers (hired for the day) stood sentry, dripping with dew, at the four corners of the table; while a detachment of two kept watch and ward over the pink and white champagnes, on each end of the plateau. There were the two soups *obligés*, white and brown, removed by a turbot and a salmon; and these again by a stewed fillet of veal and a saddle of mutton. There were the usual *côtelettes*, and the customary *patés*. There was the inevitable *fricandeau* bristling "like quills upon the fretful porcupine," and sweetbreads, to match, at the opposite corner. There were the *fondu*, and the *Charlotte Russe*, and Carmel edifices, which beat the tower of Babel, and which rivalled, in the boldness of their obliquity, the leaning *tower* of Pisa, surpassing the new churches in Regent Street for fantasy — "all Lombard Street to an egg-shell." Then there were the harlequin ices, and the pines, the *Crême de Pekó*, and preserved ginger; every thing, in short, which makes one dinner as like another, as the daily courses of the mutton-eating collegers of Eton; and all as much a matter of course, or rather (forgive the pun) of *three courses*, as the tablecloth or the salt-cellars.

Every body arrived fashionably late, except the

dining lord, who was punctual,—the dandy, who came in with the Woodcocks,—and Lady Seraphina Dunstanville, who—did not come at all.

For such a derangement of time and opportunity, Mrs. Stubshaw's cook was not broken in; her mutton, consequently, was not warm through. Like the man who would have written a shorter letter if he had had more time, she would have roasted her meat sufficiently, had she been more pressed for punctuality. But amongst the small fry of fashion, the being too late for all appointments is esteemed a sure test of ton; and the opinion is backed by its happy adaptation to circumstances; for those may be late, by whom all other tests of notability are unattainable. *En revanche*, the woodcocks were burned to a cinder; the whole economy of the service was deranged; and every dish ill served, cold, and uneatable.

Such being the *physique*, the arrangement of the *morale* was in perfect keeping with it. The most rigid etiquette being observed by the company, in "the order of their going" to the dining-room, the guests were not marshalled either according to their previous acquaintance, or to the similarity of their tastes. But, most persons would prefer being seated next to a Newfoundland dog, rather than to one totally different in all his ideas, feelings, and propensities, even though that one should happen to pass current, by courtesy, for a man. Such antipathetics are the true professors of the unknown tongues; and the disappointment, when they do

open their mouths, is the greater, because the words sound so provokingly like English.

Particular care, however, was taken that husbands should not sit near their wives, and that ladies and gentlemen should alternate, like beef and bread in a pile of sandwiches; but that was all. The natural consequence was, that a "gentlemanly and melancholy" silence prevailed after that universal nodding, "nid, nid, nodding" of heads, which is currently received as grace before meat, in this land of formalities.

This was maintained through the first course, interrupted only by occasional challenges to take wine, or a passing remark on the cookery, or on that *refugium stultorum*, the weather. Even Splutter, the never-failing Splutter, fixed between the vacant chair left for the dandy and the commissioner (a sort of man who takes jokes *à la lettre*, and *mis*takes dullness for dignity), and placed, moreover, opposite a large bouquet of flowers, which overshadowed the plateau, and cut off all communication with the opposite side of the table—Splutter was, for once, thrown off his centre, and reduced to the necessity of eating a sufficient meal, for want of other employment for his mouth.

This pythagorean abstinence from words has one striking advantage, that it enables the guests fully to appreciate the noise, clatter, and knocking about of spoons and forks, which an insufficient staff of domestics occasions, in hurrying to overtake the demands of the company;—while it leaves the master

of the house perfectly aware of every glass that is broken, and every dish overthrown, to the great increase of his personal comfort.

Towards the close of the second course, "*Postquam exempta fames, et amor compressus edendi,*" the broken whispers of *tête-à-tête* conversations might have been caught crossing each other somewhat after this fashion. "Perkins's steam-gun went off with" —— "The governor general, who ordered a detachment to lay siege to" ——— "Lookandie's whiskers. Oh! our colonel ordered him on parade to shave" ——— "La belle Henriette's upper lip, who was preluding to an intrigue with" —— "A strong corps of Pindarees."

When the cloth was removed, a sort of general conversation was commenced, immediately round the master of the house, who was shocked that the lady at his right hand would not take more wine (she must, by calculation, have drunk between a pint and a bottle, having entered into the usual — in that quarter of the town — relations of wine-drinking amity, with every gentleman present, besides champagne). This introduced a dissertation on wine, in which it was clearly proved that French wines are not so strong as Port, and that Madeira is thought by the doctors to contain more acid than sherry, together with some other novelties on the relative merits of over-eating and excessive drinking in promoting health.

The attempt however was, on the whole, a failure. The conversation flagged, became interrupted,

paused, as a fire goes out, for want of fuel to feed it. And the hint was taken by the mistress of the house to beat a hasty retreat, with the forces under her command, to the drawing-room.

When the ladies had retired, things seemed for a while to mend. That one subject, which Sir R. Walpole thought every man equal to discuss, served to keep the company on the *qui vive;* and Splutter, released from the commissioner and the plateau, told three capital stories, as good as new, besides making several puns which many present had never heard before. But soon, too soon, the gaiety of the party was eclipsed. One of the M.P's, a fellow who never opened his mouth in the house, took violent possession of the conversation, to launch forth in praise of a joint-stock company speculation, of which he had recently become a director; and he would have prosed on till the end of the evening, if Sir Rumpot Row, an experienced old soldier, had not, by a manœuvre worthy to take its place in the *statagemata belli*, availed himself of the moment, during which the member was emptying his heel-tap, to break through his lines with a diatribe against Leadenhall Street politics, especially addressed to the dull ear of the drowsy commissioner, but, in reality, inflicted upon all the society.

This introduced a long string of scandalous anecdotes of divers important personages in the Governor General's circle, in Calcutta; but, unfortunately, in the present instance, "of no interest to anybody but the" narrator.

As the claret continued to work, the spirits of the elder part of the company ebbed; while those of the juniors rose to a spring-tide flood. The conversation, if not more amusing, became louder; and, in a dinner-party, noise is sometimes a great relief. The Park, the Opera, the Derby, the Salon, and the Palais Royal, the major's horses, and the captain's dogs, had ample justice done to them; and some spirited criticisms were hazarded on sundry d—d fine girls, clever coach-makers, and famous good shots, until the gentlemen were duly summoned to coffee; when, having washed their respective mouths with a glass of white wine, they separated to obey the summons.

The evening party, like the party below stairs, was intended to be select; and great efforts had been made to attract divers luminaries of the higher order from their own resplendent spheres in the west, into the nether space of Mrs. Stubshaw's drawing-room, which, being considerably to the east of Regent Street, could scarcely be deemed in London.

Along with these stars, were asked a whole army of the *Dii minorum gentium* from the *back slums* of Baker Street, who form the connecting link between some fashion and no fashion, and who, being sometimes seen in good houses, are in the greatest request in the parties of bank directors, East Indian Nabobs, speculating members of Parliament, &c., &c., striving to work their way to better things, and sometimes tolerated because

their entertainments are convenient. Strange to tell, not one of the "*Medontaque Tlœrsilochumque,*" the Joneses, Thoms, Higginbottoms, for whose sake the party had been made, were more lucky now, than they had been in the affair of the dinner. There were so many reasons why each of these friendly *serviables*, but undistinguished individuals, should be excluded, that gratitude and friendship, *pro hac vice*, were forced to give ground.

Still the party was a disappointment. The two members went off to the house without *shewing* up stairs. The Lady Dunstanville, *mère*, had a headache, and retired to her hotel at ten — the younger Rumpot Rows and the military were a little too elevated to trust themselves in a dance. Apologies poured in from those whose presence would have given *éclat* to the rout; and all the "*fruges consumere nâti,*" the unprofitable swallowers of ice and Roman punch, were punctual in their attendance, as is their wont. In short, "the rooms were full to suffocation, but there was nobody there"—a notice to quit, which the rats of would-be fashion never fail to profit by.

The pretty Mrs. Jenkinson, invited by Mr. S. brought not only her non-presentable husband, but a tall, gawky son, fresh from Rugby, and a nodding ruin of an aunt, blind, vulgar, and presumptuous, and withal in dress at once fine and shabby. The old gentleman was quickly spirited off to a remote card-table; while, under the pretence of making my aunt comfortable, Mrs. Stub-

shaw "stowed her away" behind the folding-doors of the two rooms. But the provoking hag was too fidgety to remain thus *perdue*; and, observing a young friend on the point of committing matrimony, she pounced upon him and dragged him to all parts of the room, for the charitable and delicate purpose of roasting him on his situation.

Misfortunes, they say, never come single. The lamps, in spite of all intreaties to the contrary, would go out, making up, in a foul smoke, for all deficiencies in light. The fiddlers mistook their orders, and only arrived in time to wake the family from their first sleep on the following evening; the dancing was, therefore, performed to a cracked square piano-forte, and a performer unconscious of time, whose memory was incapable of containing the whole of any one tune.

To add to these miseries, Matthews, having an "at home" of his own, sent an apology; the witty editor of a newspaper, who plays punch more for his own amusement than that of his friends, sent no apology, but did not the less absent himself without leave; and the gentleman asked for his fine voice, not being "i' the vein," had a sudden paroxysm of sore throat, which all the entreaties of the despairing hostess were unequal to relieve.

"Time and the hour," however, "runs through the roughest day;" and the worst of ills must have an end. Mrs. Stubshaw was well pleased, when the last guest having departed, and the last candle being extinguished, she laid her weary limbs and aching head upon her pillow.

But the worst was yet to come. The commissioner lost his place; Sir Rumpot ran through his fortune and returned to India, without having placed a remnant of his pagados on the head of either of the Miss Stubshaws, and of "those children she may have in consequence of the said marriage to be so had and contracted" between her and a junior Rumpot; Lady Dunstanville being *exceedingly* shortsighted, (she always wore number one) overlooked, or looked over, the Stubshaws at a rout in Portman Square, three days after the dinner. One of the members borrowed a hundred pounds of Mr. S. to shew his intimacy; while the other, in return for his entertainment, refused him a frank.

On the other hand, even the second-rates were offended at being asked merely to meet their equals; and all the great absentees forgot to return an invitation which they never had dreamt of accepting; and finally Messrs. Jones, Thoms, Higginbottom, Badcock, Turnpenny, and Red Tail *cum suis*, never forgave their old friends the splendour of this feast, or the omission of themselves, in his list of invitations.

THE MUSIC OF ORATORY.

Ce qui ne vaut pas la peine d'être dit, on le chante.—*Beaumarchais.*

The force of sound in alarming the passions is prodigious!—*Avison on Musical Expression.*

A FAMOUS orator of antiquity, we are told, was in the habit of "going down to the house," attended by a slave bearing a pitch-pipe; to the intent that whenever the master became heated in debate, and raised his voice above the concert pitch of senatorial politeness, the man should breathe a gentle note into his ear, and retune his soul to the humdrum monotony of aristocratic decorum. This was a bright idea of the old Roman's; and it is impossible to listen to the discordant screams of certain fire-eating debaters, without regretting that "the oaten reed" has not been adopted into the *materielle* of modern oratory. Every day's political experience shows more and more the necessity for its application, and proves that it is worthy of a place among the instruments of eloquence, far before Burke's dagger, or Lord Sidmouth's green

bag, of immortal celebrity. A trifling fact sometimes suffices to lay the foundation of an elaborate hypothesis. As the fall of an apple developed in Sir I. Newton's organ of constructiveness the noble theory of gravitation, so has this little anecdote of the pitch-pipe fermented in an humbler imagination, and elaborated a system concerning public speaking, which, it is scarcely too much to suppose, will cause a radical reform of the art, and make the immortality of its fortunate author. Whoever has taken the trouble of studying the great masters of eloquence, whether political, contentious, didactic, or patibulary, must have perceived that the whole art depends on the single physiological fact, that words are persuasive, not in virtue of their conventional meaning, but of the mode in which, as sounds, they affect the organs of hearing. Fools, indeed, may sometimes be successfully led by the nose; but men of the highest intellectual powers are only to be seduced into extravagant absurdities by the ears.

The word "humbug," and its concomitant expression of "humming the people," are clear evidences of the musical agency of oratory, and of the paramount influence of sound over sense, in the business of persuasion. The specific design of all oratory being to deceive, the means are certainly well adapted to the end, for sense would be little likely to lead an audience into error. That such, however, is the scope of oratory, can scarcely be disputed. "Plain sober sense admits no flowers of

speech." Demosthenes himself could not have made more plain the far-famed proposition (whose discovery was estimated at a hecatomb by its grateful inventor), than it is evinced by the unadorned demonstration of the geometer; nor could all the figures of Burke or Curran effect the slightest change in popular opinion, concerning a fifth place of decimals, in a well-constructed logarithm. The force of truth is diminished and often lost, when wrapped in a multitude of words. A simple "I promise to pay," is more convincing than the most florid address that ever fell from the lips of a candidate; and his late Majesty's "done," in reply to Lord Grey's "peace, reform, and retrenchment," was more satisfactory than a speech as long as the Iliad.

For the purposes of deception, however, eloquence is omnipotent, and an infallible expedient for those who have nothing else to give. If popular assemblies were moved by their brains, the more a speaker abounded on an erroneous topic, the more evident would become the fallacy. But the tune being every thing, and the words as inconsequential as the verses of a Vauxhall song, the triumph of the art is certain; and the mass of mankind, having their ears well tickled, are caught like a trout, and believe what every clever speaker chooses to advance for their edification. Every third-rate demagogue and Old Bailey counsel is aware of this, and is long-winded in proportion to his own doubts of the goodness of his cause.

A strong confirmation of this theory is to be found in the efficacy of party watchwords in debate. Every one knows that there are certain words and phrases, whose bare utterance is sufficient to set a whole population in a flame; and of these, the distinctive quality is, that Johnson himself would be puzzled to reduce them to the ranks of common sense. There was in his day "Wilkes and liberty," a combination of sounds about as intelligible as "Hie diddle diddle;" and in our times, we have the "constitution in danger;" which, though more musical than "Rum-ti-tiddly pig bow wow," is quite as senseless. The efficacy of such phrases can only exist in the sound; and yet they are more moving arguments, than the best drawn syllogism that ever was constructed of major, minor, and conclusion. Observe, also, that it is precisely on such words as these, that the practised orator bestows the utmost care in the enunciation; for though they are the nerves and sinews of a well-built speech, yet if they are sung out of tune, they will fall as flat to the ground, as if there were not an ear to intercept them.

Those who have arrived at years of maturity, must have heard their fathers before them dwell upon the tremendous efficacy of the solemn and sepulchral cadences in which Pitt arranged the cuckoo song of "thrones and altars," "anarchy, and dissolution of social order." But the effect of these talismanic vocables would have sunk from the sublime to the ridiculous, if they had been

squeaked forth by a voice like a penny trumpet, or delivered with the hubble-bubble confusion of a tongue-tied orator :—and they would have been about as heart-stirring, perhaps, as the same words now are in the orations of country gentlemen to Pitt clubs and county meetings. It is to little purpose that the propositions are the same, and the tune is different; and being sung by inferior musicians, it has lost its charm, and is listened to with impatience and disgust.

If there be the slightest truth in these speculations, it must at once flash upon minds even the least apprehensive, that oratory is still in its infancy; and that the cause of its limited power of persuasion is its lamentable separation from the kindred art of music. It is notorious, that the finest oration ever delivered by patriotism and eloquence personified, never succeeded in detaching a single vote from a party phalanx; and the most pathetic sermon ever preached could not withstand the charity-freezing strains of the "hymn to be sung by the children only."

To give oratory its full effect, and to render popular speakers really masters of the passions, their addresses should be given in recitative, and should be accompanied by a full band. A great master of the art has placed its essence in action, and I do not dispute that a D'Egville might increase the powers of a declaimer. Every one knows the expression of "dancing mad;" nor can it be doubted that the turning a debate into a ballet of

action might add much to the διιιότης of parliamentary eloquence: but surely melody is a matter of infinitely more importance!

Nature, indeed, points out to the rudest ears that each passion has its proper key, and every discourse its limited compass. If an actor should declaim the speech of Portia on mercy, at the same pitch at which Shylock deplores the loss of his daughter and his jewels,—or if Cassius should quarrel with Brutus in the insinuating tones of Anthony haranguing over the body of Cæsar, the very stage carpenters and lamp-lighters would detect the blunder. Not only has each variety of declamation its appropriate gamut, but every public assembly has its peculiar tone; of which, if the novice be unaware, he will surely break down, though possessed of the logic of Brougham, and the rhetoric of Mackintosh. The House of Commons is notorious for its delicacy of ear, and for the fastidiousness with which it rejects the orator, whose tone is at variance with its habitual style. Thus the honourable Member, somewhile representative of the Duke of N——, was coughed unmercifully down, because he addressed the House in the music of the conventicle; and the no less honourable Member for all Ireland, has again and again provoked its irascibility, by singing to that assembly the chant which was once so popular in the Catholic Association. Why is it, that Dr. Drowsy, who is heard with pleasure in the pulpit, is universally cut in good society? Simply,

because he tells his stories in the same sleep-compelling rhythm with which he preaches.

But to make this more clear, let any one imagine for a moment Orator Irving asking a lady to take wine with the same depth of intonation in which he "dealt d—nation round the land;" or announcing the coming millennium, to the tune of Mr. Merriman's "strike up, physicianers." It would be as unmusical, as an organ point in one of Rossini's *prestissimo* finales! Conceive, again, a right reverend bishop lecturing the house to the music of Mr. Canning's "red lion;" or Mr. Hume dissecting a budget to the sprightly air of one of Sheridan's good stories; *nil fuit unquam tam dispar sibi.* Let every deliberative body, therefore, be forthwith provided with a complete orchestra, to drown the sense in an accompaniment; send the orators to school to Welsh or to Costa; let discourses be noted in score; let *fioriture* be substituted for trope and metaphor; let the transitions of the subject be introduced by appropriate modulations; and every speech be brought to a scientific conclusion by a regular coda, with at least four repetitions of the sub-dominant, dominant, and key-note. The superior attraction of the opera-house to all other theatres will give some notion of what oratory would gain by such a reform.

Nature, which in all things is superior to art, has given the common people the start on this point over the more accomplished and aristocratical speakers. Without the least knowledge of theory,

and guided only by their own instincts, our deceased friends, the Charleys, bestowed all their attention on the music with which they announced the flight of time; and in their customary "Pa-a-a-ast —— o'clock!" sacrificed the distinctness of the specific hour to the graces and flourishes in which they enveloped the preliminary syllable. The itinerant venders of small wares also uniformly rely less on the merits of their goods, than on that of the melody appropriate to each different calling. The sense is as subordinate to the sound in these outpourings of the ignorant, as in the most elaborate speeches of the practised orator: and a stranger would be as much puzzled by a cry of "fresh salmon," or "live cod," as if the announce were uttered in Arabic.

The truth of these popular chants is the *ne plus ultra* of oratorical effect; and they cannot be turned from their original purpose without destroying the innovator. "Dust ho," sung to the melody of "meole below," or "groundsel for your birds," performed according to the notation of "lily white muffins," would be perfectly ridiculous.

For the introduction of the improvements proposed now in oratory, the times in which we live offer especial inducements. The old school of public speaking is rapidly declining; no new orators are rising to take the places of the Pitts, Foxes, and Cannings, and a growing difficulty is felt by the most able politicians, in tuning their speeches to their party pitch, insomuch that debates often

degenerate into a Dutch concert; a section of the Tories are every now and then surprised into bursts of liberality, appalling to the out-and-outers; and their harangues are mistaken by their astonished partisans for the "*te dominum confitemur*" of the back benches of the Treasury. To abate this confusion, and to restore the order of regular debating, a musical reform would be most effectual. Sir Robert may be an excellent leader in the House of Commons; but what is he to the little gentleman who, with a roll of music in his hand, keeps the chorus singers of the French opera in such excellent controul? Import, then, forthwith, the *generalissimo des doubles crochets;* place him in the most conspicuous seat in front of the Speaker's chair, and his manœuvres will do more towards keeping the band together, than all the standing orders of the House, collectively and individually.

The master evil of parliamentary affairs is, beyond all question, the loss of time and hindrance of business produced by the too prevalent intemperance of tongue. Every member thinks it for his dignity to speak upon every subject; and when once a man is fairly on his legs, he is only to be brought down by the most determined and indecent coughing. Now, if singing were substituted for plain speaking, only the good voices would dare to open their mouths, while the time of each oration might be rigorously determined by means of the metronome. The imputation of wrong *motives*, also, that *pons asinorum* of intemperate speakers,

would be impossible, since it would be prevented by an immediate appeal to the senses; while all *untimely* remark would spontaneously end by putting the singer out, and forcing him to sit down.

By the judicious choice of appropriate airs, the effect of a speech would be wonderfully increased, and a member entering the House, however late, would at once know by the tune what was the subject of discussion. Complaints of grievances, for instance, would move a Sejanus to tears, if warbled to "Queen Mary's lamentation;" and the budget would be appropriately illustrated by "Total eclipse." A war speech would come off well in a *tempo di marcia;* and a proposition for peace could not fail to succeed, if made to the tune of "The soldier tired of war's alarms." So, also, the flippancy of a junior lord of the admiralty, or a treasury clerk, would derive fresh spirit from a *motivo* in triple time; and a maiden speech on the address would go admirably to the air of "Gentle echo." In finance committees, business would go on merrily to the tune of "Money in both pockets;" game-laws might become palatable, if proposed, to "How sweet in the woodlands;" and periodical tirades on the flourishing state of the country, like the end of an Italian chorus, might be made up altogether of "*felicità, felicità, felicità.*"

To men of single ideas, and to those whose business it is to speak against time, an invaluable resource would be opened, in that repetition, which, although most intolerable in speaking, is not only

allowable, but beneficial in music; while those unaccustomed to public speaking would find their account, in covering out occasional pauses in the flow of their ideas, by the intervention of orchestral symphonies. Parliamentary coalitions would still continue to be prepared by judicious overtures. Waltzes would be most appropriate music for recantations of former opinions; and rats might "change sides and back again" to the sprightly country dance of "Moll in the wad." Largo movements would answer the purpose of adjournments to this day six months; high pressure measures would be carried through both Houses "*prestissimo con furia;*" and the price of wheat would, probably, be maintained at the level of the landlord's expectation and wishes, to the tune of "Corn riggs are bonny." Parliamentary reform would be effectually deprecated to "O no, they never mention her;" and official piccadilloes be propped by bills of indemnity, to the popular old melody of "Could a man be secure."

Great effects might likewise be produced by a masterly choice of instrumental accompaniments, after the manner of Collins's "Ode to the Passions." Those who have something to say for themselves should imitate the simplicity of Paesiello; while they who are not given to thinking, might make a very taking speech, by dint of a aboured instrumentation *à la Rossini.* Panegyrics upon officials in a scrape, should go to a flourish of trumpets; divorce cases would find their

way to the hearts of "my lords" with a sufficient accompaniment of horns; and motions to fund Exchequer bills would alone be appropriately introduced by a prelude on the jew's-harp. Addresses to the throne from either House should be set to "Softly sweet in Lydian measures;" angry retorts should be accompanied by the "ear-piercing fife," with an occasional grunt from the trombone and the serpent; while bills for the better observance of the Sabbath should, according to all analogy, be supported by a due intermixture of "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals."

General rules respecting style can hardly be expected where every man must consult his own genius; but country gentlemen should, as much as possible, confine themselves to the "*pastorale;*" the lords should affect the "*largo maestoso;*" appeals for indulgence should be made "*con espressione;*" and new taxes proposed "*non troppo presto.*" Hume would shine especially in the "*canto figurato;*" while the Attorney-General must, *ex officio*, adopt the "*canto firmo.*" Sir Robert would be elaborate, Mr. Macaulcy florid, and the Duke's discourses continue, as of old, to be delivered "*staccato.*" The Speaker, when called upon to address the House, should never exceed the gravity of a "*cinque pace;*" the heavy speakers would inevitably choose the "*tempo di bore-ia;*" and the votes of the members always be counted to an elaborate *division* of running notes.

Should this improvement in public speaking be

relished, it might be appended to some bill for reforming law, chancery, the parliament, or the church, to any of which it would form a natural rider. The changes it would require are very few: all that would be necessary would be the appointment of Sir George Smart as Speaker, *pro tempore*, to put the machinery into movement; to place Beriot for six months on the woolsack; and, (as the printed *libretto* would supersede the necessity of reporters,) to convert the gallery into an orchestra. Some objections, of course, would be started by those who, like Pizarro, "want no change," however necessary or just it might be. The plan would be baptized "a revolution;" the downfall of prosing, would be called an "overthrow of our venerable constitution;" and all who are unable to turn a tune, would bubble about "vested rights." A little perseverance would, however, eventually carry it through. Catholic Emancipation was not won in a day; and if Conservatism prove obstinate, with a little jockeyship, the singing bill might still be smuggled through the House with the connivance of all parties, under the guise of an act for reviving the circulation of *notes*.

The application of the new system to forensic eloquence, would probably meet with some opposition from the benchers and seniors of the bar, who do not like to be put out of their way; but the juniors, who are at present oftener seen in "Fop's-alley" than in Westminster Hall, would give all their influence to forward the change. To judges and

juries, it would recommend itself in many particulars. In the first place, much time might be saved, by making all the counsel engaged on the same side address the court together in a fugue or a canon, instead of each one performing, as at present, his separate solo. The melody would also materially assist the memory of the judge in recapitulating evidence; and, in passing sentence, the "Dead March in Saul" would at once be vastly imposing, and would save a world of twaddle: lastly, a musical speech from a Chancery barrister of three mortal hours, would be less likely to set the court to sleep, if delivered to a sprightly tune, than the monotonous orations which at present make such large demands on the judge's snuff-box.

It is, however, from the church that the most formidable opposition may be expected. Reforms in the church are bad in the abstract. Polemic divines also are the sworn enemies of harmony; and the saints already object to the cathedral service as profane. It must be honestly confessed that, if certain incumbents were to sing as badly as they read, there would be some danger of driving their flocks into the arms of the sectarians, instead of sending "their souls upon a jig to heaven." But then, on the other hand, would it not be a decided convenience to throw the whole labour of the church service upon the vicars choral, and to leave the sermon, as well as the hymn, to be sung by the charity children? A weekly concert, too, in the parish church, might, it is to be hoped, reconcile

the parishioners to the payment of rates, and materially relieve the *ennui* of a country incumbency; and the high prices paid to opera singers, would afford a precedent exceedingly favourable to the interests of dignitaries and rich beneficiaries.

With respect to the patibulary department of public speaking, it is falling into such general disuse, that little need be said on the subject. There is no reason, however, why felons should not die singing as well as swans; and there is both a precedent established, and music already prepared for the occasion, in the Beggars' Opera. On the stage, the reform is already as good as completed: Rossini has superseded Shakspeare; and Kean and Macready may resign the boards to Vestris and Haughton. "Cherry ripe" will draw better houses than Juliet; and Macbeth only goes down by the assistance of Locke's music. In a short time, therefore, it may reasonably be expected that all speeches will be sung; that all public meetings will commence with three taps of the fiddle-stick; that Hansard will be published in score; that the leading speakers will regularly practise their solfeggio; and that the whipper-in will go through Bellamy's and the lobby, crying out, after the manner of the theatrical call-boys, "First music is playing." The moral, social, and political consequences of this revolution, must be left for a future occasion.

RICHES.

RICHES! — what a flourish of trumpets lies in that one word! Riches, the great object of civilized existence, the mother of consideration and respect, the fountain of pleasures infinite. The very sound of the word is talismanic, and every one of its magic characters a spell and an evocation. To such a subject all preface or preamble is supererogatory. Its simple announcement awakens attention, while the bare fact of its selection proves the author on a level with his age; both of them circumstances which save an ocean of preliminary ink.

From the beginning of recorded time, the world has been occupied in producing, using, and abusing riches, without having by its labours advanced the philosophy of the subject a single iota. The theme, indeed, has been sufficiently be-essayed and be-maximed, and "hypocrisy and nonsense" have done their worst with it. But, were it not that actions speak more plainly than words, and that one deed is more indicative of the heart, than a dozen of the most elaborate treatises, it might

readily be supposed that men had not even made up their minds whether wealth in itself were a good or an evil. This, to speak the truth, is not so very surprising. They who have the greatest practical acquaintance with the subject, by passing their days in the accumulation of money, find no leisure for theoretic speculations on their own account; or, perhaps, they are too deeply imbued with the spirit of monopoly, (their besetting sin,) to write down the results of their experience for the instruction of others; while the professed and professing philosophers, teaching from hearsay or imagination, and often without so much as having handled the material of their discourses, have rather led their followers astray, than carried them forward in the path of true knowledge. It is only, therefore, in this present century of perfectibility, when men of wealth write, and writers become men of wealth — when the figures of the *millionaire* give vigour to his style, and the notes of the student are convertible into specie, that the theme has acquired any chance of being treated in a rational and experimental manner.

Political economists tell us, that, whatever contributes to supply a want, whether natural, customary, or capricious, constitutes wealth, as, indeed, the derivation of the word itself plainly indicates; and from this it should follow, that youth, health, knowledge, a pleasant climate, a cheerful temperament, a very good, or a very callous conscience, (all of which, by contributing to happiness, supply

the master-want of existence) are real and genuine riches. It would be curious, however, to hear what the firm of Rothschild would have to say on this notion. Would they not tell us that such articles have no value in the market, that they do not perceive them in the lists of the price-current, and that there is no mention of them in their letters from Amsterdam? Is it not, indeed, inculcated with the catechism, by every master to his apprentice, and by every prudent father to his son, that such trifles should be perseveringly sacrificed without scruple, in search of money and money's worth, the only things which enter into the ordinary notion of this complex idea? Here, then, the philosophers and the practical men are directly at issue, and separate from the very starting-post; no wonder, therefore, that they arrive at such opposite conclusions.

But if the definition of wealth be matter of controversy, differences no less extraordinary prevail concerning its sources. However much economical writers dispute among themselves on the nature of rent, and other leading points of doctrine, they all unite in asserting that labour and parsimony are the sole bases of capital,—a dogma which the conduct of the men of experience denounces as a gross mistake. There is not a warm fellow upon 'Change who will not acknowledge that watching the turn of the market is a more effectual method of advancement; while merchants and manufacturers all act upon the conviction, that more is to be made of the labour of others, than of their own. Labour may

be defrauded of its reward, and economy may fail for want of a sufficient field for its exertion. Saving-banks cannot avail those who have nothing to invest, and the poor-house is a more frequent resource to the mere labourer, than these receptacles for stray shillings and sixpences. To become wealthy, "a lucky hit" is infallible, whether it be "God's providence," or, as in the case of Sir Balaam, the dispensation of another power. Royal favour and ministerial influence have raised many to unlooked-for riches, but the shortest and easiest cut is (in the language of Figaro) to "take the trouble of being born to a good estate," or to a respectable slice in the three per cents. It is to no purpose that the Millses and the Ricardoes din into men's ears their notion, that these cases are exceptional, and that labour and economy are the established turnpikes to competence. It is in human nature to be most forcibly excited by whatever is accidental; while that which is in the common course of things, fails to strike, and is overlooked or disregarded. Universal prejudice, therefore, runs in favour of the shortest roads; and the broad highways are abandoned to those who do not know the country, or who do not choose to risk their *necks* in a steeple-chase pursuit of their object.

This singular propensity or instinct of the species has had considerable influence upon language, and it declares the reason why in most civilized tongues the wealth of each individual is termed his "fortune," as if chance alone were the parent of well-

doing. In a perfectly well-constituted condition of society, such a metaphor would with difficulty gain currency, the association between luck and riches being less frequently suggested; but, in this work-a-day world of ours, in which "things as they are" take so decided a precedence of "things as they should be," Mercury is the common god of thieves and of merchandise. The influence of language on our ideas is in all cases considerable; but in that of this strange association of ideas, it produces manifold mistakes. There is no instance in which men more frequently expect the effect, without reference to its causes, than in the acquirement of wealth; and they, consequently, fall into most unreasonable discontents. When a thoughtless fellow has spent his life in dissipation, or passed his time in hunting butterflies, writing verses, speculating upon virtue, beauty, patriotism, the *summum bonum*, or the like unprofitable pursuits, he "looks upon himself as a very ill-treated gentleman," if in his old age he is less well to do in the world, than they who have all their days minded the main chance; and he imagines that the order of the universe has been suspended, to inflict upon him a miraculous injury.

The stumbling upon this egregious and palpable blunder, is a prevalent error among authors and artists. Their merit, or their vanity, leads them to place a high value on themselves, and they become discouraged and mortified, when they are forced upon the unlooked-for discovery, that their attain-

ments are but imperfectly convertible into pounds, shillings, and pence. This, however, is all just as it should be, and as much in common course as the regular succession of the seasons. Talent, genius, and "all that sort of thing," are not the requisites for money-making, and there is not the slightest relation between a fine style and a fine fortune. If a genius will give up the whole powers of his mind to Pindar or Demosthenes, instead of studying Cocker or Bonnycastle — if he will "pen a stanza when he should engross," he should abide tranquilly by the consequences. If he will follow the course of the stars, instead of the course of exchange, he should be contented to remain a good astronomer, without looking to be a good man in the city.

Riches being destined to supply the common wants of humanity, it is requisite that their production should be placed within the reach of the most ordinary faculties. If genius alone were capable of making money, the world would be steeped to the lips in poverty, and the aristocracy of talent would be the most insufferable of inequalities. Falstaff, in sounding "the bottom of this same Justice Shallow," is a genuine type of the whole race of wits, when he exclaims, "yet has he lands and beeves;" as if sack and sugar were the primary elements in the character of a thriving grazier; or, as if to qualify for a goodly inheritance, it were necessary to master the art of setting the Thames on fire.

Superior gifts, so far from favouring the process of accumulating wealth, are among the most serious impediments to that pleasant operation. Turning a penny and turning a rhyme are very different processes; and, as a delicate touch is incompatible with the habitual wielding of a sledge-hammer, so a pursuit of the finer investigations of nature and mind assort not with the coarse speculations of the corn-market and the Dutch walk.

The Medici, indeed, and their brother merchants of the Italian republics, sought to combine the two objects, and, to a certain degree, accomplished their end. But what was the result? Their minds expanded with their fortunes; they became ashamed of their humble utility, and they ultimately abandoned their calling, set up for gentlemen, took to politics, and turned out the most arrant knaves that ever lived by bread. If there is no serving God and Mammon, Apollo and the Muses are in this sense true deities; and the more experienced of our merchants, in these times, have cut the connexion at once and for ever. Their writings are strictly confined to invoices, or a pamphlet on the currency, and they dabble in no drawings beyond a bill of exchange.

Genius, in comparing its productive powers with those of the money-spinners, is unjust to itself. Its superiority in every other point is sufficiently uncontested; and, however its sons may grumble, there are few, if any of them, truly deserving their reputation, who would exchange lots with the pains-

taking and laborious children of Plutus: the butterfly does not envy the condition of the muck-worm. Money then is no standard of talent; the two things are incommensurables; and it is absurd to expect that they should bear any certain and constant ratio in the market.

The very rarity of genius, which in other cases enhances the value of a commodity, is against it. The produce of mind is only relished by mind, and the consumers are not sufficient to support prices by an extensive demand. He who produces a bushel of wheat, produces what every man desires; but the discoverer of a great moral truth is so far from offering an article in common request, that he will seldom fail to find it an unsaleable drug; and he may even count himself fortunate, if he is not persecuted and reviled by his customers, as if he had been convicted of a poisonous adulteration.

But though the poverty of genius be thus, like death, "a necessary end," and to be expected with equal philosophy, still some natural yearnings may be pardoned, even in the more stoical, at witnessing the triumphs of successful dulness. Men of genius must eat, as well as commoner folks; and, for the most part, they are more susceptible to the differences between good and bad fare, than their neighbours. Then, your rich blockhead is so provokingly self-satisfied! he invites comparison at every turn. There is, however, one class of the intellectually superior who treat this case with the utmost philosophy—I mean those eminent gonuises

who consider the world as "mine oyster:" instead of entertaining a sulky jealousy of the money-getter, they stick as close to him as his skin; and employ all their faculties to render him the purveyor of their pleasures.

To those to whom the acquirement of wealth is an object, the exchangeable value of commodities is every thing. Intrinsic worth, without currency, is like a light under a bushel—very brilliant, but very useless; or, rather, it is like the lost papers advertised in a journal—"of no use to any one but the owner." An inattention to this golden rule has been the pecuniary shipwreck of some of the greatest geniuses. Had Mr. Haydon, for instance, not confounded intrinsic excellence with money-value, he would not have painted gigantic pictures for a nation whose houses are nut-shells; nor would he have addicted himself to historic composition, in the service of a race, who know no more of the poetry of painting, than their brother christians of Otaheite. A very ordinary portrait-painter produces an article which all the world can appreciate; "we are vain upon our own portraits," and caricature-likenesses are the most striking. Why, then, should a genuine artist be scandalized at the wealth of these subalterns of the brush? Complaints of neglected genius and want of patronage are foolish and unjust. The public of the present day buy what they want, and the Medici themselves did no more.

The market-value of genius rises rapidly when its

products can be offered to the simultaneous enjoyment of large assemblies. It is thus that a popular actor gets more for reciting another man's thoughts, than the poet who produces the play—simply because the former sells to the public, the latter to the manager. The same difference subsists between operative musicians and composers; between the painter of a diorama and a David or a Reynolds.

If you desire to make wealth quickly, give yourself to the production of articles that have the least intrinsic value. Between the natural wants and the physical powers of man to supply them, there is a definite proportion, which fixes the standard of prices for all articles of primary consumption. But caprice is a principle to which no measure can apply. The most extensive incomes are insufficient to meet the demands of fancy, whose "appetite increases with what it feeds on." For objects of this class the purchaser pays not merely according to their first cost, but for the strength, also, of his own desire. A man of fortune will give the most extravagant price, in the gratification of his favourite whim, for a race-horse, a picture, a morsel of rare antiquity, even when he refuses himself a decent coat. His lady distresses herself for a diamond necklace, and her son, perhaps, anticipates his inheritance, to purchase the voices of the worthy and independent electors of the borough of Guzzledown. What is thus true of individuals, is equally true of society; and most things produce

a larger profit in proportion to the smallness of the solid benefit they occasion in their consumption.

The price-current of inutilities is, in a great measure, conventional. Lip-honour finds a better market than the staple support of a numerous population. A king's mistress is better paid than his minister; a dancing-master than a professor of philosophy. A ballarina gets a hundred pounds for a *pas seul*, while a soldier is knocked on the head for a shilling *per diem*. Music is feed at a guinea a visit, better paid than the physician's fee; languages and litigation at six-and-eightpence. A bishop earns more than a general. A weekly (or weakly) sermon brings the beneficiary more grist to his mill, than a navy captain obtains for the sacrifice of time, labour, independence, and personal safety. A good actress has a larger salary if she is pretty and a coquet; but her emoluments are infinitely increased, and she sometimes gets a titled husband, when she has the good luck to possess — a bad character.

Although merit and money both begin with an M, any other connexion which may subsist between them is purely accidental; and genius is wanting in self-knowledge if it repines at neglect. Complain you are poor, "complain you are a man;" still, however, if money be an object, there are not wanting money-making trades within the reach of genius itself. Demoivre applied his mathematics to calculate the chances of the dice; and the moral

philosopher might calculate the movements of the passions on the Stock Exchange. A man of letters may thrive as the editor of a newspaper; a critic may sell himself to a party. The professor who cannot enrich himself by cultivating the inside of the head, may do a tolerable stroke of business by dressing the outside. A disappointed artist may rise in the world as a house-painter. A musician, who starves on his own notes, may turn an honest penny in discounting those of his neighbours; and the poet, who is more in want of pudding than of praise, may write hymns, or comment on the Apocalypse. Sir Humphrey Davy did not disdain to apply his chemical science to the manufacture of gunpowder; and Watt was far too wise to suffer his genius for mechanics to waste itself on the "desert air" of theoretic abstractions. Anybody may grow rich, who really and sincerely desires it; but then he must give himself up to the pursuit, and suffer no other passion to interfere with his avarice. Fame must have no charm in his eyes, and he must not be inordinately given to fiddling. If his conscience be tender, he may be as virtuous as he pleases when he is rich; but, while he has his fortune to make, he must "hold out his iron and wink." Above all things, he must not encumber himself with a wife and family, unless the woman be pretty, and then marriage is not always such a formidable consideration.

That man is a money-making animal, is a definition beyond all cavil; for though, by the infir-

mity of the species, or by the corruptions of society, it happens that individuals may here and there be found without the power of accumulating, or rather endowed with a strong instinct to dissipate and to destroy, yet was there never a man who would not do a little business, when it lay in his way. Saints and philosophers are rarely in earnest in their professed contempt for wealth; and even so, they form an exception too small to disturb the generality of the rule. There is, then, great inconsistency, as well as ingratitude, in the contempt which is heaped upon the money-makers, and in the preference given to the liberal, over the lucrative arts. It is difficult to conceive why those arts should be exclusively liberal, whose culture cuts off the sources of liberality, or why the pursuit of money should derogate from gentility, when its possession is the only indefeasible title to the rank of a gentleman.

This is, however, a fundamental error, and it re-appears in almost all our opinions on wealth, and leads to the most abominable absurdities. What, for example, can be less tenable, than the metaphysical distinctions which are drawn between wages, salaries, and fees? Why, also, should a banker look down on a merchant, a merchant on a retail-dealer, or a shopkeeper on a hawker and pedlar? These silly niceties very evidently depend on the great master-error, which creates a baseless and ideal difference, between the dealer on 'Change and the dealer in Downing Street, be-

tween the costermonger and the boroughmonger, the lacqueys in livery of a private gentleman, and the lacqueys out of livery of the minister for the time being. The feudal baron, who won his castle at the point of the sword, was as much a dealer and chapman, as the modern lord, who acquires an estate and title by figs and raw sugars. The earl who traffics with his coronet for a pawnbroker's daughter and her hundred thousand pounds, is as complete a tradesman as "my uncle," his father-in-law; and the sporting baronet who plucks a pigeon in St. James's Street, is not a whit better than his rival operative — the poulterer in St. James's Market. Vespasian, and the philosophers of his school, were much more reasonable in conceiving money-making an excellence paramount to all such finical refinements.

The only solid distinction to be drawn among the producers, lies in the relative amount of gain to be derived from their respective trades or professions. If the devil is to be honoured for his burning throne, and the miser for his money-bag, the throne and the money-bag, *à fortiori*, are worthy of respect also. The man who plunders his country of thousands, is justly thought to follow a more liberal profession, than the "whipper-up of unconsidered trifles," or the forty-shilling prig; and a wholesale defaulter is a much more honourable gentleman, than a whitewashed greengrocer.

These truths are every day gaining fresh ground. Philosophy is becoming more tangible, the relative

pretensions of the rich and the noble are brought to the test of sensation, and the aristocracy of wealth is rapidly superseding all other sources of greatness. Wealth is a communicable quality, while rank is personal and unparticipated. The former is the true metallic currency, but the latter a discredited paper, which will not be taken, though endorsed with the signatures of the Earl Marshal himself.

The Italian proverb says, that "happy are the sons whose fathers go to the devil;" and a man must be unreasonably proud, if he would not prefer descending from the loins of a rich slopseller, to inheriting the barren honours of decayed gentility. The English nation, the wisest and best of people, are at the same time the most money-getting: *ergo*, money-making is the most intelligent and moral of employments. The Lord Mayor of London is a greater man than Socrates, and he that looks down on a *millionaire*, is a pharisee or a fool. "Put money in your purse," then, reader—no matter how; deem it the "one thing needful," and I may probably, on a future occasion, tell you something worth knowing, concerning what you are to do with it, when it is yours!

RICHES.

No. II.

"De la panse vient la danse, et où faim règne force exule."—RABELAIS.

"Effortiuntur opes irratamenta malorum."—OVID.

PROVERBS are the invention of the people, and they all more or less smack of their origin. The great majority of them turn on the means and uses of thrift; and they arise out of the development of caution, patience, forbearance, or some other faculty or passion familiar to suffering and helplessness. Had Aristocracy been equally sententious, the wisdom of nations" would have been less lop-sided, and we should have possessed more abbreviated expressions for the embarrassments of wealth. When our nurses in bitter irony tell their charge, that "he is more trouble to them than all their money," they little conceive that money in large masses is a most troublesome concern; and they who indiscriminately declare "a fat sorrow to be better than a lean one," have principally con-

sidered only one half of the question. Hard and up-hill work as is the accumulation of wealth, the business of spending it is often more recondite and laborious. Few are they who accomplish the task with credit and comfort to themselves, and with benefit to their species; and the richest man upon 'Change is often not more advanced in this department of political economy, than the lame beggar who sweeps the crossing.

To the frequent errors and mistakes committed by the rich in the employment of their means, must be attributed the still undetermined problem concerning the general utility of wealth as an instrument of happiness. Whether the dogma of the nothingness of riches be a cunning device of the favourites of fortune, to reconcile the destitute to their hard lot (and the sermons of stall-fed pluralists, lay and clerical, on the anti-needle-passing properties of wealth, do look very like a plot to secure the lion's share in the advantages of established order); or whether the notion has arisen in the envy and spite of the poor, who cry "sour grapes," because the golden fruit is placed beyond their reach; or, lastly, whether the whole proceed from a tacit conspiracy of both parties mutually to dupe each other—imposition would be equally impossible, unless some accidental obscurity were cast round the subject. If the distribution of happiness among the different classes of society were really equal, the universal thirst for wealth would be a spring in the moral machine without

an object; and let saints and sinners, cynics and dreamers, say what they will, no man in his senses could conscientiously believe that poverty is not an insufferable nuisance, if those in the possession of the good things of life did not, by gross mismanagement, occasion great misery, and convert what should be a general blessing, into a scourge for themselves, and for all within the sphere of their mischievous energy. As it is, indeed, the diatribes on this subject smack so nauseously of cant and affectation, that it requires no ordinary stretch of credulity to believe the declaimers in earnest. The boasting stoic, who proclaims his superiority to the accidents of fortune, if he does not always, like Seneca, write on a golden table, is, usually at least, far removed from the fear of starvation. The tooth-ache is not the only ill which philosophy bears best at a distance; and the humblest of those who pray for neither riches nor poverty, do not contemplate so low a rate of competency as would imply the loss of caste. Even Diogenes stipulated for his tub; and, though careless of other worldly goods, he was a miser and a voluptuary too in the article of sunshine.

It must, however, be admitted, that if riches have their use, it is not always very easy to find it out; insomuch that the man is no mean philosopher, who can spend a princely income, without feeling the weight of the burthen, and without forfeiting respectability or comfort.

What riches give us, let us then inquire;

and the answer of the poet comes as pat as rhyme and epigram can make it—

Meat, fire, and clothes. What more?—meat, clothes and fire.

And is this really the whole, Mr. Pope? Why then did you take the trouble to translate Homer's two interminable epics, for the amusement of your subscribers? But, admitting this poetical philosophy (for it can hardly be called philosophical poetry), these little things are still great to little men, who, when all is said, must eat and find protection from the inclemency of the seasons. What with corn laws, coal monopolies, and tailor's charges for stay-tape and buckram, these are points not so easily mastered; and no man who knows what it is to have dined at a slap-bang shop, to have bought a coat in Monmouth Street, or to have dealt in fuel by the bushel, would venture to turn up his nose at the poet's narrow measure of the uses of wealth. A comfortable supply of "meat, clothes, and fire" is a very comfortable thing; and though it may be thought that an exceedingly moderate sum of money will suffice to procure these matters in a simple but satisfactory abundance, yet there is more difficulty in producing this sum (the first element of future wealth), than in all the subsequent accumulation of millions put together.

Can riches, it is confidently asked, give health, or peace of mind, or real worth? Not the mere possession of riches, certainly; but, well applied, they may much increase the sum of these blessings.

Is it nothing to be able to insure the services of Sir Astley, when in need of an operation?. Is it nothing to have a carriage for exercise, when you can't walk? Nothing to escape being nursed for charity? Besides, to be master of your own time, and to be exempt from the necessity of plunging into the turmoils of the world and its doubtful honesty, is an infinite blessing; and if a man have a vocation to sanctity, it is something to command such a table as will insure the spiritual comfort and godly conversation of the very best of the pious who conjoin the practical virtue of good eating with the flow of zeal. It were as reasonable to rail against the gold, which is the material symbol of wealth, because it cannot be manufactured into steam-engines and razors, as to despise the thing signified, because it is not the immediate cause of all it can indirectly effect. But if riches cannot in all cases confer health, poverty is too often the occasion of malady and premature death. Ramazzini has written a whole quarto on the diseases of operatives, without having exhausted the subject; and it is well known, that the average term of life is shorter for the poor than for the rich: even in great cities, where dissipation offers such seductions, and makes such ravages on the strongest constitutions, the upper classes enjoy a greater longevity, than the industrious poor.

Riches also are, to a certain extent, indispensable to the culture of the intellect; and even to a physical sense of that beauty and harmony in the crea-

tion, which is necessary to the enjoyment of the arts, and to a perception of the moral beauty of truth and virtue. Nay, wealth has more to do with practical morals, than Epictetus or St. Francis ever imagined. There are thousands of honest men who want nothing but the pressure of poverty, to become incorrigible rogues, for one who could "bear the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" with unblemished reputation.

To cry down wealth as indifferent to happiness, is to fly in the face of daily experience. The richest nations, when they do not egregiously misemploy their resources, are, after all, the most civilized and virtuous. Even beasts of prey are less ferocious and dangerous, when plentifully supplied with food, than when pinched by hunger; and is man, indeed, so untameable an animal, as to be inaccessible to the genial influence of agreeable sensations? Riches, however, are a great power; and being so, they require knowledge commensurate, in order to wield them with discretion. Wealth, in the possession of a fool or a knave, is like a firebrand in the hands of a maniac. Hitherto, wealth has developed itself in societies faster than knowledge; and too much ground has been given for the fallacy of arguing from the abuse to the use. Nations, in accumulating riches, have less sought for diffusive comfort, than for the formation of close aristocracies; and the interests of the many have been sacrificed to those of the few. The consequences have been wars,

national and civil, inordinate luxury, and a population of beggars; while individuals, possessed of more power than they could properly wield, have ruined their health, and dissipated their fortunes in the search of ideal gratifications, and the pursuit of pleasure without enjoyment.

But the various uses of money are yet more numerous. Who would not place, at a high value, that delightful, though somewhat metaphysical, attribute—"respectability?" Nobody on earth likes to be cut, or to be left out, in the most agreeable hospitalities; even genius and virtue personified, must feel rather uncomfortable, if the seams of their outward garments are a shade too visible, to procure civility. For the poor there is no friendship; or if pity, habit, old acquaintance, or affections not quite frozen by the world's north-easters, should now and again induce an act of eccentric benevolence towards an unfortunate, it will rarely extend beyond a dinner, "quite alone," in the privacy of the country, or a salutation in a bye street when nobody observes it. The friendship of a rich man, on the contrary, is a matter of public boast; it is claimed in the circle, and canvassed in Rotten Row. His wishes are anticipated, his society sought on the most *select* occasions; and no circumstance in life will deprive him of a single admirer, but the loss of his—property.

There are many who imagine that this idolatry of wealth proceeds from a parasitical desire of participating in the rich man's advantages; but the

fact is not so. The admiration of wealth is not always connected with the expectation of benevolence or hospitality; there would be something rational in that. Riches are esteemed for themselves alone; and the less generous the possessor, the larger will be his fortune, and the greater his consideration. Moral qualities, like false stones, are valuable only in proportion to the richness of their setting; or, rather, the gold is the subject, and man and his virtues accidents only, scarcely worthy of consideration. In trade every one prefers dealing at the greatest warehouse;—in politics the rich candidate is the sitting member;—in religion "a saint in crape, is twice a saint in lawn;"—in literature the scientific Amphitryon is the greatest wit;—and, even in police-offices and gaols, a capital felon and a felon of capital are two very different personages.

According to the new lights of modern discovery, the advantages of wealth are not confined to mere worldly interests. It is also a very powerful adjunct in that process, which is known in Ireland by the phrase of "making your sowl." The laws of morality are much less rigid for the rich man, than the poor; and conduct assumes a very different colour, according to the pecuniary circumstances of the agent. The wag, who in a drunken frolic stabbed the waiter in a tavern, and coolly ordered him to be charged in the bill, overstepped, perhaps, the modesty of the purse's license; but, as far as a common assault goes, a rich defendant is usually

permitted to "speak with the prosecutor out of court;" which is a technical euphemism for buying off fine and imprisonment. The purchase of a borough wholesale, has long been allowable; but the receipt of a two-guinea bribe for a single vote, is scandalous and penal. Every man, also, is allowed as much adultery as he can afford to pay for; while the poor devil who suffers, when he cannot advance the parliamentary fees, is, with more than Mezentian cruelty, tied for life to the wife, whose innocence the rich man has legally purchased. So, also, the most rigorous sticklers for a judaical observance of the Sabbath, graduate its violations by the cost; and punish severely in the poor man practices which they freely tolerate in the rich.

Generally speaking, he whose name is down for large sums in the subscription-list of the multitudinous religious societies, has a *carte-blanche* for all vices that fall short of an infraction of conventional decency; exactly as in the middle ages, when to found a monastery was a receipt in full for murder and usurpation: and when a great man might live pretty nearly as he pleased, provided, when he died, he disinherited his son, to endow a church. Can such things be reconciled with the Scripture metaphor of the camel and the needle? If not, what is the inference? Why, plainly, that the passage is an interpolation of some blasphemous Jew; either to bring Christianity into contempt as Jacobinical, or, by disgusting the feebler brethren

with wealth, to throw it more decidedly into the hands of Hebrew monopoly. Riches, a stumbling-block in the way to heaven, forsooth!—what, then, is the use of cheap tract societies, orthodox charity schools, and missions to convert the sallow-faced dealers in Turkey rhubarb, red slippers, and lead pencils?

But, perhaps, the most decided advantage of wealth is, that its possession, *per se*, and independently of all its applications, is a source of intense gratification.

> How beauteous are rouleaus, how charming chests
> Containing ingots, bags of dollars, coins!

The mere contemplation of such objects is a beatitude in itself; and it seems to have been provided by nature, in mercy, to occupy that portion of human life in which the passions of youth have lost their spring and temper. Observe the countenance of any man in the act of buttoning up his pocket, and its expression will plainly indicate how the said pocket is lined. There is a self-complacency in every lineament, which bespeaks the latent gold beyond the possibility of mistake: while the man of empty purse sneaks about the world as if he had committed larceny. This is a matter of much moment; for half the success in life is derived from self-possession. Give a man a comfortable independence, and he is enabled boldly to take the head of the table, to engross the conversation, and to assume the confident tone and manner, that be-

speak applause. This the poor man, though the greatest coxcomb upon earth, can rarely achieve, except in the very best society. To do the modern great justice, agreeability, art, and science, are welcomed, when mere moneyed dullness is *chassé*, without pity. In less refined circles, the old rule, however, prevails, and conscious merit cowers before wealthy ignorance. At best, the poor man must understand the subject upon which he advances an opinion, and be very sure that he has something to say worth listening to, before he hazards an anecdote or a jest; which is one of the greatest drawbacks on shining in company, that a diner-out can experience.

To make the most of the thousand privileges inherent in the possession of money, is the great secret of happiness. There is no spectacle in the moral world more distressing than that of a rich voluptuary, who has reduced himself to envy the keen appetite of a starving beggar, or to blow out his own brains, in order to escape from intolerable *ennui*. Every one is not born with a taste for those pleasures which gold can buy; and without it, riches are often but a splendid misery. By a defect in the order of nature, the instinct of money-making is very rarely connected with the faculty of enjoyment; but then, the pleasure of accumulating is perhaps enough for one mortal; and Providence may have "shown itself more just" in reserving the gratifications of expenditure for the heir. "Why call we misers miserable?" asks

Lord Byron; and it certainly is a complete *lucus a non lucendo.* Elwes, with his hard eggs, and roof that let in the rain, may have been as happy in the indulgence of his whim, as if it had been the most rational and epicurean; but the case is very different with him who scatters abroad his wealth, and does so without the due return of pleasure; expenditure without object, is mere vanity and vexation of spirit. How many wretches do we meet with in life, who, born to large possessions, have wasted their means in vague experiments on happiness, and have arrived at their last guinea, without discovering the true sources of enjoyment!

It is not every dissipated person who relishes dissipation; it is not every horse-racer who loves the turf; nor every collector who delights in pictures. Yet, without the proper *gusto*, thus to waste one's means, is about as wise as to ruin one's fortune in marrying portionless girls, building hospitals, or throwing the money into the abyss of the national debt. Nothing can be more weak than such impertinent expenditure; yet there are few who can resist the imperious calls of fashion, at whose bidding such painful sacrifices of time and fortune are unhesitatingly made. Why should a rich man care for fashion? What need has he to game, to drink, or to lose his money at *écarté*, unless he likes it? Why should he ruin his health on the treasury-benches of the senate-house, when he wants neither place nor pension? It cannot be

sufficiently borne in mind that the world was made for the rich, and that they should never do any thing which they do not perform with a perfect and entire relish. In this respect, there is no greater voluptuary than the wealthy man of benevolence. While he is diffusing happiness around him, and calling down blessings from hundreds of grateful hearts, he is himself luxuriating in delicious sensations, and is nothing better than a refined epicure. It is very much to be regretted that the speculators upon the next world indulge so little in this sensual enjoyment; and that, in scattering abroad their assets upon post-obits in Paradise, they place them so rigorously on their own heads.

To make the most of riches, then, requires a knowledge of nature, and more especially of our own nature. We laugh at the mad frolics of sailors when the ship is paid off; but their errors are not less gross, than those of the dissipators in high life. A wise man, were he as rich as Crœsus, should eat his venison and drink his claret with some reference to the powers of his stomach, and should remember that money is meant to purchase pleasure and not pain. Figure to yourself a splendid establishment in some fashionable street for the sale of diseases. How strange it would appear to see carriage after carriage drive to the door; one man putting down a thousand pounds to carry off a commodity of chalk-stones; another bidding hundreds for a butt of London particular liver complaint; while a fine lady pledges her jewels for a complete set of shat-

tered nerves, or a domestic establishment of blue devils! Yet nine-tenths of the west-enders are practically doing this, and worse than this.

The mastery which wealth gives to its possessor over his own time, is by mismanagement converted into a perfect curse; and the first lesson bestowed on a young heir should be upon the use and economy of this element of happiness. As the world goes, a rich man is singularly well off who has picked up the art of wasting his hours gracefully, and who gets rid of "the enemy" without falling into dangerous or dishonourable vice. There is many a warm fellow who might envy the convicts at the treadmill; for they at least do not endanger their lives like the fox-hunter; and their labour is much lighter than that of walking a thousand miles in a thousand hours. Some of the most pains-taking people to be met with are the injudicious expenders of superfluous time, who go through more real discomfort in their attempts at occupation, than they who are obliged to work in order to eat.

England, which is the most wealthy of nations, is, perhaps, also the most miserable in its abuses of the powers of wealth. A large part of its resources go in the purchase of direct and positive evils. The chemist and philosopher, Kirwan, used to say, that the money thrown away on the revolution-war would have built a bridge between Ireland and England; and if half the money which is wasted in riot and debauchery, or scattered in foolish litigation, remained in the pockets of the possessors, or were

even thrown in the sea, the sum of human happiness would be incalculably increased.

Volumes upon volumes are printed on the theory and practice of accumulation; while a few short sentences are thought sufficient for the more vital question of wholesome expenditure. No wonder, therefore, that the end is sacrificed to the means. The slave who works in the gold-mine, and the artisan who pines in the poisonous atmosphere of the cotton-mill, are popular objects of pity; but what is the world at large but one vast elaboratory of wretchedness, in which successive generations are sacrificed in useless toil, and in production, unaccompanied by enjoyment, while the few favourites of fortune are not less essentially miserable in the possession of inordinate wealth, which they know not how to employ, and have not the honesty more fairly to participate?

IRISH HISTORIANS.

It is peculiar to that land of solecisms, Ireland, that, presenting a series of historic facts of almost dramatic interest, and of great philosophic importance, she should never have produced a general and well-digested history of her existence as a nation; that having, from her earliest times, possessed in her Seanachies, or genealogists, hereditary chroniclers of the highest local consideration and dignity, she should never have given birth to one eminent historian. Neither her ancient schools nor modern university have redeemed this reproach.*

Ireland, however, through her learned and patriotic antiquaries, has always claimed an almost superhuman precocity in letters, arts, and sciences. As a necessary cause for this miraculous superiority, a ready-made language has been assigned to her; and a lineal descendant of Japhet has been supposed

* "After many inquiries and much research, I found, to my great surprise, that there was no tolerable history of Ireland extant, either in that country or in this."—*Warner's Hist., Preface.*

to have presented to her his share of the plunder of the confusion of tongues at Babel—(a fact susceptible of a very malicious inference); while Phœnicia, through her Iberian Spanish colonists, bestowed, on her letters, philosophy and commerce, when cotemporary and neighbouring nations were merged in the darkness, in which the Romans, after the lapse of many centuries, still found them. So much for her Pagan times, as described by her modern Seanachies, Colgan, Keating, O'Flaherty, O'Halloran, O'Connor, Lanigan, &c. &c. &c.

But a brighter era was reserved for the Delos of the west—the Island of Apollo*—at a time when she became the chosen asylum of persecuted christianity, and, benefitting by its early lights, was distinguished by the higher appellation of the "Island of Saints." Folios have been filled with the names of the pious and the learned, who flourished with an overwhelming fertility in this far-famed period. Eulogiums on the holiness and the acquirements of the Irish sanctology have been multiplied with religious emulation; and every thing has reached us concerning the saints and savans of Erin, except—their works. Still, the most erudite and enthusiastical of her modern ecclesiastical writers† has declared, that, "up to his own times, the history of the church of Ireland had remained unwritten for the long period of 1400 years:" and if the church

* Diodorus Siculus, quoted by Dr. Smith.

† Dr. Lanigan, author of the "Ecclesiastical History of Ireland."

could not write her own story, it is by no means extraordinary that she should not have troubled herself with that of the people. It is singular that the most eminent of the native Irish antiquaries stop short where fable ends and history begins—at the English invasion; and that almost all that has been written since that epoch, either of practical utility, or illustrative of cotemporary manners, was collected by Englishmen, whose offices in the state afforded them the opportunity and means of examining with effect the political and fiscal details of the government and people. It is sufficient to mention the names of Cambrensis, Hanmer, Campion, Sir Richard Edgecomb, Morryson, Spencer, Hollingshed, Borlase, Sir John Davies, Sir William Petty, Camden, Boate, Usher, Harris, Ware,* Smith, Hutchins, Warner, &c. &c. &c.

Facts like these may well justify the application to Ireland of some portion of that historic scepti-

* It would be difficult to which country to assign Sir James Ware: he was, by the mere accident of birth, Irish—but by descent, feeling, and the whole moral structure of his character, he was English. His family was Yorkshire: his father, a hanger-on in the court of Elizabeth, came to Ireland as secretary to the Lord Deputy, Fitzwilliam. He was himself made auditor-general of Ireland under Charles the First, and was called to the Privy Council by his friend and patron the Earl of Stafford, to whom he dedicated all his works, as well as those he compiled of Irish authors. He was a learned and impartial antiquary; and his Annals of Ireland, from the reign of Henry the Seventh, to Mary, leave it to be regretted that he did not undertake a general history.

cism, which distinguishes the present age; when it is doubted whether Richard the Third was the greatest monster of his times, or Catiline an unprincipled conspirator. And it may be worth while to inquire whether Ireland was indeed superhumanly enlightened in Pagan ages, or supereminently learned in her Christian infancy; and, if not, whether it is for the advantage of the living generation to believe that she was so.

In modern philosophy, the wisdom and glory of the past is at a discount: and if the antiquities of the houses of Hapsburg and Capet, the contests of popes and emperors, the policy of conclaves, and the sagacity of aulic councils, afford but little to profit by, the Irish must allow themselves to be told, that there is less to regret in the Fes (parliament) of Temor, the wisdom of Ollam Fodlah, or the *faites et gestes* of Fin M'Cool. The true philosophy of nations is to be dissatisfied with the past, to approve the present, and to look for the best page of their history in the future.

The history of man in all times and all ages is pretty nearly alike; and the course of nations, from the rudeness of their origin to the decrepitude of an enervated civilization, is determined by laws derived immediately from the nature of the animal himself. At first, helpless, ignorant, timid, and ferocious—his instincts are all repulsive: and the earliest social communities are rarely extended beyond the ties of blood. The dawning consciousness of force first awakens the desire of plunder; and some in-

dividual of extraordinary courage and energy thus becomes the nucleus of a nation. To the empire of brutal violence succeeds that of intellect, based upon superstition. The discovery that exclusive knowledge is exclusive power, introduces the reign of dogma and opinion, the subtility of the statesman, the craft of the diplomatist, and the wiles of the priest. The development of industry, arts, letters, and a diffusive knowledge of things practically useful, is a slower and more painful result of social action and reaction; and great and powerful nations have arisen, triumphed, and disappeared, without having attained to that step.

To this law, Ireland could form no exception. There is nothing in the known particulars of her early condition, nothing in her moral, political, or geographical position, favourable to a precocious civilization; nor does there exist a single monument of power, or of ingenuity, to attest her claims, or to counterbalance the improbability, that when the whole civilized world was under the control of one mighty throne, she alone should have been unrevealed to its scrutiny, and her superior lights of mind, and consequent riches, should have escaped its rapacity.

It was among the evils attendant upon Ireland's remote position, that she was rather guessed at, than known to the ancients, while her very name sounded like a poetical fiction. The benefits conferred by the invasion of an enlightened and polished nation were denied to her. The Romans

never visited her beautiful but profitless shores: and it was the consummation of her misfortunes, that the Anglo-Norman adventurers, who made the most permanent inroads on her soil, were almost as barbarous as herself. The Irish toparchs, and their foreign invaders, were too nearly on a par, for reciprocal improvement; and the progress of Irish civilization was thus checked by the very means, which to many nations has proved the cause of their rapid prosperity.*

Ireland had also other impediments to contend with, arising from her geographical position. The early history of a people will always be influenced by its proximity to, or distance from the centre of contemporary civilization. Of all nations, Greece was most favourably placed for a rapid progress in its national development: Ireland was the very reverse. It stood at the extreme verge of the old world, when the new was yet unknown; and it was lashed by those mighty waters, which were then deemed the ocean boundaries of the earth. The *ultima Thule* of the ancients was still *l'ultima Irlanda* of the middle ages. The Cæsars of ancient Rome never saw her; the Pontifical Cæsars of Christian Rome held little or no intercourse with her, because the popes communed only with governments; and Ireland, as a congregation of septs, had no government to commune with. She

* England thus profited by every successive invasion. The Saxons were a superior people to the Celts, and the Normans to the Saxons.

first became distinguished by papal notice through the English government; and Pope Adrian admitted that he gave the kingdom of Ireland to England, that Henry might extend the power of the Roman Church over that remote land.*

Neither were the accidents of *cœlum* and *solum* (as Sir William Petty calls them) indifferent to the development of Irish civilization. A clime impregnated with the vapours, and disturbed by the storms of the Atlantic, was a fatal physical peculiarity. To this the soil stood indebted for the brightness of its verdure; but at the same time, also, for the luxuriance and boundless continuity of its woods—the natural fastnesses of incivilization. "The Irish could not be tamed," it was said, "while the leaves were on the trees." †

How far this humidity and severity of climate contributed to the convivial disposition of the people, and to their love of excitement, it were

* In 1151, about twenty years before the English invasion, Cardinal Paparo, accompanied by the Bishop of Lismore, came from Rome with the four palliums from Pope Eugene the Third.

† The peculiarities of the Irish climate were not, however, in all respects, unfavourable. The venerable Bede asserts, that the very smell of the land kills all venemous animals, and that the water in which the scrapings of books brought from Ireland (of course written by Irish authors) were infused, had the power of curing the stings of adders. In my own instance, I must confess that I have not found this assertion verified, though it may account for that virulent dislike, which so many critical adders have displayed, to Irish literature in general.

difficult to determine; but, that they were the most hospitable and the most irritable, the most loving and the most quarrelsome, of any nation on the earth, is a deplorable truth. It was this intemperance of temperament that rendered every feast the precursor of a feud, multiplied the causes of domestic dissension, and prepared the way for foreign aggression: and the physical peculiarity forms the best excuse for "Erin's days of old, *when* her faithless sons betrayed her;" when every invasion was successful, because every invader found an ally or an enemy, as private pique and personal interest determined. The chiefs of clans, whether under the name of Kings, Princes, or Tanists, lent themselves alternately to Danes or Saxons, as a prey of cattle, or a prey of wives, disposed them to seek revenge for personal wrong at the expence of their common country; and thus, says Lanigan, "while the infatuated Irish were fighting among themselves, the common enemy was making his way towards undermining them." The abduction of Dervogal, wife of O'Ruara, prince or tiernach of Brefny, by M'Murrogh, king of Leinster, and the application of the latter to Henry the Second, was the most important and fatal result of the native temperament. For this physical evil the Church had no religious remedy. It, however, discovered a temporal compensation; for M'Murrough founded churches and endowed monasteries, for the remission of crimes which the nation has never forgiven.

The pride of nations, like that of individuals, shrinks from the display of infirmities so purely physical; and communities, like invalids, revolt against even a cure which involves the too open display of the original malady. It is however by looking such facts as these in the face, that the remedy for long-existing evils can best be found. Knowledge on all points is the necessary forerunner of amendments; and though oceans cannot be drained, nor mountains moved, yet there is no natural combination over which science and civilization may not attain a mastery. The time is now arrived when Ireland should no longer be addressed in the language of faction, or of fable. It is now treason to flatter, and it will not long be possible to deceive her. Malachi "with his collar of gold" is going fast out of date; "Con of the hundred fights" is but a type of the modern Cons of Donnybrook and Ballinasloe; and, to a certain extent, even St. Patrick's "occupation is gone;" or, if still evoked to administer the spirit to his votarists, it is under other signs than those appropriated to the church, and which, as signs of the times, are not wholly unworthy of observation.*

That a time should have existed—recently existed—when to call up such images from the vasty deep of doubtful story was not only patriotism,

* Lord Anglesey and O'Connell shaking hands under the benedictory patronage of the Saint, was not long since a conspicuous invitation to Sweetman's beer and Parliament whiskey in the vicinity of Dublin.

but sound policy, is as true as it is lamentable. Rhyme and reason, fact and fable, poetry and prose, were alike legitimate instruments to urge on the consummation of that event, without which no permanent good for Ireland could ever have been effected. That genius and inferior talent should have equally availed themselves of so rude and fanciful an agency, to revive the spirit, awaken the imagination, and cheer the enterprize of a gallant nation, was at once natural and laudable; but it is a proud and delightful conviction that other and wider spheres are opening to the native intellect of the country—that Erin's last best bard may, as far as her "days of old" are concerned, hang up his harp on the laurel, whose crowning wreath he has well won; and that when again he strings it in his country's cause, he may find a fitting theme in the prospective ameliorations of her days to come. Even the wildest of her novelists may now close her volumes of idle Shanaos,* and seek in fact for better sources of national pride than she ever found in fiction. The actual condition of Ireland, no less than the progress of events and opinions in the rest of Europe, has decreed its eternal divorce from the past. It is no longer to restoration, but to reformation, that Irishmen must look: and the only useful lesson that can be read to them from the history of the "buried majesty" of their two thousand kings is, that

* A series of Irish novels, beginning with "the Wild Irish Girl," and ending with "the O'Briens and O'Flaherties."

while Irish valour preserved the nation from having been ever conquered, the Irish sin of personal pretension and misplaced jealousy has preserved it ever divided, feeble, and miserable.

But without further preface, *passons au deluge.* In the earliest known epoch of Ireland, when druidism was the religion of the land, the memory of the intellectual class was taxed, it is said, to collect and transmit such public facts, as the then existing state of society, (of which so little is known,) originated. Their bards, "an inferior order of druids," says a learned and grave English historian, "were as well their philosophers and poets, as their historians; and, from the beginning of the Milesian monarchy, the public traditions were handed down in their sonnets"*—a compendious mode of writing history, now unfortunately obsolete. The early Irish, like the other Celtic nations, had no records, but such as were embalmed in verse; for nations, like life, begin with poetry, and end with prose. Literary Greece started with Hesiod and Homer; and the Iliad was recited a century before the works of Pherecydes, the first Greek prose writer, were composed or known. The rhyming records of the bardic historians were delivered in a branch of the Celtic, at that time the language of northern Europe, "and which, at this day," says a modern Irish antiquary,† "is a living language in Ireland."

* Warner, History of Ireland.

† O'Connor, Dissertation on the Ancient History of Ireland. See Lluid's Preface to the Irish Vocabulary, and Dr. Raymond's Introduction to the History of Ireland.

Although, with the destruction of druidism, the bards fell, to rise no more, yet the spirit of their order, and their hereditary profession of genius, was continued in the persons of the Filias and Seanachies, or genealogists, of succeeding ages—the historiographers of the pentarchy and their tributary princes; for, at feast or feud, in Fes or field, the Tanaist and his Seanachy were ever inseparable. In the sixth century, long after Christianity had diffused its light over the pagan altars of Ireland, Dirmod, the supreme monarch and king of kings, had a druid or pagan bard in his train. "Paganism," says a sceptical writer,* "was still found loitering in the land, and sometimes maintaining its ascendency in the highest stations." A more orthodox historian is, however, shocked at the slur thus thrown on Irish Kings and Irish Seanachies; and observes that "Dirmod, Monarch of Ireland, who was killed in 560, had, I know, his bards or poets, according to the custom of Irish princes; but those bards were Christians."†

Nearly contemporary with the Pagan or Christian bard of King Dirmod, flourished his much more celebrated compatriot, Oisin or Ossian—whose birth, parentage, and education, have been the source of so much quarrelsome polemics, down to the end of the last century. The name of Oisin belongs to the pagan history of Ireland, notwithstanding his supposed controversy with St. Patrick.

* Campbell's Strictures on the Ecclesiastical History of Ireland.

† Warner.

That name has been very generally borrowed, to give illustration to the effusions of much more modern poets, whose works are as completely lost to posterity, as those of their great prototype. Whatever is original in the English translation, once so noted, and now so little noticed, must belong to a still more recent time.

It has always been the fault of Irish antiquaries to make the antiquity of the country too antiquated. Even the English Spenser falls into this error, (so natural for a poet to adopt,) when he talks of "divers compositions of their bards, which he caused to be translated to him, which savoured of sweet wit and good invention, and were sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their natural devices." He mistakes the written collections of the Filias or Seneachies, from the thirteenth to the sixteenth centuries, for the inspirations of bards of far remoter times.

The most learned writers on Irish literature, Colgan, Usher, Ware, Harris, &c. have not, I believe, been able to trace any writer before Sedulius,* a Christian priest of the fifth century, or more probably the eighth, of whom Lanigan says, that some of the most beautiful hymns that are read in the church have been taken from his poems. This is

* Colgan says, that the Latinized name of Sedulius was the Irish Seidhuil, or Shiel; and that there were eight eminent men of that name in Irish history. I leave it to Sir W. Beetham to trace the last and best of that illustrated appellation to the goodly stock.

all that is known to them. Whether Sedulius was a Spaniard, an Italian, or an Irish priest, is not clearly proved. There was a Sedulius, abbot of Kildare, in 828, who was probably the Irish poet alluded to; for it is only in the ninth century, that something like historical fact begins to dawn on modern inquiry.

In the tenth century, the bard of the gallant Brien Boroimhe fought, it is said, and sung by his side, in the plains of Clontarf, against the Danes. The crown of the king, and the harp of his Filia, were found near each other on the field of battle. But, besides the bard of the heroic Brien, he is said to have had an antiquary or Seanachy of great eminence, called "one Mac-Lian, antiquary of Ireland;" his works, however, have not reached posterity. Mac-Lian is also said to have written "the Munster Book of Battles," in which the battle of Clontarf was authentically related.

In the same century, "called," says Ware, "the dark or unhappy age, from the scarcity of writers, flourished the royal author, Cormac Mac Culian, King and Bishop of Cashel, who fell in battle, anno 908. He writ an history called the Psalter of Cashel." A copy of a part of this Psalter, in an old parchment manuscript, it is said, was seen a century back in the Bodleian Library at Oxford; but the *on-dits* of tradition do but interrupt the march of authenticated facts.

Though these family genealogists, or poets-laureate of the Irish dynasts, rhymed and recited

the feats of their patrons, and the glory and antiquity of their ancestors, yet they do not come forth as historians. The written civil history of Ireland must, therefore, be sought among her churchmen, said to have been the most learned of the then Christian world.

The introduction of Christianity could not fail to have a singular and improving influence upon the literature of the natives, if any literature existed at the time; for, with all due deference to Phœnicia and to Cadmus, it is proved that the use of letters in Ireland was due to the Christian missionaries. It is quite certain that the names of all literary arts and instruments in the Irish language, are of Latin origin — to "read," to "write," "book," &c.; and St. Patrick is said to have introduced the Roman characters, for that the Irish, before their conversion, were utterly unacquainted with them: and the bishops considered the acquirement of this knowledge essential in their converts, to render them capable of reading the Scriptures and other books.

If, however, the Seanachies were in possession of a means of rescuing their records from the fragility of oral tradition, it does not appear that they availed themselves of it; and, to judge of their literary poverty by that of the ecclesiastical writers of the times, previous to the English invasion, they must have been very barbarous indeed.

The church, it must be owned, had a bad time

of it in the Island of Saints. Down to the twelfth century she had not one stone edifice,* save those "puzzles of posterity"—the round towers,† under whose protection she raised her rude cells and humble temples of wood and wattles. Those eternal forests, which anciently gave the name of "the woody island" to the country (for it appears that as long as the island was in the possession of the natives, it was "full of woods on every side"), presented as great an obstacle to Irish saints as to English invaders.

The lives of the first missionaries must have been no less arduous and perilous than those of the early settlers and back-woodsmen of America. Obliged to clear the land, to become hewers of wood and drawers of water, in order to obtain shelter and safety in a land which, according to the old Irish saying, was "thrice under wood, thrice under the plough, and thrice was bare;" they had also to submit to the violence and despotism of the most unruly sons of the church that her power had ever to contend against.‡ Whatever tenures they obtained from the toparchs, that were not foundations, were of a military nature; and monks and priests, headed by abbots and bishops, fought through every epoch of Irish story, until long after the period of the English invasion. No rank, or station, in the church, saved the ser-

* Boate, Warner.

† Attributed by modern sceptics to the Danes.

‡ Lanigan's Ecclesiastical History.

vants of God from serving in the army; and, as almost all the Irish kings who died a natural death, died under the cowl, so not a few Irish priests perished in military harness.

Dr. Lanigan, who laments that the practice "so fatal to ecclesiastical discipline, of compelling bishops and abbots to attend kings in their military expeditions," should have prevailed, relates that, in the eighth century, King Aidus having a quarrel with the people of Leinster, raised an army, in which the clergy were pressed to an almost universal amount, not even excepting the Archbishop of Armagh, or Fothadius (a most learned and holy lecturer and writer, called "Fothadius of the Canons," from his knowledge of the branches of ecclesiastical science.) After a long march to the borders of Leinster, the clergy showed signs of insubordination, and, probably ashamed of their lay brothers in arms, vowed they would not "march through Coventry with them, that was flat." The spokesman was Fothadius of the Canons; and the army of saints was forthwith disbanded, and returned home to the bosoms of their families.*

* Up to the twelfth century, the Irish bishops married; and the see of Armagh was long hereditary in a native family. Dr. Lanigan, in a great passion, says of the archbishop Donald, "that he succeeded to his brother in virtue of the pretended abominable right of hereditary succession;" for, he adds, "he was one of those lay pseudo-archbishops, who were a disgrace to Armagh, and to the whole Irish church."

But the Irish Church had only to contend with domestic evils, inimical to literary labour. The piratical invasions along the several coasts were attended with the plunder of her shrines and altars; and also with the abduction of her sons and daughters from their cells and monasteries; for it is certain, that a traffic in human beings was carried on to a most deplorable extent throughout the whole British isles, Ireland not excepted.* In the eighth century, a king of Northumberland landed between Drogheda and Dublin, destroyed all the churches and monasteries he found in his way, and carried off their inhabitants "as captives or slaves." The monastery of Bangor, the most powerful and wealthy of that epoch, was also plundered

* Of this custom there are many records: one of the most curious is to be found in the old Irish MS., called "Leabher na Gaert," translated by General Vallancey. It enumerates slaves among other subsidies given in lieu of services due to the supreme kings from their lieges. Thus, "to O'Fogarty, king of Eile (a little kingdom in the county of Tipperary, north of Cashel, called 'Eile na Fhogartie'), six men-slaves, six women-slaves, six shields and swords, according to the prose; eight coats-of-mail, eight horses, and eight cups." "In times past," says Archbishop Usher, "the buying and selling of servants (which now is grown out of use) was a matter so common in this country, that, in an ancient synod in Ireland, a bishop's legacy out of the church-goods is proportioned by the price of a wife or a maid-servant, as may be seen in the ancient books of canons written about seven hundred years since; the one remaining in Bene't College, and the other in Sir R. Cotton's Library."—*Usher of Corbes, &c. &c.*

of its rich shrine of St. Comgall, and the abbot and all the monks murdered.

From all this it may be concluded, that at the time of the Danish invasion the state of written history, civil and ecclesiastical, must have been at a very low ebb; and the literary plunder, laid to the account of the barbarous but cognoscente invaders, seems to have existed only in the imagination of antiquaries; by whom it has been said, that the plunder of the monastic libraries of Ireland furnished every library in Europe, from the Vatican to Copenhagen, with valuable MSS.* The probability is, that the Danes brought more illumination to Ireland than they carried away; and, though succeeding ages have marked their horror of these northern warriors, it does not appear that the cotemporary Irish, during the three centuries of their occupation, partook in any great degree of this sentiment; for, from the great Brien Boroimhe, down to the meanest of his tributaries, almost every native prince had, at some time or other, sought their alliance, and profited by their arms. In certain stages of society, a maritime invader must, in many respects, be superior to the remote islanders he attacks.

* Dr. Warner was induced, by this reiterated assertion, to apply to the English minister at the court of Denmark on the subject. All the Danish libraries, public and private, royal and ecclesiastical, were searched, but no manuscripts were found: "*qui eussent rapport à l'histoire ancienne d'Irelande.*"

To construct ships, and navigate unknown and boisterous seas, argues not only spirit and enterprise, but considerable progress in the mechanical arts. The northern wars of Charlemagne must have carried much comparative civilization in their train; but the military and political superiority of the Normans—a branch of the same race of sea-kings as that which invaded Ireland—is matter of record and notoriety, and replaces conjecture with acknowledged fact.

The native Irish were never either a commercial or a maritime people;* and, on the showing of their records and chronicles, they received their northern invaders with a deference not altogether due to military success. They called them "Loch Lannaghi," (powerful at sea,) "Fionne Geinte," (or white Gentiles,) "Fionne Gaill," (the fair, or handsome strangers,) and "Gottaice," (at least some of their tribes were so designated;) and the latter name was in such estimation, that it was assumed (says Vallancey) as a surname, by several Irish Princes. Thus Mulruna Got O'Maelscuchlin (O'Macklin) was the presumptive heir to the throne of Tara, in 977: Giolla Got was King of Carbury; and Donald Got M'Carthy was King of Munster in 1252.

All the great maritime cities were built by the Danes. Of these, the most important were Cork and Dublin. In the time of Henry II., the King of Dublin was a Dane; and the northern part of

* Sir W. Petty.

the city to this day bears the Danish name,* while the most cultivated part of the country is, to this day, called Fioun-gail, or Fingal. The language of the sea-kings still prevails on the coast of Wexford; and the barony of Forth is a living monument of their ancient power and supremacy. From their first invasion in 795, till the 12th century, they were called lords or kings of nearly all the maritime districts; their aid was perpetually sought by contending dynasts; and the battle of Clontarf, so valiantly fought on both sides, though it left 4,000 Danes dead on the field, did not deprive them of their long-possessed territories.

But whatever may have been the relative civilization of the Irish natives and their invaders, it is certain that the clergy, exposed to perpetual plunder, called on to arm on the occasion of every feud among the septs, (whose chiefs took the name of kings,) and engaged in an incessant warfare with the rude elements and ruder inhabitants of the unreclaimed island, contributed little or nothing to the civil history of their times. Whatever leisure or security they enjoyed, for intellectual pursuits, was given (according to the learned historian of the Irish Church) to the monastic and legendary lore of the age—to the study and institution of rules

* "Oxmantown," or Ostman's town. This was the name (Ostmanns or Easterlings) by which the invaders designated themselves. Giraldus Cambrensis, Usher, Vallancey, and the other Irish antiquaries, have many pros and cons concerning this name.

for orders, rituals, litanies, canons, the quotation of scriptural texts, and of passages from the Fathers—to the composition of hymns, and the lives and miracles of the saints then most in vogue.

To St. Patrick nothing is attributed but an epistle and a confession: yet what things might he have handed down to posterity concerning the state of Ireland, when, arriving on the coast of Wicklow, he took up his residence at Old Court, near Bray, whence he set forth on his mission to the court of the King of Leinster! A politico-historical work has, indeed, been attributed to St. Patrick, by some antiquaries, which they call "Seanchas Mor" (the Great Antiquity)—a work, in which he was assisted by three saints, three kings, and three bishops (called the Committee of Nine,) and which was approved by the Fes of Timor. But even Dr. Lanigan denies the authenticity of this book.

One of the earliest specimens of sacred biography, was St. Patrick's own life; a metrical memoir, by Fiech, Bishop of Sletty. It was written, I believe, in the seventh century, and is called Fiech's hymn. In the eighth century, the "illustrious Adamnan" wrote the life of St. Column Kill. In the tenth, a life of St. Patrick was written by Coencachor (in Latin called "Probus,") who was "chief lecturer of the school of Slane, which college was built by the Danes in that town." The tripartite life, written by Jocelyn and Colgan, belongs to more advanced ages.

All the saints, it is said, had their own bio-

graphers; while a band of sceptics, called Bolandists by the orthodox, (from Father Boland, their incredulous master,) declare "that the whole Irish Sanctology is a compilation of fables of the eleventh century;" and Dr. O'Connor (an orthodox divine) seems not to differ from this opinion. In a word, the very existence of St. Patrick is now doubted; or, at least, is bandied about from age to age, till Dr. Ledwich introduces his first appearance in Ireland with the Danes in the ninth century.*

Up to the period of the Danish invasion, the church was more actively and usefully employed, than some of her defenders will allow. They were the only agriculturists. Their gardens, vineyards, and bee-hives,† opened an oasis in every desert in which they settled; and, though the Danish clergy of Dublin and the native clergy of Connaught were in perpetual contest for nearly half a century, it appears that their "apostolic blows and knocks" were not dealt in the defence of a dogma, or converted to reciprocal martyrdom. The mildness and true Christian philosophy of the Irish Church is best proved by their having had no martyrology to write.‡

* "He transforms St. Senanus into a river; St. Kevin into a rock; and St. Patrick, the great apostle of the nation, into a nonentity."—*Ecclesiastical History of Ireland.*

† St. Domnach, who brought with him a swarm of bees from Wales, the first in Ireland, seems to have been amongst the most useful saints in the calendar. The monastic rules of Emly allowed a honeycomb, monthly, to each of the brothers.

‡ In Ireland alone, Christianity was not propagated by blood. In a conversation between an Italian monk and the

Still it is asserted, by the "defenders of the faith," who mistake national subserviency for national devotion, that, even at this epoch of turbulence and discomfort, the overflow of learning and piety from Ireland was so overwhelming, that immense emigrations of the intellectual took place in the early part of the twelfth century, and carried their fertilizing influence to the less cultivated societies of other lands. A specimen of these learned emigrants is cited in the person of "one Dermot, an Irishman," who, on his journey from Ireland to Jerusalem, wrote a discourse entitled "Itineraria," (or "Exhortaria,") "in good Latin," says the biographer, who has rescued this Chateaubriand of the twelfth century from oblivion, "and showing that Dermot had studied the Fathers, or, at least, had read some of the works of St. Augustine."

If, however, the saints and sages of Ireland did appear at this epoch in any numbers throughout Europe, other reasons might be assigned for the fact. The church was in danger; the anarchical contests of the Pentarchy were daily increasing; and the Irish hierarchy, at all times the freest, the

Archbishop of Armagh, in 1185, the Italian reproached the Irish Prelate, "that the Irish had no martyrs." The Bishop replied, "It is true that our nation may seem to you barbarous and rude; the Irish have never stretched their hands against the servants of God: but now a nation is come into this kingdom which knows how, and is accustomed to make martyrs. Henceforward Ireland shall, like other countries, have them." (A prophecy fulfilled in the spirit, if not in the letter.)—*See Lynch's Cambrensis Eversus.*

mildest, and the most independent in the Christian world,* were exposed to the perpetual encroachments of the refractory laity.

The decrees of the celebrated Synod of Cashel were neglected and laughed at; the church of Armagh, the seat of the primacy, was burned, with several other inferior churches in the province; and the courageous denunciations of the clergy, though occasionally productive of some effect, were for the most part disregarded.† All the combinations of a society so rude and clannish were then breaking up by their own pressure. Every chief would be a king for life; and the brave, devoted, but infatuated people were the victims of this fatal ambition, and the anti-national disunion it originated.‡

* When Cardinal Paparo visited Ireland, in this century, he "ordered, in virtue of his apostolic authority, that the tithes should be paid;" but on this point he was very badly obeyed. It is certain that tithes were very little, if at all, exacted, till after the establishment of the English power. The Irish also refused the payment of the Peter's pence.

† The Synod of Armagh had declared that the misfortunes then falling on Ireland were a judgment on the country, for the Irish purchasing from the English their children for slaves. The children were, it is said, liberated and sent back to their unnatural parents. Such were the good old times of "merry England" and poetical Ireland.

‡ "But, that the reader unacquainted with Irish history may not be startled at such a multitude of kings appearing in one province, (Munster had nineteen, 'all alive and kicking,' says an Irish ballad,) he is to know that every subordinate prince, or head of a large tribe or tract of country, amongst the Irish, carried the title of king, and did effectually

At length, Roderick O'Connor, assuming the supreme monarchy, and the several tributary princes taking part for or against him, as their interests or fancies dictated, plunged Ireland in a civil war but too favourable to a foreign invasion; and Roderick, deposing the King of Leinster, and seizing his province, (on pretence of avenging the injuries of his friend O'Ruara, Prince of Brefny,) drove the desperate Toparch to seek restitution to power through the invasion of his country by the Anglo-Normans.

From that moment Ireland fell under the power, and was subjected to the cruel policy of England, though not indeed under the control of the English government (which, even in the time of Elizabeth, was scarcely respected beyond the narrow limits of the pale); while the Irish church became subject to the see of Rome. This was Ireland's first and greatest historical event, witnessed by cotemporary nations sufficiently enlightened to bear evidence to the facts. It was an event beyond the rhyming records of the family genealogist, or the lyric Cronan of the bard: and it found an historian — a native historian—who, an eye-witness of the event he relates, gave its details with a simplicity, an impartiality, and a freshness, rarely found in mo-

exercise all sorts of sovereign power in his territories — even that of making war and peace, not only with his equals, but even with the chief king of the whole province, whenever he found himself able to form a sufficient party against him."— "Dissertation on the Laws of the Ancient Irish," by Gen. Vallancey.

dern historiographers, from the falsifying De Thou to the eulogizing Voltaire. This Irishman was Maurice O'Regan, surnamed "the Latiner," whose own private story illustrates much of the peculiar state of Ireland at the time he wrote, and whose manner of transmitting his history to posterity is as curious as the story he relates. Some account of this author, and extracts from his works, may not be deemed out of place in a series of articles consecrated to the subject of Irish Histories.

IRISH HISTORIANS.

No. II.

MAURICE REGAN, CALLED THE LATINER.

THE state of Ireland, moral and political, at the close of the twelfth century — the epoch of the Anglo-Norman invasion — presents a page in the history of the middle ages, at once curious and little perused; and a brief reference to its more general outlines may not be here out of place, as an illustration of the only native lay historian which the ancient literature of the country has produced.

A population broken up into septs, distracted by rival chiefs, and divided into castes, marked in perpetuity by hereditary pretensions, or by transmitted disabilities, (for genius and divine grace, literature, and the Church, were the patrimonial properties of particular families), could not be said to possess a political government. The worst abuses of feudality, which had crept into the institutions of the land by a process so slow and obscure as to baffle the attempts of antiquaries to fix the epoch of their introduction, assisted to strengthen the

clannish influence of the toparchy, by adding the blind obedience of the soldier to the devoted submission of the follower. "Every rood" of Irish ground at this period maintained its "king," whose petty, but ruthless warfare spread desolation over the land.

At the head of this wild republic of kings, was the titular supreme monarch of Ireland, whose barren sceptre had been wielded for centuries successively by the O'Briens and the O'Connors, and was still held on the arrival of Henry II., by Roderick O'Connor. But the power of the Ard-Riagh (or arch-king) was a mere abstraction: it never conferred on its fated possessors the means of curbing the excesses of the provincial despots, their tributary princes, or the toparchy at large. The personal genius, or military prowess of an individual, as in the instance of Brian Boromhe, decided the substantial supremacy; but few even of the most powerful died a natural death. "Of two hundred kings," (says a native and very national writer), * "one hundred and seventy fell prematurely, and by violence."

The next in rank to the Ard-Riagh, were the provincial kings, or chiefs of the seven provinces. † These were the monarchs who reigned over a third class of little kings, each the petty tyrant of his own domain, who was paid by immense largesses, for his

* Peter Welch.

† Some historians say five, others seven.

military services to his superior.* The King of Munster had eighteen of these rebellious *roitelets* to deal with, who acknowledged in him no jurisdiction over their own immediate subjects, while they themselves abjured their allegiance to him on the most frivolous pretexts.

The fourth rank included the tiernachs, or caenfinnies, or heads of clans,† the gentry of the realm, influential over their own septs by hereditary devotion, and by that tie so binding in Ireland—the tie of blood and fosterage. The most miserable and squalid, of the same name as the chief, was qualified by his gentility for idleness or war, and felt in common with him an utter contempt for mechanic labour.

The fifth class were the victims of soccage and villanage — the mass of the people, who were as "*taillables et corvéables à merci et miséricorde,*" as the French serfs, or Saxon villains of the same epoch.

The sixth class were slaves: military subordination (tempered by the occasional interference of the Church, which maintained by its canons the privilege of giving shelter to the oppressed) was in full activity; while the laws of tanaistry and gavelkind (no longer applicable to the state of society)

* These form the subject of a census often quoted by antiquaries:—the "Leabhar-na-gceart," or Book of Rights.

† Down to a very recent period these chiefs were known as the Clan-Brasil, Clan-Rikard, Clan-Boys, &c., &c., which have now passed into modern titles.

rendered confusion worse confounded, and were subversive of all order and peace; "so that no prince was safe in his little kingdom, no toparch in his rath: no man could enjoy his life or wife, his lands or goods, if a mightier than himself had an appetite to take them."

In addition to this naked exertion of brute force, were many conventional and tradional institutes, which drove the people to beggary and despair, and made civilization retrograde. These were the well-known bye-laws of bonnaght-borr, or free-quarters at discretion, for the toparch and his army, or an equivalent in money: bonnaght-beg, or a commutation of free-quarters by provisions, or payment in kind, sent to the chief: gilly-corn, or entertainment for man and beast gratis: cuddy, or bed and supper for the chief and suite when travelling; and lastly, coshering, or the visitation of progressing kings, and their *kernity* (or cavalry) horses, and horse-boys; with cuttings, and taillage, and cessing —the wasting and spoiling the property of the industrious at the pleasure of the chieftain.* It was thus that the standing army of Ireland, the "Kerns and Gallow-glasses," were paid; while regular imposts were levied on the people four times a year; the whole combining such a mass of oppression, as rendered not only the masses, but the majority of

* Traces of all these customs were observable in Ireland as recently as the middle of the last century. Even now, every one of the terms are in use among the provincial peasantry.

the toparchs, ready for the admission of any invader who might bring change, or disturb the "social order" then established. *

The "poor Irish" of the twelfth century, like the poor Irish of the eighteenth, consoled themselves by talking of their fine old brehon laws, of their heroic pagan times, and of the learning and piety of their first Christians; and they, too, like their modern anti-types, reposed upon remote epochs of historic greatness, though none could fix the period to which they referred, by cotemporary authority, or by collateral proof.

The brehon laws, even at this time, were falling into abuse or desuetude; partly, perhaps, by their inapplicability to existing circumstances, and partly through the want of a key to the ancient or Pheneian dialect, in which they are said to have been composed. This dialect O'Connor states to have been confined to the brehons (or lawyers) themselves, and to have been lost to the community. A key for expounding the mystic tongue was said to have been in the keeping of a branch of the sept of Mac Egans, "who kept a law school" in Tipperary, † as recently as the reign of Charles I.; but

* The Church led the way in submission; and in the famous synod held in King Cormac's Chapel at Cashel, the bishops of Ireland gave a sealed charter to Henry II., conferring on him and his heirs the kingdom. This charter was confirmed by Pope Alexander.

† The influence of the brehon law was maintained in this county almost to modern times; and even now the peasantry

even if the fact were so, the treasure was reserved for the profession; and the ignorance of the laity must have left the law open to every abuse.

In such a state of things, the useful and mechanic arts were necessarily unknown; and the fine arts must have been at a much lower ebb. Not one fragment of poetry or music remains, to attest the superiority in these sister studies attributed to the old times. From evidence supplied by the modern researches of antiquaries, it has been proved that the Irish had neither domestic nor religious edifices of lime and stone, until long after the settlement of the Danes, whose stone crypts (built by these Papal Catholics for the conservation of the relics which they first imported into Ireland) were called temples or churches. At a time of perpetual change,* when every thing was exposed to the desolations of incessant warfare, the taste for expensive though durable edifices could not well arise. There was then no trade, no corporate communities: the villages were scattered huts, irregular and remote,

adopt by agreement some of its dispensations relative to the transmission of property. With respect to the language in which these laws were written, General Vallancy made a guess (but confesses himself unable to do more) at the meaning of some of them. O'Flaherty, who wrote in 1684, says there was then a MS. extant, called the "Brethe-Meme," or Celestial Judgments, dated 647; but he attempted no translation, though he was a pupil of the Mac Firbes, the last of the brehons known to exist.

* The ancient usage of Ireland was, that, on the death of any landed proprietor, the whole possessions of the family of

sheltered by an impending wood, or defended by a rampart of earth, with such barriers as felled trees might afford. The house or palace of the chief differed from that of his dependent, only by the superior solidity of its wooden frame, or its greater extent.

To men whose lives were spent in the field as hunters or as warriors, their wattled edifices sufficed, while their woods served them for fortifications. A few earthen forts, and lime-stone towers of Danish origin, were, in fact, their highest acquisition in military architecture. "Perched on lofty edifices, the forts of the Firbolgs resembled aeries of ravenous birds, and were well termed *nids de tyrannie*." In this state the Irish were found by their English invaders; and of the golden-roofed palace of Emania, (the Alhambra of the Keatinges, the O'Flahertys, and the O'Hallorans), not a trace even of the site remains. The "stone church of Bangor," then recently erected by the Archbishop of Armagh, was deemed a standing miracle of art. A very national and patriotic antiquary, John Lynch, who wrote in 1662, attributes to the Danes the erection of the round towers: these were called Cloch-Theah, or House of Bells. Peter Walsh is also of

which he was a member, were put together, to be again divided among the survivors by the Caenfinny or chief. The justice of these divisions was often disputed, which gave occasion for endless feuds, and, like the "land-shifting" of the Germans, was the parent of many murders and civil wars.—*See Warner, p.* 116.

the same opinion; * which is further supported by Sir W. Petty, Dr. Warner, Ledwich, and most of the dispassionate writers on this obscure subject.

The principal towns of Ireland were on the sea-coast, and were in the possession of the Danes, by whom they were raised and defended. The Danes had "kings in every province of Ireland;" and as far back as 1033, Siteric, King of Dublin, was sufficiently powerful to erect his good city of Dublin (the second in the land) into a see; and the first bishop appointed was a Dane. On the arrival of Henry II., the chief of the Kavanaghs, the celebrated Mac Murroch, was King of Leinster, and Mac Turkill, the Dane, was King of Dublin and of the north-east district of Fingal. †

* It is to be observed that these two writers were Irish Catholic ecclesiastics, and highly national in their leanings and opinions. John Lynch was a secular priest, and titular archdeacon of Tuam. His most celebrated work is his "Cambrensis Eversus," a violent contradiction of Gerald Barry; who, however, had the advantage of writing of his own times, and putting down what he himself saw or heard passing near him: whereas, Lynch saw through the dim vista of five hundred years. Peter Walsh, a celebrated Irish writer of the seventeenth century, was a Franciscan friar. Among his numerous national works, his "Prospect of the State of Ireland from the year of the world, 1756, to the year of Christ, 1172," is the most curious.

† Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, who corresponded with Ireland to forward the interests of the Pope, addressed both the cotemporaneous kings; styling Gothric "the glorious king," and Turlogh "the magnificent King of Ireland." This *imperium in imperio* seems to have been (in modern *par-*

The dress and personal appearance of the Irish, beyond all other circumstances of their social state, seem most to have struck "the gallants" of King Henry's army. It is, however, necessary to remark, that the needy adventurers, who are described by their cotemporary historian as coming in "three skippes," were not of that simple and rude Saxon race, between whom and the Irish there had been considerable friendly intercourse and many common traits. They (the chiefs, at least, of the enterprise) were Norman soldiers of fortune, with whom the Conqueror and his successors had filled their courts and camps. The prefixes of Fitz, De, and Le, attached to their names, show that there was not one English family of note among them. The Fitzgeralds, with their long train of subordinate Fitz's, the De Courcis, the De Lacys, Le Gros, Le Despencers, and Monte Moriscos, were French in all their qualities and habits, and much more opposed to the native Irish, than the neighbouring population of Northumberland, Scotland, and Wales.

The Normans are described as being "delicately fed and elegantly clad." Cambrensis says, they

lance) a great bore. The King of Leinster had a neighbourly hatred for the Danish "viceroy over him." In the time of Mac Murroch, it became a personal pique, through the wounded filial affection of the Irish king: "For his father being on a tyme at Dublyn, and sitting at the door of an ancient man of the city, they not only murdered him, but, in contempt, buried him with a dog."

were "all gallant, with coats to the mid-knee, heads shorn, arm laden with bracelets, and faces painted;" a species of barbarous refinement that must have offered a strong contrast with the wild but manly and picturesque appearance of the Irish chiefs of half-naked septs, whose fierce countenances were shaded by bushy glibs and long coolins (mustachios and matted locks) and were surmounted by conic caps, or berets. The Irish were habited in many-coloured mantles of coarse woollen, with the short falla, or doublet, of the same material, and the close-fitting braccæ, or modern pantaloon. They rushed forth from their gloomy woods, armed with a spear or pike, which they dexterously wielded with their nervous grasp, while their high and lofty bearing in a first encounter showed them to be men used to power, and proud of undisputed control. *

Of the state of literature at this important epoch, when the history of Ireland truly began, all that is known renders the work of Maurice Regan, the Commines of the Leinster dynasty, more precious

* Two centuries later, when the provincial kings did homage to King Richard, Froissart says, "*ces roys estoyent bien paris, d'affubler un mantel d'Irelande.*" The king, displeased with their appearance, clothed them from his own wardrobe with "linen breeches, and gowns of silk furred with miniver and grey:" but the chiefs soon threw off their fealty and their foreign accoutrements together, and in less than half a century the descendants of the Norman invaders adopted, with Irish feelings and interests, the very dress at which their fathers had scoffed.

and singular. If, at any period subsequent to the introduction of Christianity, the lay or profane learning of those dark ages had found its way into Ireland, and had been cultivated by the clergy with assiduity and success, it had totally disappeared under the discouraging state of things, produced by the frequent invasions of the Danes and the domestic anarchy of the native toparchs. The physical aspect of the country and its inhabitants, as betrayed in the few striking particulars enumerated in the preceding paragraphs, is perfectly incompatible either with the tranquil pursuits of civilization, or with the diffusion of such comforts and conveniences as a real progress of knowledge inevitably introduces.

It is possible that, on the dismemberment of the Roman empire, and the overflow of a warlike and barbarous population upon the south of Germany, Gaul, and Lombardy, many learned ecclesiastics might have sought safety in Britain and Ireland, carrying into the monastic establishments of those remote countries the lights of their age. In the seventh century, the barbarous policy of Rome was directed against all learning; and the burning of the precious Palatine library, by Pope Gregory, put the seal to this persecution. At this period, the mild doctrines of the Culdee monks of Ireland, the security of their wood-embosomed monasteries, and the freedom of the Irish church from papal dominion, would have rendered that country a desirable

asylum for the free-thinking and literary spirits of the Continent.

It is further possible that, on the resettlement of Europe under Charlemagne, and the eruption of the north-men on the shores of Ireland, a revulsion of emigration might have brought Irish ecclesiastics of note back to the south. Amidst the shades of darkness a small flame shines far and bright, and the acquirements of these Irish exiles might have been highly estimated by their foreign cotemporaries. * But the fame of this oft-cited epoch of Irish story, and of its literary heroes, has most probably been much exaggerated; for if any civilization, approaching in the slightest degree to modern notions of literature and the arts, had been made in Ireland during the eighth and following centuries, it is inconceivable that it should so totally have disappeared, and left no trace behind it in the twelfth.

Of the far-famed Irish literati of those days, Ware, arduous, credulous, and national as he was, has collected little more than hearsays; and the

* Ware, amongst other instances, mentions Albin, a reputed Irishman of the ninth century, who forsook his country to avoid the horrors of war, and passed into France with his companion Clement, crying aloud to the inhabitants, "If any body wants wisdom, let him come to us and receive it, for we have it to sell." Herweek, a monk of St. Germain l'Auxerre, observes, that at this epoch almost all Ireland, despising the dangers of the sea, resorted to the French court with a numerous train of philosophers, to put themselves in the service of "our wise Solomon" (Charlemagne).

titles of their imputed writings, and his voluminous work, only prove that the Irish writers of the twelfth century, like those which preceded them, were confined in their subjects very closely to the learning of the Church. The Irish writers of note, whom the industry of Ware and his continuators has been able to rescue from the oblivion of time, were Congan, a monk, and afterwards abbot of Suir, who "is said to have written" (1150) the life of Malachi, Bishop of Armagh, and the acts of St. Bernard, "according to Thady Dowling;" Murry O'Corman, abbot of Knock, who wrote the Supplement to the Martyrology of Engus, 1171, "in most elegant Irish," says Colgan; Concubran, a learned ecclesiastic, who composed the life of St. Moninna, the Virgin, in three books, with two "alphabetical hymns" in her praise; Eugene, bishop of Ardmore, and suffragan to the Archbishop of Cashel, wrote the life of St. Cuthbert. Such were the principal literati, and such the learning, upon which the Irish authorship of the twelfth century expended its forces; and such was the bent, capacity, and extent of intellect at that period, all over Europe.

It was at this epoch that an Irish gentleman, or tiernach of the sept of the Regans, was driven by his necessities to become the secretary, or, as it was termed, "the servant and interpreter" to Mac Murroch, King of Leinster. That a layman should be so learned as to be capable of such an office, was a singular fact in itself. The King, his master, probably could not even write: it appears, indeed,

that, in the absence of his secretary, "being lodged in the abbey of Ferns, the King commanded the abbot to write a letter, which he subscribed, and to deliver it to one of his monks to carry it to Murroch O'Beirne." But, whether this subscription were a sign manual, or, as is most likely, only a mark, is uncertain; and, in either case, it may be inferred, without much risk of error, that the King himself had not "the pen of a ready writer."

Maurice Regan was a person of rank in his country, descended from ancestors, who were chieftains of a considerable territory, called, after them, Hy Ryan, or O'Ryan's country, "which is now the Barony of Tennyhinch, in the Queen's County."* But, sharing the common fate of the petty chieftains of that age, he was driven out of his territories by his "encroaching neighbours"—a mild phrase for one neighbour destroying another's property by fire and sword.

The learning which proved so great a resource to the discomfited chief, procured him the *sobriquet* of "the Latiner," or one learned in the Latin tongue. Received into the service of his sovereign at that momentous conjecture, when Mac Murroch was dispossessed of his kingdom by O'Connor, the supreme monarch, the secretary was raised to the importance of an ambassador. His first mission was to Wales, to solicit aid for the recovery of his master's kingdom; an invitation which he readily accepted. His second embassy was to Asculph

* Sir George Carew.

Mac Turkill, the Danish King of Dublin, to "command him to yield his kingdom of Dublyn to the English besiegers."

Regan continued an eye-witness of all the facts of an event so inauspicious, yet so important, from that time till the death of his unfortunate master; and his manner of recording them has in it all that internal evidence which ever accompanies the truth. His chronicle opens with an account of the power and the wrongs of his hero, and details the incidents of the Anglo-Norman invasion, as they occurred, down to the first siege of the Danish settletlement of Limerick—an interval of three years. He confines himself rigorously to what he saw passing around him, and rarely touches upon those circumstances beyond the evidence of his senses, which were afterwards given by Gerald Barry, the secretary of the Earl of Worcester.

The only languages then familiarly known, were Latin and Irish. The Chronicle of Regan, it should seem, was composed in the former; but it was put into French (Norman) metre, by one of his new friends—the Norman adventurers. The account of the fact is thus given by the translator, in a dialect as curious as the subject itself:—

Par soen demande, Latinner
E moi conta de son Historie
Dunt far ici la memorie.
Morice Regan erat celui;
Buche à buche parla à lui
Ric et geste indita,
La storie de lui me mostra.

Je (deja) il Morice erat Latiuner
Al Re,—Re Murcher.
Ici livrai del Bacheler
Del Re Dermod vous vois il conter.

Another curious specimen of this rare document, is the description of Earl Strongbow's gift of his newly-acquired lands to his daughter, and to her husband, his brother adventurer, Robert de Quincy:—

La fille, la dite Marie
La don à Robert de Quincy.
I loe estoit le marriage
Vicent (voici) fut le Baronage
A Robert (la donat) de Quincy
E tut le Duffer, altressi
Le constabel de Leynstere,
Et l'enseigne et le banniere.*

Next to the French translation (the French spoken by the Fitzgeralds, De Lacys, &c. &c. of the twelfth century,) the English version by Sir G. Carew is most notable. It is the good prose spoken and written in Queen Elizabeth's Court; and it is remarkable, that the orthography indicates a pronunciation of particular words, which is that of the

* The portion here mentioned, was the Duffren, a tract of country still, I believe, so called, in Wexford; and separated from the county of Carlow, by the ridge of hills called Mount Leinster.. The Duffren afterwards became the property of the Colcloughs. The "constabel" was the civil authority, the "banniere" the military government; in fact, the whole regal authority of the district, which was the original nucleus of the Pale.

ancient Catholic families, and of many of the remote provincial Irish, to this day. Camden has done the honours by the learning, the library, and the antiquarian acquirements of this accomplished statesman; and particularly praises him for the light he threw on the affairs and the antique lore of Ireland. (Brit. p. 506, An. 1340.) During his ministry in Ireland, Sir George is said to have collected forty-two volumes of Irish tracts.

The history of the invasion by Maurice Regan, with three other tracts almost equally valuable, was translated by Sir George Carew himself. The originals are said to have fallen into the hands of the Earl of Clarendon during the civil wars. From this family they were purchased by the Duke of Chandos; and they were again sold and dispersed; and have, perhaps, escaped from the eye of future inquirers for ever. Thus rendered doubly interesting by their translator, (like a relic in a precious shrine) they recall two epochs most important to Ireland — the English invasion, when they were written, and the iron reign of Elizabeth, when they were translated. It commences as follows:—

"Dermond, kyng of Leinster, was a powerful prince; he invaded O'Neal and the Kyng of Meath, compelled theime to gyve hostages, and constrained O'Kerrall to send hym his son for a pledge into Leinster. At that tyme O'Rory kyng of Lethevin,*

* Lethevin, better known by the name of Breifne. The details of this story, and some of the names of the parties, are differently given by Keating, who wrote after the lapse of some centuries.

whose country was woody and full of boggs, had to wyfe the daughter of M'Laghlin Mac Colman kyng of Meath, a fair and lovely lady, entirely beloved of Dermond kyng of Leinster, who also hated O'Rory for an affront which his man Min had received at Lethnuth in his country. Dermond, by letres and messingers, pursued her love with suche fervency, as in the end shee sent him word that shee was ready to obey and yeld to his will, appointed hym a tyme and place where he shuld find her; and prayeing him to come soe strongly, as that he mought by force take her away with him.

"Dermond presently assembled his forces, and marched into the countrey of Lethevin; at Tirmbruin he found this lady, tooke her awaye with him, spoiled the countrey, and returned with victory and content into Fernes. O'Rory, full of griefe and rage, addressed hymself unto the Kyng of Connaght, complaining of the wrong and scorne done unto hym by the Kyng of Leinster, and entreating his aid in the revenge of so grete an outrage. O'Connor kyng of Connaght, moved with honour and compassion, promised him succour; and presently he dispatched messingers to the King of Ossory—unto M'Laghlin king of Meath—to Hesculph Mac Turkill lord of Dublin—and Murrough O'Birne: wyth whome he too muche prevailed, as they turned heads upon their lord king Dermond. The Kyng of Leinster, seeing hymself forsaken of his kinsmen, friends, servants, and principal followers, hauing sume more confidence in Murrough

O'Birne than in the rest, tooke horse and rode to speak with hym. King Dermond being returned to Fernes, and lodged in the Abbey of Fernes dedicated to the blessed Virgin Mary, commanded the Abbot to write a letre whiche he subscribed, and to deliver it to one of his monks, to carry it to Murrough O'Birne, hoping thereby to perswade him to a meeting.

"The monke being dispatched, dischargid the trust imposed upon him soe well, as that he deliveried the letre to O'Birne. The King followid the monke, and at a wood-side saw Murrough O'Birne; who, beholdinge the Kyng, menaced him presently to depart, or else he would repent it. The distressid Kyng, almost distracted with greife and anger, returned to Fernes; and, fearing to be betrayed there, and delivered by hys people unto the King of Connaght, resolved to abandon his countrey; and instantly, without delay, he went to Horkesun, where he imbarqued hymself for England, having in his company no other man of marke then Awliffe O'Kinade, and about sixty persons. With a prosperous gale he arrived at Bristoll, and was lodged, with all his companie, in the house of Robert Harding at St. Augustin's; where, after some staie, he addressed his journey towards France, to speake with Kyng Henry, who then had warr in that kingdom with the French Kyng. (A.D. 1168.)

"When he came to the presence of Kyng Henry, he related at large unto hym the cause of his comyng, telling hym that his vassals had forsaken

him, that he was forced to runne into exile, and beseechinge hym to gyve him aide, whereby he mought be restorid to his inheritaunce; which, yf it shuld plese him in his goodness to graunt, he would acknowledge hym to be his lorde, and serve him faithfully during his life. This petifull relation of the distressed Kyng so much movid Kyng Henry to compassion, as that he promised him aid, and willed him to return to Bristoll, there to remayne untill he herd further from him; and withall he wrote to Robert Hardinge, requireing hym to receve Kyng Dermond and his follówers into his house, and to intreat them with all the courtesie and humanatie he could; whereof Robert failed in nothing.

"Aftir that Kyng Dermond had remained more than a moneth in Bristoll, and seeing no hope of aide from Kyng Henry, weary of delaye and comfortless, he went to the Erle Richard, intreating succours from hym, and promising, that yf by his means he mought be re-established in his kyngdome, that he would gyve him his daughter to wife, and with her the whole kyngdome of Leinster for his inheritaunce. The Erle, tickled with so fair an offer, made answeare, that if he culd obteyne leeve of the Kyng his master, he would not fail to assiste him in his person, and bringe sufficiaunt aid; but, for the present, he desired to be excused; for, unless the Kyng would give his assent therunto, he durst not entertaine a business of that importance. This faire and discreet answear so well contentid

the exiled Kyng, as he solemnly sware, that whensoever the Erle did bringe aide unto hym, he wuld gyve him his daughter in marriage, and, after his death, the kyngdome of Leinster. These conditions being agreed on either party, Dermond departid, and went to St. David's, where he staid untill shipping was provided to transport hym to Ireland.

"In the meane tyme, while the banished Kynge's shipping was in prepareing, he was advised to goe and visit a king in Wales, called Rice, to desyre hym to enlardge out of his prison a gentilman callid Robert Fitz-Stephen; but how the said Robert was taken, or for what offence imprisoned, I doe not understand; but that he was enlargid by King Rice at the request of the Kyng of Leinster, I am well assured. Having obteyned his request, he returned to St. David's, carrying no more Englishmen with him than one gentilman, called Richard Fitz-Godabert, who had many good parts in him, but so slenderly attended, as they were of small use for King Dermond when he came into Ireland; wherefore he licenced them to depart home.

"The Kynge of Leinster, findinge it to be an impossibiiity for hym to recovir his kyngdome, and to prevaile in hys designs, without aid out of England, dispatched his trusty servaunt and interpreter Maurice Regan with letres into Wales, and with auctority in his name to promise all souche as would come to serve hym in his wars in Ireland, large recompence in landes of inheritaunce to souche as wuld staye in the country; and to those that wuld

returne, he wuld gyve them good entertainment eyther in money or in cattle.

"As soone as these promises were divulged, men of all sortes, and from divers places, preparid themselves to go into Ireland: first, especially, Robert Fitz-Stephen, a man of good esteeme in Wales, who had lately been enlargid out of prison by the mediation of Dermond, undertooke the imployment; and, with hym, nine or ten knights of good account —namely, Meiler Fitz-Henry; Meyler Fitz-David, son of the Bushoppe of St. David's; Maurice de Prindergrast; Henry de Momorecy; and others whose names I do not know; being, in all, neere aboute the number of three hundredth horsemen.

"This little army, transported in three ships, landed at a place called Bann, not far from the town of Weixford, from whence they immediately dispatched messingers unto Kynge Dermond to give him notice of their arrival; who, without delay, repaired unto theme, and imbrasing theme with much joye, and rendering theime thainkes for their travile they had taken. That night they encamped by the sea-side. The next daye Dermond and the English marched directly to Weixford, and instantly gave an assault unto the toune, in the whiche eighteen Englishe were slain, and of the defaunts only three. Nevertheless, the tounsmen perceavinge themselves to be unable to make any long defence, demande parle; which being graunted, they offered hostages to the Kyng, and to sware, from thince

forward, to be evermore his loyal vassalls. By the advice of the English, the conditions were accepted, and the town of Weixford rendered ytself unto Dermond; which done, he went to Fernes, as well to cure his hurt men as to feast the English, where they rested three weeks.

"Then Dermond called to hym Robert Fitz-Stephen and Maurice de Prindergast, tellinge theme howe mouche they and their nation were feared by the Irish; wherefore he had a purpose to invade the Kyng of Ossery his mortal enemy, and to chastise hym; but furste, he required their advise and consent: who answered, that they came to that lond to no othir end then to serve him in his warrs, and that they wuld not forsake him in any interprise whatsoever he would undertake. Dermond assembled with grete expedition all his forces, to the number of thre thousande, besides the thre hundreth English, and marched towards Ossery. When he was entred into the countrey, they found that Donald kyng of Ossery plashed a pace, made large and deep trenches in the same, wythe hedges upon thim, and manned with five thousande men, through which pace his enemies of necessitie must passe. Dermond's troops gave upon the trenches: the fight indured from morninge until night, but at last, by the valour of the English, the trenches were forced, the enemie discomfitted, but with much slaughter on eyther side.

"Then Dermond's light men harissed and burnt all the country, and returned with a huge prey.

Dermond, knoweing the strenght of the countrie, and the danger they shulde meete with all upon ther retreit, called unto hym Robert Fitz-Stephen, Maurice de Prindergast, Henry de Momorecy, and all the English of qualitye, prayeinge theme to be well upon their gard; for, in their retreit, they were to pass a dangerause pace. Accordinge to his direction, the English prepared themselves to fight: the Kynge, for his safetye, put hymself into their battallion; his son Donnell Kevannagh he commanded, with forty-three Kinsellagh's men, to be in the forlorne hope; the rest of his forces, which were seventeen hundreth, mingled not with the English; for they mistrusted suche as could runne like the winde. Donnell Kevenagh was no sooner entred the pace, but the enemye asseyled hym, and he was enforced to shelter himself undir the English. After the fight had continued three hours, Prince Donald's men (they of Ossorey) began to faint, gave ground, and roone away; nevertheless, in an instant they rallied againe, and made a newe head.

"In the interim, the English horse and foote were gotton into a lowe moorish ground, wherein Donald assured himselfe to have a faire day upon theme. Maurice de Prindergast, apprehending the danger they were in, with a lowde voice callid upon his companions: — 'Let us,' sayd he, 'withstand our enemies, and free ourselves out of this bottome. We are well armed, and they are naked. If we may recover hard ground, we shall be freed from perrill,

and there is no doubt but they be ours; or, at the least, we shall die with honour.' Then he called upon one named Robert Smith :—'Take,' said he, 'fifty soldiers, and lye in ambush in yonder thichett, and move not untill the Irishe be past: if they will charge youe, we will come to your succour:' which direction was immediately obeyed.

"Donald and his men, whiche were about two thousande, conceavinge that the English began to faint, came boldly on, passed the ambush, (who, being soe fewe, dirst not stir,) and gave a furious charge. Dermond, then fearing that all was lost, prayed Maurice to have a care to succor those whiche were left in ambush. 'Be not dismayed,' said Maurice; 'when it shall be needful, I will have care to relieve theme.'

"The Irish, with grete eagerness, continued the skirmish: continually chardged them upon thir retreit, untill they had recoverid hard grund. Then Maurice Prindergast, Robert Fitz-Stephen, Meyler Fitz-Henry, Miles Fitz-David, Henry Momorecey, with other English knights, turned upon the men of Ossery, and, in a moment, they were discomfited. All of them did admiredlye well, but Miles Fitz-Henry deserved the most honnor. When the Irishe that were with Dermond (who, all the time of the fight, for feare, had hydden themselves in the wood) sawe the enemy broken, they followed the chase, and fell to the executione of Donald's men. Two hundreth and twenty were slaine, whose heads were

presented to Dermond; and manye also afterwards died of their hurts."*

The vicissitudes of a warfare so unequal form the subject of the remainder of this veracious chronicle of the royal historiographer. The alternate victories of the traitor Dermod M'Murroch over his unfortunate countrymen by aid of foreign arms; the resistance of some of the bravest of the Irish chieftains, such as the O'Tooles and O'Biernes of the county of Wicklow; the base or politic submission of others, King Dermod's own insolence on his success, "being growne proud of his victories, and giving discontents to the English, in so much that Maurice de Prendergast, with two hundreth soldiers, went to Wexford, with a resolution there to embarque;" all ended, less indeed in the defeat of the Irish party, than in their voluntary submission, given, like those of the Church, in sealed charters.†

The English adventurers established themselves in the fairest territories of the beautiful province of Leinster, the only part of the island which England really possessed, up to the time of Queen Elizabeth. Many owed their grants to Dermod himself, according to his secretary, who says, "King Dermod, in respect of good services done unto him by Robert Fitz-Stephen, gave him the town of Wexford; and

* Cambrensis relates, that King Dermond, searching among these heads for an enemy to whom he bore immortal hatred, found it; then, seizing it by the hair, he bit it with implacable vengeance.

† See Molyneux, Case of Ireland.

the Carig adjoining unto it he bestowed upon Maurice Fitz-Gerald." But the greater portion were made by "the Erle," who gave back to the family of Murroch some of their own territory, for Regan says—

> "Liquens le ad tunc graute
> De o Kinshela la regne;
> De Leinster, le pleis vaillant
> O Dermot Kavanach le fils Dermot.

"The Erle, not being unmindful to reward those who deserved well," gave to Moriaghoch (an Irish ally) the territory of the Kinshelaghs; and to Dermot Kavenagh, the son of the King, the plains of Leinster. To Maurice Fitzgerald he gave Naas and Philan, the territory of the Mac Kelas; while among the De Cogans, De Lacys, Le Gros, and the chief of his Norman captains, he divided the rest of the province. Of these, Cambrensis says, "they were presently called Kynges; the manner of Ireland being to call every lord of a countrie King of the same, whereas in truth there be but six Kyngs; Meath, Leinster, Desmond, Munster, Connaught, and Ulster."

The frequent recalls of the Norman adventurers to England by the jealousy of Henry II., and their frequent return to Ireland by the defection of the natives, filled up the first three years of this singular invasion, until the siege of Limerick in 1173, "when," says Sir G. Carew, "ends the fragment;" —perhaps one of the most curious and best authenticated of any chronicle extant.

LETTER FROM A YOUNGER BROTHER.

Sir,

When a man has been accustomed from his birth to move in one particular sphere of life only, and has had no opportunity of correcting his opinions by mixing generally with his species, the incongruities and absurdities of the world's arrangements scarcely touch him. Whatever is habitual seems natural and inevitable; and it enters not into his thoughts that things could be otherwise.

Such has long been the state of my mind respecting primogeniture; and, although an ungracious thought has, I confess, sometimes arisen touching the extent to which I should profit by my elder brother's "slipping his wind," together with some occasional repinings that I had not taken precedence of him in my entry into life, yet it never occurred to me to imagine any other possible disposition of property, than that which gave him all, and left me and the rest of the younkers nothing.

From this condition of thought I was awakened rather abruptly, by a conversation at which I was

present the other evening, between a foreign professor of law and my elder brother, who represents the rank, and enjoys the estates long hereditary in our family. My curiosity was intensely roused, when the professor, after some general remarks on the anomalies in our political institutions, and their want of harmony with our prevailing love of liberty, illustrated his theme by a reference to our law of succession.

The opinions of this foreigner were of the cast which the members of our family censure as revolutionary; for, like most of the great aristocratic houses, our's has always been sufficiently haughty and exclusive in its notions.

With that timidity, so common to the natives of the despotic states of the continent, or perhaps through the politeness of a travelled gentleman, he was, at first, rather unwilling to speak out in the presence of strangers, whose opinions, he felt, could not be in unison with his own; but, being pressed on the point by my brother, and encouraged by a sort of wondering attention in his auditors, he at length entered at large into the bad consequences which, as he imagined, proceed from the establishment of the right of eldership, in the distribution of property.

His statements were any thing but relished by the company he addressed, whose ideas on this point (derived from the cradle) were strengthened and confirmed, on this occasion, by the authoritative support of a reviewing lord, and of an official

M.P., known also to be in close connexion with a high-flying journal. To these persons, the professor's notions, both of the end of good government, and of the possibility of attaining it, without the preponderance of a powerful landed aristocracy, appeared supereminently *mauvais-ton*. And the sneers of the diplomatic peer, and the broad, hoaxing earnestness of the pert commoner, would have put an abrupt end to the debate, if their opponent, being a foreigner, had not been wholly unacquainted with these truly English logical weapons, and, therefore, unconscious alike of their rudeness and their meaning. Accordingly, he continued to develop his ideas, and to bring forward his argument with calmness and clearness; and, notwithstanding the indisputable proof of their insufficiency, afforded by the reception they encountered from the great coryphæi of our political adherents, they, somehow or other, did seem *to me* to have more weight than the company gave them credit for.

My brother, however, who is accustomed to be listened to, and who, therefore, speaks with an air of decision and self-conviction, maintained an excellent defence: he was "on his legs" (figuratively) for full three quarters of an hour, to the manifest stagnation of the bottle; and he talked as fluently as if he had crammed for a debate. No wonder, therefore, that he had the thing hollow, and that the poor professor was voted a twaddle and a bore. I question, indeed, if he will be asked in a hurry to dine a second time at —— house.

For my own part, though I do not pretend to understand all that was said pro and con, yet I was surprised and amused to perceive how little either of the parties knew of the real facts of the case. Both, as I soon found, were alike ignorant of where the shoe really pinches, and omitted the most important point in dispute; and, though I do not usually affect to be a judge of any thing but horses and wine, yet I was soon satisfied that I could have given them some hints, that would have vastly enlightened their weak minds on the subject. But my public speaking never extends beyond a monosyllable; and, moreover, I do not, for certain reasons, choose to contradict my noble brother, whose table is convenient. I purposely, therefore, abstained from joining in the debate.

Authorship, however, is at present voted a good concern, and to scrape together a few guineas by the pen does not derogate; so, being unwilling that my experience should be lost to the world, I shall proceed, Mr. Editor, to open my mind to you; and you may send the needful to my lodgings in Albany.

Much, sir, as was said on both sides respecting the influence of the law of primogeniture on the state, on the distribution of capital, on manners, customs, and morals, not a word was dropped concerning those who are the greatest and most immediate sufferers by the institution. None, indeed, but the unlucky parties themselves, can conceive what a cursed thing it is to be a younger brother, or

can imagine a tithe of the annoyances which we poor devils undergo, who are launched into the world of fashionable extravagance, with no other means of carrying on the war, than a commission in the army, and an odd five thousand pounds. We are neither provided for by our parents, nor qualified for shifting for ourselves. However much we may be blunted and cramped by an imperfect education, and by habits of indolence, I, for one, am conscious of powers, which, in another rank of life, would have enabled me to earn a sufficient and creditable fortune: but, then, for the Hon. Major——— to work for his bread! What a solecism in the nature of things!

The miseries of a younger brother's position in society begin from the starting-post. The line of distinction between the cadet, and the heir of the family, is a straightforward, bold, broad dash, which is as promptly perceived by the nurse, as by the herald. Servants are sufficiently quick at seizing the difference between uncommunicable blood, and wealth, which may be made to diffuse itself by flattery and sycophancy; and the rascals can be as insolent to a seedy Lord John as to a tradesman.

At the public schools, indeed, things generally go somewhat better; the natural unsophisticated spirit of boyhood tending powerfully towards equality. There, to do the masters justice, my Lord Duke has as liberal a share of the birch as the son of a tradesman; and woe betide the unfortunate aristocrat who should presume on his privilege

Yet, even in schools, there are such things as sucking toadies and infant tigers; and there are tutors who know what is what, and distinguish, with becoming sagacity, between the embryo dispenser of deaneries and livings, and the uninfluential dependent on family patronage.

Of this, indeed, I do not so much complain. It would be better for us, if matters were pushed much further; and if the ultimate difference between our destinies, and those of our elder brothers, were marked from the beginning, by a corresponding difference in all the details of our treatment and consideration. Why should we be permitted to partake of the privileged idleness conceded to the life-tenants of the family estate; or why, by participating in their lavish expenditure, should we be encouraged in habits of indulgence, so unsuited to our future havings?

My brother and I, as boys, were always on the best possible terms; and, at college, all our amusements were in common. We hunted, drank, shot, &c. &c., together; and, at the end of three years, my debts were nearly as heavy as his. By this time, also, I had acquired the same inaptitude for application, the same distaste for wholesome labour, and the same devotion to a trifling and lounging life.

Thenceforward, however, our condition became widely different. My brother could borrow as much, and as often, as he chose; while I had no estate to anticipate. With the same taste for ex-

travagance as he, "with all the elegant desires that fill the happiest bosom," I found old ten-in-the-hundred as deaf to my prayers, as a lawyer to a *formâ pauperis* client.

My father, it is true, pushed me on in my regiment, and more than once paid my debts; but he was himself a man of expense, and had his daughters to portion: so that, one day, I found myself unable to purchase a lieutenant-colonelcy, and had the agreeable sensation of being commanded by the younger son of a rich city alderman.

A thousand times, in my better hours, I have lamented that chance had not placed me in a merchant's counting-house; a thousand times, in the depression of *ennui* and embarrassment, I have cursed my stars for not having made me the child of my college tutor, the now thriving bishop of ——. All the four companions of our child's plays, his lucky sons, have snug births in the church, and two of them are already dignitaries; while my honourable self have not a shilling to ring on a milestone; and but for the privilege of parliament, for which I am indebted to my brother (in return for a blind submission to his will), I should be unable to walk the streets.

Formerly, indeed, a good provision was made, at the expense of the nation, for the younger brothers of such noble families as were on the ministerial side of the house; and now and then the opposition houses got a turn, either through family connexion, or the spirit of "the order:" but the

Reform Bill has cut us up there, root and branch. No governments, no embassies are going now for us; no colonial establishments are created for our special use, even in that slaughter-house, the coast of Africa.

The contrast between the situation and the circumstances of our class — between the loftiness of our pretensions in society and the scantiness of our resources—comes home to us in a world of particulars. From the tyranny of the parliamentary whipper-in, and the impertinence of under-secretaries, to the insolence of the duke's porter, who refuses an entrance to our "Jarvey," through his master's aristocratic *porte cochère** — from the haughtiness of speculating chaperons, to the slights of unbribed chambermaids, the cut-mutton Lord Charleses, and the Dowager virgin Lady Marys, are the butts of all sorts of indignities.

Even in my father and mother's lifetime, my poor sisters were regarded by her *femme de chambre* as a natural enemy—as interceptors of all the "unconsidered trifles," which that personage construed into her perquisites. But now, when they are *in* my brother's house, and not *of* it—when they are thought as much a burthen on the family establishment, as on the family estate — when they are tolerated merely by the lady of the house — they are looked upon by the servants only in the light of visitors, as troublesome guests who give no vails; and they are treated with just that degree of

* Fact.

respect and attention, which cannot be withheld, without a formal complaint, and a consequent dismissal from a profitable service.

Young men of our rank generally come from the universities, where we have figured in gold lace, or in silk, with a pretty strong conceit of our own importance; and the finery of a guardsman's uniform is but little calculated to abate the failing. To these pretensions I also could add the advantages of a good person, and a strictly aristocratic demeanor and address. But a very short acquaintance with the world was sufficient to bring me to my senses, and to make me feel the hollowness of such claims upon its consideration.

On my first entrance upon London life, I was soon taught that a younger brother is the natural enemy of all prudent mothers and high-spirited daughters; that I was not only useless myself to all matrimonial purposes, but an impediment in the way of the designs of these ladies upon others. My brother, who, by the by, is as lively, as aristocratic dignity and diplomatic *morgue* could make him, was at once admitted to all the snug dinners and family villa parties of the disinterested mammas; but I was as uniformly left out, and thrown, for my meals and resources, on the mess-room and the club-house. For him every fair hand was extended, and to him every bright eye was directed; while I was an object of cold respect, or in apprehensive indifference.

If by chance I could, once in a way, prevail on

a disinterested Lady Jane, or on an uncalculating Lady Cecilia, to trust herself with me in a waltz, neither fun nor fire could thaw the ice of her reserve; not, however, that *that* was of much consequence. All the Lady Janes in the world might have gone to the devil, for any interest they possessed in my affections; but Clara, poor dear Clara, she *had* a heart; and I also was but too well convinced, that had I possessed the most modest independence, we might have both been happy. Even now, when I see her dragging through the world the intolerable load of her dotard lord, her fine form faded, and her lovely eyes involuntarily betraying her bankrupt hopes, it requires all my knowledge of the world to preserve the calmness of my exterior, and all my affection, not to urge her upon guilt and shame.

But I do not mean to be pathetic: younger brothers have no right to the luxury of love; and with Malthus staring me in the face, I was a fool for thinking of it. A summer in Spain, and a ball through the thorax at Badajos, had taken the sting out of this disappointment of my wishes, and I do not wisely thus to recall her image.

There are amongst us many noble cadets, who make themselves a place in society by dropping a grade or two in the scale, and living upon those with whom the presence of a lord gives flavour to a repast, and who require nothing in return for their frequent "feeds," but the privilege of boasting of your acquaintance. Some contrive also by

this means to slip into very profitable matrimonial connexions, saddled only with an insipid or a vulgar wife, and with relations, never acknowledged by their own noble family.

But these resources suited neither my tastes nor my habits. Thanks to pride also, which "oft saves man and woman too from falling," I could never stoop to cheat in horseflesh, or to slip a card — those favourite resources of the man who cannot dig, and is ashamed to beg. What then was left for me but to rub on, sometimes with my regiment, and sometimes in some miserable lodging in London, living in the club, and combining the narrowest economy with as much shew of equipage and dress as my means and credit would permit!

I am now no longer young, yet have I neither the purse, nor the habits for growing decently old. Failing of promotion, I have retired on half pay, and pass my winters in an endless round of London gaieties—which to me are no longer gay—without occupation, and without pursuit. I am too gouty to drink, too poor to gamble, too shattered to intrigue, and too honest to play the hypocrite. I pass my nights in sleeping over debates I do not understand, and in voting on interests I cannot comprehend, according to the implicit directions of my fraternal nominator. I listen to operas that have ceased to charm; and attend at assemblies as dull as a Methodist conference.

My summers, too, are equally wasted in the country seats of my friends, who are charitable

enough to give me shelter from my creditors, and a retreat from that worst of all duns—myself. There, I visit horse-races, and bet my money upon other men's horses; I hunt with other men's hounds; shoot on other men's preserves; talk with other men's ideas; and save money to pay my tailor and my clubhouse subscription, for the next winter's campaign.

With just sense and spirit enough to detest the thing I am, I want both activity and motive for becoming any thing better. A burthen to my country, my family, and myself, my life slips away in weak repinings and unavailing regrets. In the mean time I daily witness the rising eminence of my plebeian contemporaries in school and college, who were then the objects of my childish contempt; and I behold virtues, from which I have been excluded by noble, but pauper birth, obtaining rewards to which titled *fainéantise* must look up in vain.

Yet, unhappy as I am, in my own individual person, I am by no means the worst of my class. With many of its vices and follies, I still have avoided its graver crimes. I have beggared no minors at cards; I have not played booty at Newmarket; I have not married a wealthy dowager to dissipate her fortune, and break her heart; I have not very grossly trafficked with the liberties and happiness of my country (that admitted field of aristocratic industry) though I fear opportunity, rather than inclination, has been wanting, to per-

petrate this criminality — the temptations are so strong, the excuses so plausible, and the influence of example so seducing. I am not an ordained pluralist, nor a lay dealer in sinecures; I am not a fungus on the state (to adopt the professor's plain spoken phrase), an excrescence on society, nurtured at the expence of honest industry, under the false plea of decorating "the Corinthian capital of the" national edifice. I am no great man's tiger, I am no minister's jackall; nor have I profited by the frailties of a mother, a sister, or a mistress.

All this my brother would, perhaps, call radicalism, and the bishop term irreligion; and, for aught I know, they may be right in their denunciations. But this I can tell them, and all other sticklers for things as they are, that if such beings as myself must exist for the benefit of social order, and for the maintenance of great families, none suffer more severely by the establishment than we, who are supposed to profit by public abuses the most directly.

I may, perhaps, be told, that many younger brothers, feeling all of which I complain, are still partizans of the doctrine and practice of the law of primogeniture, and are well contented to suffer for the maintenance of the family pride. Such, indeed, is the force of prejudice; and we know that the Hindoostanee women, in like manner, laud and uphold the practice of the suttee. Examples, however, prove nothing, but the imbecility and degradation of the parties themselves; and for myself,

as I hope to be saved, if I had the world to begin over again, and could choose between being an honourable younger brother or a brewer's horse, I should not hesitate for a moment to prefer the dragging the drays of the fermentator, to plodding in the harness of idleness and dependence.

I am, sir,
Your very obedient servant,
* * * * * * * * .

GOOD SORT OF PEOPLE.

"Vir bonus est quis?" &c. &c.

"A good sort of man is a sort of a quiz,
Who lives within law, and does nothing amiss."

THERE is a class of unfortunates, to whom society is pre-eminently ungrateful, and for whom I am just at present inclined to take up the cudgels for an odd half hour.—I allude to the class well known under the proverbial designation of "good sort of good-for-nothing people."

The common judgment of mankind, which runs so hard against this useful and innocent variety of the human species, is but a part of their ordinary inconsistency. Man, in all debateable matters, is never so contented, as when he is the dupe of two contradictory absurdities, and is maintaining concurrently the consequences of both. Accordingly, in his opinions concerning these "most respectable" persons—while the great end of all his institutes is to multiply their numbers, to abate idiosyncrasies, moderate passions, and reduce every exuberance of eccentricity to a civilized level, in which nothing

shall be salient, nothing irregular—he does not the less actively go to work to run down the victims of his own systems; and when education and law have succeeded in moulding the greater part of the species to a golden mediocrity of mill-horse thought and action, he turns short on the patient, and coolly stigmatizes this acquired nullity as an intolerable nuisance.

By an original defect of mental constitution, we are all predisposed to admire little, either in action or character, except in proportion as it is injurious; and to disdain whatever is homely enough to be merely useful. Now, in this serviceable, but despised, category, the good sort of people stand confessedly high. From the beginning of time, poets and historians have been at once the slaves and the ministers to this absurd leaning, and have given up themselves and their pens to the exclusive eulogy of the great men, who have bathed the earth in tears and blood, while they have directed the shafts of their ridicule against those, who have not the wit to be mischievous, or have been withheld by a timid conscience from doing all the harm of which they were capable.

There is something horribly base in this sycophantic prostration before brute force, this tendency to devil-worship; and if there be any particular in which the condition of society gives evidence of a tendency towards perfectibility, it is in the fact that, at length, in this nineteenth century, the better part of the species are beginning to abandon

the inveterate error, and to suspect that human happiness is not exactly promoted by the desolators of the earth. As far, at least, as public life is concerned, society is awakening to a sense of its injustice to the merely useful, and are slower in surrendering their esteem without a valuable consideration.

Kings and heroes have fallen to a considerable discount; and an epic poem, stuffed to the very margin with fire and carnage, will no longer make a god of a madman, or preserve even its own existence through a second edition. The "wrath of Achilles" has degenerated into a by-word; and Alexander the Great, if he is to live in the admiration of posterity, will be more indebted to the friendship of Aristotle, than to his victory over Darius. Historians also have discovered that nations are not confined within the precincts of a court; and that the intrigues of ministers and mistresses do not embrace the sum of public affairs. Nay, so potent has "the schoolmaster" become, that there are many who prefer a Bentham to a Wellington, and have more affection for a Franklin than a Pitt. Watt has his statue, as well as the holy allies; and philosophers are promoted, and take their places by the side of the burners of gunpowder.

Est quoddam prodire tenus: statistics and political economy have elevated the interests of the meanest mechanic to a higher consideration, than awaits the vicissitudes of the proudest wholesale

butchers of the species. There is scarcely a "scrubby boy" who does not resolve state questions by the rules of pounds, shillings, and pence; and who would not stop the march of a hundred thousand men, horse, foot, and artillery, with a *cui bono?*

This is a wonderful revolution, and if it goes on and prospers, it will effect surprising changes in the destinies of man. It is not, therefore, without some hope of success, that I propose carrying the same line of reflection into private life, and saying a good word for those, whose purely useful qualities have hitherto been treated with unmerited contempt by their neighbours and acquaintances.

On the comparative importance of good sort of persons to the world, it is sufficient to observe, that a single statesman may govern a nation, a single general lead an army; and that a very small knot of wits and philosophers will earn for the times in which they live the title of an Augustan age, and place the scientific reputation of their country on a proud eminence; whereas it is essential almost to the existence of any community, that the great majority of its constituent members should consist of beings, whose biography is amply set forth in the entries of the parish register.

The good sort of people are, in truth, the featherbeds of society, upon which public order reposes in security; and a single glance at the books of morals provided by state-teachers for the formation of the public character, shews that the very *beau idéal*

of religion and virtue can only be displayed in the traits and characteristics of this part of the species. It is in the drama of life, as in that of the stage, the Laerteses are many, and the Hamlets few; and the affairs of the world at large would fare as ill as those of private theatricals, if all its members were equally determined on playing only first characters.

But, alas! the desire to be separated from the good sort of people — that marked symptom of the original sin, which gives us all, God help us! such an upward-spark-shooting tendency to go wrong — is strong in all classes of persons, from the prince to the peasant. The very meanest of the rabble is not less anxious to escape from the crowd, and to become somebody, (though it be but in the pages of the Newgate Calendar,) than the loftiest crested of the notables of the land. Every body sets up for something; and folly and impertinence are freely resorted to for distinction by those who have neither wit nor wisdom to render themselves otherwise conspicuous. It is safer to call your enemy a rogue, or an impure, than to designate him, or her, as a good sort of person; and nobody would dream of saying "good man," or "good woman," to any one above the condition of a common beggar, and that only when the offensive appellation is softened by the act of alms-giving. Nay, I verily believe that there are few individuals who would not prefer having a hump, and being called my lord in virtue of that crooked pre-eminence, to walking uprightly and unnoticed in the ranks of the people.

This irritable susceptibility of the good sort of persons is a most lamentable weakness—a suicidal self-abandonment, which in a certain sense justifies the popular contempt for a class, which all its members are so anxious to desert. To no portion of society can the "*sume superbiam quæsitam meritis*" more appropriately be addressed. Instead of flying from the designation, a good sort of person ought to make it his boast, and, pluming himself upon his utilitarian mediocrity, hold his head at the highest.

Why is it that the hypocritical Machiavellians are so fond of repeating, that religion, if good for nothing else, is necessary to the people, if it be not in reference to the utility of good sort of persons? It is a specific admission, that they who think for themselves are not half such good citizens, as their less talented or less obtrusive fellow-subjects, who believe prostration of mind to be of divine authority; and that, if pains were not taken artificially to decrease their numbers, there would not be enough beasts of burden to grow corn, and pay tithe and taxes.

A nation of eminences and notables, whether intellectual or hierarchical, is a mere political chimera —an equality of the most mischievous levelling— an architecture composed exclusively of capitals— an apple pie, all quinces. The qualities which elevate an individual above the condition of a good sort of person, are merely exceptional in nature; and they are only tolerable while they are so rare as to

be diluted by the negations and nullities of the greater number.

The indignities which the pretenders to distinction heap upon the whole tribe of good sort of persons, and to which these submit with such misplaced humility, are the more ungrateful, inasmuch as to them alone the shiners are indebted for the eminence to which they lay claim; for it is as clear as demonstration itself, that in whatever order a man may set up for being somebody, whether it be for rank, wealth, wit, science, or fancy, he is at least as much advanced by the want of such qualifications in the many, as by their residence in his own proper person.

Projectors and inventors may boast of their ingenuity and adroitness, but they would have a bad time of it in this best of all possible worlds, without the co-operation of that more valuable portion of society who could never be suspected of setting the Thames on fire. The highest qualities in human nature, no less than the vilest manufactured product, falls in price, when there is a glut in the market; and literature itself has become dog cheap, from the diminution of that subdivision of the good sort of persons, the "gentle readers," who have, one and all, been seized with the mania of authorship, and been converted into ungentle writers.

So likewise in the political world, if a ministry ever finds itself for a few sessions on beds of roses, they owe that happiness exclusively to the good sort

of persons who make their way into the house, and who are so far the true representatives of the many, that, like their constituents out of doors, they give themselves no trouble to inquire too deeply, but take every thing on trust from their leaders: and if, on the other hand, parliament has ever been able to effect any service for the public, it is to the same good sort of people that the nation are indebted for the benefit.

The good sort of people are in the state what the balance wheel and the oil are in a piece of machinery; and the one could as little go on without such assistance as the other. If the oil has not the cutting acidity of vinegar, neither does it corrode the wheels and levers; and if the balance-wheel adds nothing to the momentum of the machine, it never, like the steam-boiler, blows the whole concern into the air.

These negative virtues of the good sort of people are neither overlooked, nor despised by the knowing, however their policy may pass them over *sub silentio*. To prevent friction in the movements of society, gives more trouble to modern statesmen, than any other part of their multitudinous functions; and the effective balance-wheel of the British constitution (if it lies not among the good sort of people), is as difficult to find, and as desirable to be got at, as the discovery of the longitude.

The value of this portion of society, though studiously kept out of sight, is at once betrayed to a man of any discernment, in the uncommon esteem

which is manifested for the class in the distribution of the loaves and fishes — a distribution which, as rarely as possible, follows the display of striking abilities, or an eccentric devotion to the public good. The promotion of a man of merit was in all times a miracle, and created as much foolish admiration as the cures of Hohenloe, or the gift of tongues of Irvine. In general, the full tide of patronage has flowed in favour of those, whose highest praise is placed in an inoffensive nullity, and in the claim to be rated, as never having done any thing calculated to remove them from the ranks.

In the beginning of this paper, the good sort of people were qualified as "respectable;" and the epithet was applied advisedly, and after due consideration. Respectability, in the common parlance of Englishmen, means wealth; and in spite of Dryden's ridiculous boast of the fleecy hosiery comforts of "virtue in rags," that somewhat arrogant quality will find but cold comfort in the sympathies of mankind, being by universal consent set down as scandalous and indecent. Now, though it must be admitted that the highest grades of wealth are but rarely within the reach of a good sort of person, and that "*criminibus debent hortos*" is as true at present, as it was in the days of Juvenal, yet is there something in this class that admirably fits its members for the business of money-making. If they are not all Rothschildren, they are, to a man, at their ease; and it is as rare to

meet with a good sort of person, as a Quaker, in absolute destitution. Without strong passions to lead them from their scope, without imagination to betray them into idle speculation, and without a thought for those loftier pursuits, which distract attention from the one thing needful, their whole powers are concentrated upon those daily littles, which go in the long run, to make the mickle of comfort.

The negative qualities of the class are not, however, thus confined in their beneficent utility, but accord admirably with the due discharge of the highest official duties. "*Qu'est-ce qu'un gentilhomme,*" says Racine, "*un pilier d'antichambre;*" and who is so fitted by nature to range among these state caryatides, as the thick-headed good sort of persons! They make the very best gold sticks, and the most efficient of privy purses. No other description of men can so well maintain the decent gravities of a bishopric, or support the "dull suspense from pleasure and from pain" of a country curacy. None but a good sort of person could fill with credit the office of a gentleman-usher, or keep his countenance as a king-at-arms. Could any but a good sort of person cut sticks in the Exchequer without laughing, or lecture a country grand jury upon things in general, with the necessary solemnity? Your good sort of person is a heaven-born alderman, and the very perfection of a justice of peace. The whole history of mankind has recorded but a single witty banker,

and his poetry is not the one swallow that would make a summer.

The most able administrations have abounded in good sort of persons. It is the good sort of people in the House of Lords, who enable that branch of the legislature to fulfil its specific function, as a drag-chain on the intellectuality and headlong innovations of the Commons; and it is the exquisitely absurd pretension of some, (who, by nature, belong to that portion of their *lordships*, though they strive to figure out of their sphere, and to set up for statesmen and great characters), that has created all the turmoil of these latter times, by putting on the drag *mal-apropos*, and contrary to the spirit of the constitution and the age.

There are numberless good sort of persons among the heads of houses in our universities, from which, be it observed *par parenthèse*, Swift and Locke were both expelled. There are some who have ranked high among the judges. Two, at least, out of every three of the most thriving merchants upon Change belong to the class, as do almost all tradesmen, who are not downright rogues. A shopkeeper, who should aspire to a higher character, would infallibly lose his customers by looking beyond them; and, if he dreamed of being a genius, all the patents in the world would not prevent him from awakening to find himself in the Gazette; while the true, civil, smirking, obliging nonentity, without personal ambition, science, or literature, whose soul is in his shop,

will inevitably thrive; and he ought to do so, for he is a good citizen, and as worthy a member of society, as the greatest wit or gambler upon town.

But, if a man of more decided volitions, and of stronger intellects, every now and then forces his way to wealth, or stumbles on it by accident, there is nothing more likely to cut him down to the level of a good sort of person, than this improvement of his fortunes. It is truly astonishing, how much the accumulation of a little yellow dirt deadens the sympathies of humanity, and predisposes the owner for that siding with the few, and that indifference for the many, which form the essence of a good sort of man. Sancho Panza says, that when the belly is full, the bones will be resting; and, by a parity of causation, when the purse fills, the brain and the heart will feel inclined for a nap.

One way or other, then, the two classes become identified—either the good sort of people grow rich, or the rich become good sort of people, which comes to the same thing in the end. It follows, therefore, demonstratively, that good sort of people are pre-eminently respectable, and there is no more to be said on the matter.

One of the leading objections which enthusiasts and hot-heads bring against the good sort of people, is what they foolishly call their selfishness, or the complacent indifference with which they bear the sufferings of their friends and neighbours. With cooler philosophers, it is this very trait which constitutes the specific excellence of the character.

If every body would but attend to his own affairs, every body's affairs would be well attended to.

The Abbé Gagliani* has said, that "mankind are born with a disposition to meddle with other people's business; and that liberty consists in nothing else than the power of indulging this propensity." Without meaning to justify or adopt this abbé-ish definition of liberty, we must admit that the object of European governments seems to be the prevention of such an interference. Those, therefore, who of their own nature have the smallest tendency to the luxury, must be the very best of subjects—a conclusion to which we have already arrived by other routes. If the good sort of people see with equal eye the fall of a hero or of a sparrow, what more could the most promising disciple of Epictetus effect by a long life of study? What more can religion itself teach, than this perfect submission to the decrees of Providence?

It is the undue prevalence of some master-passion that hurries the *not* good sort of people into so many excesses and misfortunes. Virtue is but the *beau-milieu* between opposite and conflicting errors; and here, the natural neutrality of the good sort of man is worth all the teaching of schoolmaster, parson, and criminal judge put together. Of the virtues of the drilled and artificially good, we can never be sure; their neutrality is a forced neutrality. The passions of such men, however well subdued, may break out, when least suspected. But

* See "Grimm Memoires," partie première, v. ii. p. 384.

the devil himself can make nothing of him, whose heart is a blank, who is actuated only by a few appetites, easily and lawfully gratified.

Happy is the man, (if humanity can ever be made sensible of its own felicity,) who is blessed with a good sort of woman for his wife, good sort of children, good sort of servants, good sort of friends, and is surrounded by good sort of neighbours. He has no domestic cares, no lawsuits, no parish squabbles, no epigrams to dread, no anonymous letters to despise. He is certain that no one will scrutinize too keenly his little pretensions, or pry too closely into his little practices.

The good sort of man never doubts the skill of his apothecary, nor the learning of his curate; but swallows a draught and a dogma with equal confidence. The workhouse may be a pest-house, and the church a dormitory, without his ever pestering you with his outcry for reform. A good sort of person takes no part with vagrants, poachers, or disreputable defendants; nor cavils at the equivocal doings of the great unpaid. He has nothing to do with the laws, but to obey them; or, at most, his activity goes but to the signing of a very proper petition, or addressing the throne on a royal birth or marriage. He leaves the noble proprietor to "do what he likes with his own;" he approves of the time-honoured privileges of the close borough; and he quietly pockets his election fee, (for he never would call it a *bribe*,) without crippling a candidate by pledges and cross-questions.

But, above all things else, a good sort of person is an excellent reader, and by no means critical. He peruses a fashionable novel and a prosing essay with equal avidity. He disputes no facts, and he refuses no conclusions; but is always of the opinion of the book he is reading: or if, once in a way, he so far forgets himself as to think that he is thinking, he still takes his conceptions with unsuspecting confidence from the standard authorities. If he is pleased, (and it is seldom that he is not,) he is not ashamed to own it; nor does he stop to inquire why: and, if he is not pleased, he lays down the book, and takes up another, *sans rancune*, and without considering himself as an ill-treated gentleman.

To sum up, in a word, the virtues of this estimable class, it is only necessary to add, that the good sort of people make the best company, the most determinate smokers of pipes, the most patient listeners to old songs, and the readiest laughers at oft-repeated stories. They are, therefore, the great benefactors of their species, and the best promoters of the greatest happiness of the greatest numbers.

There is little ground, therefore, for the accusation sometimes brought against the good sort of persons, which charges them with being *tant soit peu*, bores. This is only partially true. Let us not be the dupes of cant. With a reasonable man, your good sort of person will often be highly agreeable. He is, for example, the very best man to sit next at a city feast, when you are desperately hungry. He

does not let your fish cool, while you explain an hypothesis on his interrogatories; nor does he choke you with your own paté, by raising an ill-timed laugh. If he withdraws you from your meditations on your *entrée*, it is only to invite you to a glass of champagne, or to direct your palate to some dish that is unusually exquisite. He does not disturb your digestion, by forcing you into acrimonious disputes; and if he bestows his whole tediousness upon you, he only sets you the more comfortably to sleep.

A good sort of person, moreover, figures well as a fourth in a rubber of whist; and he is often enough of a chess-player to be beaten with relish. Rochefoucauld, who knew the world, and saw deeper into the human heart, than many people care to acknowledge, has said, *ex cathedra*, that "*un homme d'esprit seroit souvent bien embarrassé, sans la compagnie des sots:*" and daily experience shews us men, even of forty-Sharp powers of conversation, who are silenced by too close a contact with a rival wit. A good sprinkling of good sort of persons, in these cases, sets every one at his ease; as a woolsack adjusts the quarrel between a wall and a battering ram. Each plays his own part, the amuser and the amused; and all is right.

Lastly, your good sort of person is neither a saint nor a pedant, a dealer in tracts, nor a blue-stocking. He has neither the dogmatism of a Scotch professor, nor the irritable arrogance of a self-conceited Irishman. Unsuspicious, as he is unpretending, he is slow to take offence, and seldom provoked to give

it. He is, therefore, the safest, even when not the pleasantest of companions. He dances with the plainest of spinsters, and waltzes with the fattest of dowagers; and he will neither seduce your wife, borrow your money, nor cheat you at cards.

But enough said: the art of fatiguing lies in exhausting the subject; and it is as well to stop in time, while there is yet room for the application of Diderot's *mot:** "*Si vous me savez peu de gré de ce que je vous dis, sachez m'en beaucoup de ce que je ne vous dis pas.*"

* Jacques le Fataliste.

LIFE IN LONDON.

" Non est vivere sed valere vita."

To be worth much is to live.

" THERE is no living in London," quoth I, buttoning up the pocket of my pantaloons, in which the smoothness of " a soldier's thigh" was disturbed by few folds, save those of the tailor's manufacture.

" There is no living out of London," replied my wife, as she placed the fourth card of invitation for the current evening on the chimney-piece.

Both parties were right, (as is often the case in disputes), each in his own sense—I, in reference to the actual state of my finances, she, without a due regard to that particular.

If London be the place to get money's worth for money, there is no place in the world where it is less possible to enjoy life without some intimacy with Plutus. London is the paradise of the rich, and far exceeds Paris in its pleasurable resources. There is more to be had for gold, and more to be got by the mere reputation of having gold; but

then, as it is the purgatory of hackney-coach horses, so is it the hell of a poor man, with its eternal excitements to expence, and its everlasting drains on the purse.

Entering the great city from Westminster Bridge, and passing straight on to the Regent's Park, the stranger traverses a line of streets, the opulence of which is disfigured by no note of abject and squalid misery. The houses are palaces, the shops teem with every article of sumptuous magnificence, elegant taste, and refined art. Entering it through Tooley Street, you might imagine it an universal lazar-house, one vast and unbroken temple of misery and destitution.

How different is "life in London" under these contrasted aspects! On the one hand, pleasure, in all its endless varieties, ease, comfort, order, propriety; on the other, labour unrequited, pain, sickness, dirt, and disorder. To the labourer's use, London offers an aggregate of close, filthy, unaccommodated tenements; the means of industry it affords are life-wearing, and unwholesome; and penury is there surrounded by an accumulation of many pains and penalties, from which the rural pauper, in the enjoyment of nature, is fortunately exempt.

Country folks, who make their visits to London an occasion of amusement, see in the capital nothing but its plays, its operas, its exhibitions, and its good eating and drinking; and the lower rural classes are taught to imagine its streets to be "paved with

gold." But the great majority of the metropolitan inhabitants never saw a play in their lives, or at most but once or so in the course of long years;* and, as for the golden pavement, no people living by their own labour work harder, and in more disgusting employments, than the labourers of London.

Yet, for all this, there is scarcely a workman, who has drawn his first breath within the sound of Bow Bell, who does not pride himself on being "born a native of London," and look down with infinite contempt on the country *put*, with his eyes and his whole soul in every shop window. It is in vain that languor and disease prey on the cockney's etiolated frame, that rheumatism gnaws, or palsy withers his limbs, and that coming age beckons him on to his inevitable hospital and workhouse; he looks not the less upon the hale countenance and well-braced sinews of the man of fields with unenvying indifference, and says of the peasant, as Pan of Jupiter,

"He's a fool if he thinks
He's half as happy as I."

In London, it is true, there is a vast demand for labour; and an open field, where enterprize may

* The general truth of this fact has been ascertained by direct inquiry of servants and the inferior artizans. Very recently, too, a female servant declared that she had never been in the country, nor seen a ship. For the most part, the servants of the poor, like their domestic animals, have more than their share of the hardships and privations of the family and in this respect, the poor of London have much the worst of it.

struggle for the attainment of enormous fortunes. Modes of exercising industry, and of practising economy, unknown to the villager, facilitate the acquirement of that first *peculium*, which is the foundation-stone of ultimate riches. Hence London is esteemed a favourable spot for the industry of the ambitious pauper; and the number of persons who, having made a competency there, return to the country, "to die at home at last," favour the notion. These are, however, but prizes in the great lottery of London life; and no account is taken of the thousands who perish in the unwholesome fumes of workshops, or who die broken-hearted and exhausted.

The effort to maintain existence in the metropolis is (all things considered) more severe than in smaller communities; and there are so many competitors for the wretched meal of the artizan and of the smaller tradesman, that, with them, living in London is anything but "life." The latter more especially feels this pressure, and suffers privations to which those below him in the scale are seldom required to submit. The exterior of this class in society may, in some instances, be more imposing; they may occupy handsome houses; but then all the better apartments are let in lodgings, whose weekly rent just serves to stop the mouths of the landlord, the tax-gatherer, and the collector of the parish cess.*

* The working classes of London are, in general, more knowing, even when not better educated, than their equals in

But if the minor tradesman's lot in the metropolis is hard to bear, that of the unendowed professional man is scarcely less oppressive. The necessity of making an appearance in the hope of making money, the obligation of dissipating those sums in equipage and shew, which taste and good feeling would consecrate to the comfort of the domestic hearth, are bitter aggravations of the ills of poverty. Nay, the economy of the table itself is often narrowed to provide for the chariot, or to pay the rent of a disproportionate and half-furnished mansion.

The close juxtaposition of professional men with the really opulent is also a source of still severer mortification. Their self-love is perpetually wounded by the ostentation of the "*nouveaux riches*," their contemporaries, who, in the more money-getting branches of industry, have gotten the start in life, precisely because they are wanting in that higher order of intellect, on which the professional man founds his hope of success. "Let him draw his bill in Greek, or in Latin, and see if it will be honoured," says an old hunks in one of our farces; and the thought illustrates the habitual sentiments

the country. They are therefore more laborious and more economical; and this it is that enables them so frequently to push their way in the world, rather than any advantage they have from better wages. If labour is paid at a higher rate in London, it is only that species of labour in which skill is largely combined. Mere day-labour, compared with the prices of the first necessities of life, is not materially higher than in the surrounding counties.

of the more plodding money-maker for those talents, which; not possessing himself, he is not able to appreciate in others. The better part of existence is, by the professional man, wasted in weary expectation of that maturity, which is to qualify him for a share of practice; and it has been expressively said that he cannot earn his bread till he has no longer teeth to eat it.

But when success at length begins to repay his exertions, the life of the professional man and his family is no object of envy. If the practising barrister be traced from his early attendance at Westminster Hall till dinner, and again, at his chambers from seven in the evening till bed-time, it is scarcely possible to conceive an existence of more uninterrupted and harassing toil. The physician in full practice in like manner knows no repose from his labour. The hours which others devote to pleasure or to rest, are not with him exempted from the calls of duty.

Even with the women matters are not much mended: for their time, being less employed in active occupation, is more exposed to the curse of *ennui;* and the unamiable, soul-narrowing processes of saving money, are less cheering and satisfactory than the toil of making it. To the professional man, marriage, if not an absolute necessity, is a great convenience: and he very frequently lays the foundation of a large family, long before he has laid the foundation of a large fortune. His wife, therefore, is inevitably condemned to practice a close

and stingy economy, and to pay so minute an attention to domestic duties, as excludes much intellectual or social indulgence. Shut up between four walls, with no better prospect than the opposite side of a gloomy street, the females in this walk of life often pass their days in a solitude, occupied chiefly with the needle, and rarely broken, save by bickering conversations with cooks and nursery-maids. They read little, and often think less; and, when their first youth and beauty are passed, they become as dull and tiresome partners to their husbands, as they are joyless in themselves. In the short and rare intervals, therefore, allowed for domestic and social converse, they are deserted by the men, who linger over the bottle to abridge the heavy moments of insipidity, which occur between dinner and bedtime. Years thus roll on, in the practice of duties eminently respectable, and of virtues truly praiseworthy, but in habits closely allied to torpor, and totally divested of that gay excitement, which is supposed by the uninitiated to be the uniform appanage of every inhabitant of the stirring metropolis, and is believed to constitute what is called "life in London."

In the exact opposite of position, but equally removed from real enjoyment, are a class of Londoners, not quite so respectable or so useful; who, possessed of an easy fortune sufficient for all rational enjoyment, are tormented with an absurd ambition of consequence and consideration, above their means and rank; and who inflict on them-

selves many of the evils of a narrow and dependent income, in order to entertain those who are above them in the hierarchy of fashion.

No rheumatic hypochondriac watches the variations of the barometer with more trembling anxiety than that with which this sensitive class of pretenders follow, at a respectful distance, the changes of *bon ton*. All efforts go to be in proper places at proper times; and to be daily seen in those *rendezvous* of fashionable resort, which, though open to all, are chiefly haunted by the idle and the great. The fashionable movements in the columns of the Morning Post are to them the "law and the prophets." Their ice is from a fashionable confectioner; their chariot from a fashionable coachmaker; their physic from a fashionable apothecary; and they fee the physician of the day, because he is patronized by fools of quality.

In this silly contest it is the woman who most commonly takes the lead, of which she is, indeed, the principal victim. Like the hind-wheel of a coach (that time-honoured simile), however rapid her motions, or thick the dust she raises, she must always lag in the race; and she is perpetually betraying the hollowness of her pretensions by the studied efforts she makes to place them in evidence. Though she ruin her fortunes, injure her health, and destroy her peace of mind, in the attempt, she will never worm herself into the exclusive assemblies of the higher aristocracy, whose energies are to the full as much exerted as her

own, in keeping themselves safe from the approaches of such intruders, and in maintaining their quiet "order" undisturbed by the *Dii minorum gentium*, north of Oxford Road.

Another class of metropolitan strugglers who "let I cannot wait upon I would, like the poor cat i' th' adage," is composed of certain young men of wit and pleasure about town, of all ages and professions, who, living in a state of single blessedness, contrive to appear and figure in the fashionable world, on the strength of a decent exterior and a cabriolet. They are to be found swarming in the club-houses, where their cards are received, and their insignificance sheltered.

The regular-built club men, the most constant quantities of the club-house window, are persons addicted to sensual indulgence; and amongst them are many who, by some peculiar cross circumstance of birth, parentage, education, or fortune, are precluded from "carrying on the war" on the grand scale, or of pushing their way in good society.

Not that there are wanting men of sounder pretensions who belong to these societies: on the contrary, it is their presence that gives vogue and currency to the establishment, and distinguishes it from a common coffeehouse. But these only use the club as a relief to their other pleasures, to dine there when not better engaged, or to drop in for an hour in the intervals of their day's amusements. Such members are not, however, the main props or supports of the institution. The genuine club

man looks to the club with a mere view to economy, as to an ordinary, where he can dine better and cheaper than at home; where he can dispose of his person without charge; and where fire and wax candles cost less than a domestic mutton light.

To this description of person (the balloting-box safely passed) a clubhouse is, like a patent washing-machine, pregnant with savings. Being, as we have hinted, a respectable house of reference and address, he is enabled to sleep in some obscure lodging, or to emigrate daily from the remotest east. He writes his letters at the expence of the club, and, when franks were, he got them franked by the M. P.'s of the establishment: also gratuities to waiters are strictly forbidden, in these paradises of genteel pauperism.

In short, to obtain a thorough idea of the merits and conveniences of a club, to the man who is determined to make the most of it, it is only necessary to think of it as of one of Robert Owen's parallelograms; with this only exception, that no poverty is admitted into the community, but such as is either well-born or well-dressed. By these means men of narrow fortunes or doubtful position may rub their skirts against lords and other great men (to use the language of a tailor's advertisement) "in the most fashionable style, and upon the cheapest terms;" keeping themselves constantly in evidence, without the usual charges of ostentation.

To all such advantages there is but one slight drawback; a club life is a dead bore. To a man

of sensibility, at least, intercourse without intimacy is intolerable: and the absence of female society renders the club-room stale, flat, and unprofitable. Life without affections, dissipation without amusement, isolation of heart without the tranquillity of solitude, are the prices at which club fashion is purchased; and Heaven help those who are reduced thus to pay for it!

The true enjoyment of "Life in London" belongs, then, only to those, who, in their class and sphere, know how to avail themselves of the superior civilization and multiplied resources of the capital, and are not altogether without the pecuniary means of putting their knowledge into practice. Its substantial and opulent inhabitants have the command of luxuries, facilities, and comforts, of which the greatest emperors of antiquity had no notion; and the splendid harems of the East, like the marble palaces of Rome, were poor and unprovided in all that respects real enjoyment, when compared with the *boudoir* of a London lady of fashion.

But the enjoyment of true luxury is not exclusively confined to the upper classes. The universal prevalence of order and propriety has introduced the tasteful and the elegant into the domestic economy of all above immediate want; and the small tenements which skirt the leading avenues to London are often mere miniature copies of the arrangements of the mansions in the great squares. It is by the supply of the middle classes that the tradesmen of England live; and every effort is

made by them to produce the greatest quantity of comfort for the smallest sums. For the middle classes the paper-stainer labours his designs; the painter imitates *to the life* the most costly marbles. Musical instruments are expressly fabricated for the small houses and narrower purses of the struggling families. The circulating library supplies the more expensive works; while cheap editions of every thing generally vendible bring knowledge within every one's reach.

With respect to the mere physical comforts of eating and drinking, the epicure of small income will find in London wherewith to exercise his discriminating skill. It is true that whatever is taxed is sophisticated, and that all exciseable objects retailed in London are detestable; but there are ways of surmounting this difficulty, which those to whom it is an object will discover; and, for the rest, facilities of all sorts for making money go far, abound; so that the art of procuring a maximum of enjoyment at a minimum of expenditure is no where else to be met with in the same extent and abundance.

But the great excellence of London is its intellectual enjoyments. Literature and science have there fixed their head-quarters, and, from the Royal Society to the "free-and-easy songsters," accessible associations subsist for the culture of every modification of taste, and the enjoyment of every refinement. Not even in Paris, though it be the metropolis of the continent, is to be found such a

constellation of genius and talent, as illumines the polished circles of the British capital. The intellectual resources procurable at a cheap rate, which arise out of the evening society of the struggling students of the learned professions, the labourers at the periodical press, artists, actors, authors (all, in short, who live by literature and the arts), are immense; and they place the moral existence of the man, who chooses to avail himself of them, far above that of the most favoured children of fortune in ancient times. So, too, the establishment of mechanics' institutions, public lectures, and scientific exhibitions, gives the Londoner a vast intellectual advantage over the mere countryman.

But, to enjoy life in London, something more than a possession of the mere pecuniary means (we have said) is necessary. A few only of those who can command whatever is best in London, are capable of relishing its real pleasures. Of the thousands who frequent the opera, how few relish the music; of the many collectors of pictures, how few understand them; and, of the tens of thousands who crowd the various exhibitions of the metropolis, how few are they who do not visit them, in the vain hope of getting rid of themselves, and not from any expectation of a positive enjoyment! Even that spiritual converse, which should naturally arise out of the high average attainments of the upper classes, is suppressed beneath an affectation of languor and indifference. No strong expression of feeling, or of thought, is tolerated in

that quarter; and, amidst an universal shock of dogmas, and an absolute convulsion of public opinion, the surface of bon ton society runs as smoothly and as sluggishly, as if aristocracy had the world at its foot, and orthodoxy were undisputed lord of the ascendant.

Nay, the very physical pleasures are too frequently ill understood in London: pomp overloads enjoyment, and ceremony sets indulgence at defiance; while the awkward attempts at fashion to innovate on the senses, and of voluptuousness to multiply their excitement, make sensuality itself tedious and intolerable. Too many among the upper classes of society, when their secret is penetrated, are found to exist in a state of appalling distaste for every thing around them. An apathy, bordering on lethargy, accompanies them in their most splendid indulgences; and they are ignorant alike of the causes of their own misery, and of the thousand enjoyments which are within their reach, if they would condescend to make use of them.

With those who lack a plentiful supply of money, the skill required to make the most of a life in London is very much increased; and the number of those who succeed is considerably smaller than may be suspected. Of late years a taste for ostentatious display has cruelly interfered with the enjoyments of all classes. He who desires to appear richer than he is, renders himself really poorer: for all that he sacrifices to shew, is as much lost to enjoyment as if it were really another's. The true

epicure has no pride and no vanity. Whatever gives not an agreeable sensation is to him nothing; and, at the year's end, it will be found that pride and vanity cost infinitely more pain, than their pleasures, when most gratified, can compensate.

Still the greatest drawback on life in London must be referred to ignorance. Many have not the time to attend to their own enjoyments, and many want altogether the capacity for consulting it. To regulate the domestic economy of a wealthy establishment requires some head; but to extract comfort from penury, and to direct with effect a scanty expenditure, demands a specific genius. In ten thousand instances, a good thing is as cheap as a bad one; and a well-dressed dinner, a clean and cheerful habitation, well-selected furniture, cleanliness, order, propriety, and good society, do not necessarily cost one farthing more, (nay, perhaps much less,) than a hog's meal, a disorderly and coarse arrangement of the interior, dirt, and a company of blockheads: but how few make the discovery, or know how to avail themselves of it, when made! How rarely do we find these points pursued with any thing like an approach to a tolerable perfection! Generally speaking, the money-making classes are too much occupied with business to attend to the regulation of their pleasures. Eating and drinking form the staple of city amusement, or, at best, pleasures are estimated rather by their first cost than by their return.

To make the most of life under any circumstances,

requires a knowledge of the machine to which the external sources of enjoyment are applied, that is to say, a degree of moral and physical philosophy which falls to the lot of very few. But in London, where the appliances are so varied and so many, and where the condition of the recipient is so complicated and unnatural, the problem to be solved becomes infinitely more difficult. It is not, therefore, saying too much, to affirm that, to steer one's way through the intricate navigation of a London life, or (as the mathematicians would say) to determine the maximum of pleasure derivable from a given quantity of London excitements, with the least possible waste of fortune, health, and reputation, requires as much sense, spirit, experience, and power of bearing and forbearing, as to fight against misfortune, and, from abject poverty, to arrive at opulence.

If the number of those who, without the aid of mere luck, have been the architects of their own fortune, be compared with those who, possessing a fortune, have known how to spend it like gentlemen, with advantage to themselves and for the general benefit of the community, the result would prove that the art of enjoying life is among the last and best refinements of civilized existence.

A WALK IN THE SNOW.

If the same trouble were taken to teach children what it is necessary for them to know, as to instruct them in what it is useless to them to remember, the happiness of their early years would be much increased, and the progress of their future education facilitated by the change. Instruction is generally begun at the wrong end. Metaphysical abstractions are presented to unformed intellects, scarcely able to comprehend the simplest facts. Ideas are obtruded, where images scarcely impress; and the flickering, fluttering attention of infancy,

"Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw,"

is directed to subjects which may be inflicted on the memory by painful reiteration, but cannot form a part of the rational and intelligible complex.

I have attended at good ladies' schools, and been edified by their patience, while shocked at their simplicity. I have heard them inculcate propositions to rustic infancy, which have puzzled the profoundest casuists, and decide upon points which have set states at war, separated sects (for centuries

undivided), sent the good to the flames, and consigned the wise to the block.

If the proper study of mankind is man, the proper study of childhood is itself, and the tiny world in which it lives and feels. The chace of its own butterflies is not more exhilarating, the song of its own birds more blithe, than this study might be made, were nature consulted in the process, and were facts presented and arranged in the order, in which they spontaneously offer themselves to the infant intellect.

The force of this truth was strikingly illustrated, on returning towards home, from a cold, dreary walk, of which the following little incident made a sort of adventure. Dublin had been rendered particularly gay by the severity of one of the rudest winters with which the mild, moist climate of Ireland is ever visited. Snow, many feet deep, filled the streets; the pavement was a glacier; and every roof sent down its avalanche, to the risk of the stupid heads which trusted themselves within its reach. Industry stood petrified, the poor perished, hospitality shut her door, and diners-out began to fear that they should not even dine at home.

But Fashion, who, like her twin brother, Folly, is in all weathers warmly wrapped in the mantle of her own self-conceit, found that which was death to others sport to her; and the streets, which, during the dark, bitter days, were deserted and silent, were at night brightened by flambeaus, and resonant with the tinkling of horse-bells, the crack of the whip,

and the shout and the laugh of youthful and excited charioteers. Sledges, guided by the gallant and the gay, and filled by beauties shivering and shining as polar stars, fleeted with meteor rapidity over the crisp and crackling snow, recalling the revels of Petersburg in the golden days of the most autocratic of all the autocrats of all the Russias. Pleasure then took a new course. The "chaste, cold moon" shone upon orgies, previously sacred alone to wax and gaslight; morning visits were paid at midnight, morning drives were taken while the sun was yet with the antipodes; the intoxicating waltz, over painted floors, was exchanged for the scarce less intoxicating transit over fields of snow; and love, powerless under the watchful eye of chaperoning prudence in the ball-room, obtained, like the Parthian, new victories in its winged flight.

Meantime, the sober, steadfast, and demure, who preferred the fireside to the iceberg, and keeping up the radical heat at home to being *ramassés* abroad, remained hermetically sealed amidst the comforts of couches and hearth-rugs.

Among the first to enjoy, and the first to break through the prudent precaution of this *quarantine*, was myself. Occupying an old-fashioned house, in a dull, old-fashioned street (which owes its distinction to the former residence of the illustrious family of Ireland's only duke*), I was tempted to take ad-

* Leinster House, the residence of the late duke, and Kildare House, that of the Duchess Dowager.

vantage of its vicinity to Leinster lawn (the garden of the ex-palace of the Geraldines), in search of fresh air and blood-stirring exercise. Muffled in furs, and plunged in snow boots, I was floundering through its white and untracked space, when two black spots, at the further extremity of the grounds, near the gate which opens to the privileged who hold its keys, on Merrion Square, caught my attention.

They grew in size as I approached, and what at first I took for two crows, then for two black cats, and then for two little dogs with shining collars, turned out, on closer contact, to be two lovely children—twins, perhaps—a boy and a girl, of about four years old. Their black velvet dresses, and gold-banded feathered hats, bespoke them the children of gentility; but, since the days of the "babes in the wood," never were children found in a more desolate and forlorn situation. They stood knee-deep in snow, each supporting the other by the twining of their fingers, hands, and arms. Their noses were blue, their cheeks purple, their lips swollen, and their tears congealing as they fell. They must have endured this painful infliction of cold and neglect for some considerable time.

When I had released them from their jeopardy, rubbed their little limbs, wiped their bleared cheeks, and made them walk as fast as they were able, to restore circulation, I endeavoured to get them to prattle of their home, to which I was anxious to restore them, and from which I supposed they had

strayed into the lawn, and had remained locked up. The dialogue which ensued, struck me to be sufficiently illustrative of the modern system of infant education, to merit a record in the journal from which it is now extracted.

"Well, my little dears, what is your name? where do you live? tell me, and I will take you home to your mamma; don't begin to cry again, but answer me—what is your mamma's name?"

Both Children (*in a breath*). "Mamma's name is mamma."

"Yes; but she has another name."

They looked perplexed in the extreme.

"What is papa's name, then?"

The Boy. "Papa's name is papa."

"Papa what? Has he no other name? Is he not Mr. Somebody?"

Boy. "No; papa is Mr. Nobody. He is Mr. Papa."

This nonsense in children, upon whose toilet so much more attention had been paid than on their personal safety, provoked me, and I could almost have whipped the little things for their mother's fault. However, I tried again to extort the information I required.

"Well, then, as you don't know papa and mamma's name, can you tell me what is your own pretty little name?"

"Puss is my name," said the little girl, smiling.

"And your's, my little man?"

Boy (*chuckling*). "Tom-tit."

"Yes, that is your pet name; but are you not Master and Miss Somebody?"

Girl. "No, we ain't—mamma calls me Miss when I'm naughty, and Puss when I'm good; and Tom's name is Tom-tit."

"Then you don't know your own names, nor your papa's name?"

The little girl, who was plunging her arms elbow-deep in my muff, nodded her head significantly, and answered, "No, I don't."

"Well, then, who brought you here? you can tell me that!"

Boy. "John the butler, and Mary our maid, did."

"And where are they, my children? are they in this garden, or in that great house?"

Boy. "John is gone for a *drink of water*, John says."

Girl. "And Mary is gone to buy me a nice new doll, Mary says."

"Then, I suppose, I must take you home, for it is too cold for you to wait here longer for their return. Now, tell me, where is your house? in what street?"

They both compressed their lips, and remained doggedly silent, with that look of conscious and resolute obstinacy so provoking in children. They either did not know, or would not tell, the name of their street. How many macaws and paroquets surpassed these elegantly-dressed little creatures in development of intelligence and quickness of comprehension!

A short time before this rencontre, I had heard children, not older than those whose fatuity was now so provoking, answer glibly questions which might have puzzled Locke, and startled Malbranche, but which abound in the classics of the schools established by good ladies for the earlier perversion of the human intellect. Much, therefore, in the same wayward mood in which Sterne presented a maccaroon to the ass at the inn gate, I entered on some metaphysical queries proposed to infant minds in early lessons, and I found the little neophytes (particularly the girl) much more *au fait* to the distinctions of spirit and matter, than to the names of their parents, or the "*whereabouts*" of their home. Meanwhile, the little boy kept soliciting my attention with, "I know who the oldest man is — Mr. Methusalem is." But the little girl outstripped him in fluency, and was illustrating the "spirit and the truth," after the most improved formulas of primer theology, when another definition of "the spirit" rolled into the lawn, through the Kildare Street gate, in the persons of their flushed and heated maid, and of a muddled servant man — the attendants who had abandoned these spiritually-educated children to the inclemency of the weather, while they had adjourned to a neighbouring pot-house.

The delight of the poor little creatures at the reappearance of their profligate and untrustworthy guardians was extreme. With more indignation than prudence, I reproached them with their breach

of duty, before I had obtained the name of their employer; and they, with the cunning peculiar to the class in Ireland, and with a humour that, under other circumstances, might have excused their insolence, foiled all my attempts at attaining it.

"If it's my masther's name you want, hadn't you better look for it in the directhory?" hiccup'd John.

"Lord save us!" said Mary, tucking up the little girl under her arm, while John seized on the boy, "I wonder that a lady, in such an iligant pellice, would turn informer. Come away, or its the hue and cry we'll have afther us."

The next moment they had passed the iron gate, laughing vociferously, and hugging, in their atmosphere of whiskey, the victims of maternal ignorance and misdirected education, who were probably carrying home with them a malady, the future cause of misery to the mother's heart — and who were certainly on the point of initiation into a system of falsehood and concealment: — for woe to the child who betrays the secrets of its prison-house!

To live, is the first object of human existence; and the earliest ideas conveyed to the mind of infants, should concern the means of forwarding the universal tendency. It is a matter of very premature consideration to the poor little being, surrounded by so many causes of danger and destruction, how long "Mr. Methusalem" carried his miraculous longevity; but it is matter of urgent, instant importance, that it should know as much

as possible of its own position in nature and society, and that it should learn to exercise its faculties in the avoidal of evil, whether threatened by the elements, or incurred through the malice of its fellow-creatures. Its first ideas, therefore, should relate to those things and persons which concern itself; its first-taught habits should be those of self-control and self-reliance, within the limited sphere of its activity. The mother who neglects, as soon as memory and articulation permit, to supply to her child all the imformation possible, for guarding it against the commoner accidents and injuries of life, is the criminal really answerable for its multitudinous wrongs and sufferings: careless hirelings, depraved attendants, and professional kidnappers are but simple accessories to the fact.

But the book of motherhood is one of awful import. It contains in its pages the mystery of half the errors which prevail in the moral and social system of the age. The little incident thus so carelessly registered, is only one of the many illustrations of the fact which every day's experience presents.

THE UNDISPUTED ONE.

"What a deformed thief this fashion is!"—*Shakespeare.*

"Malheur à tout esprit qui veut être trop sage!"
Le Depositaire.

If it were required to explain in a single phrase the overthrow of a monarchy so firmly established as that of France had been by Louis XIV., and to quintessentialize the long *sorites* of causes which brought about the Revolution, we should say that kings had ceased to be the fashion; and few would dispute either the truth, or the comprehensive fullness of the exposition. In like manner, if it were desirable to avoid a painful analysis of the intricate philosophy of the Reformation, and to account for certainly the most striking event in human history, without weighing, one by one, all its antecedents, could we render ourselves more distinctly intelligible, than by asserting, *totidem verbis*, that popery had gone out of fashion with the European population?

Mankind, uneasy under every other species of

control, have tried all sorts of government, and adopted all sorts of religions, without being able definitively to please themselves with any. But to the rod of fashion the world has bowed the head with absolute resignation; and, whether the matter in debate were a creed or a kerchief, a code of ethics or the cut of a coat, the *esprit moutonnier* of the species has evinced itself in equal intensity.

But if, in this universal prostration, one nation has shown itself more helplessly unresisting than the rest, more tamely submissive to the dictates of fashion, and the ordonnances of the *qu'en dira-t-on*, it is that headstrong and recalitrant congregation of odd fellows, whose privilege it is to laugh at all abroad, and whose practice is to find fault with all at home — the *populus Anglicanus*. Not Milton himself, who justified the execution of Charles I., and whitewashed his countrymen from the charge of regicide, could clear them of this more heinous execution of the right, the beautiful, and the fitting, at the bidding of an irresponsible and untangible authority. In England, fashion rules over all things, unquestioned; against her dictates there is neither justification nor mainprize; Magna Charta is but a parchment with a seal dangling to it, in opposition to her behests; and the Bill of Rights is as much waste paper, as a last year's almanac. The haughtiest noble, who looks down from the height of his peerage on all uncoroneted humanity, and is ready to champion the whole world to the utterance in defence of his order, dare not stand upon his privilege

so far as to employ an unvouched tailor; and the boldest popular orator, who tramples with one foot on the crozier, and the other on the sceptre, bows in reverence to the bauble of Fashion, and would hold himself no better than a lost man, if his boot were not, in every, the slightest, particular, "as gentlemen wear it."

This is a phenomenon sufficiently singular; and most provoking it is to be unable to explain it. Eating, drinking, and sleeping excepted, the only assignable reason for the existence of man is to find adequate causes for all he sees, hears, tastes, smells, and touches; and he is never so miserable, as when he is at a loss to account for the most trivial circumstance. How, then, shall we endure our ignorance of the causation of a great national characteristic? If Aristotle drowned himself for want of a workable theory of the tides, what would he not have done, had he been called upon to profess on so ticklish a theme?

That there must be some reason for our fashionable yearnings, is not to be doubted; nor can we be at all satisfied by a bare reference to the theory of the *libre arbitre*, and letting our "will avouch it." If the lawyers take good care that there shall be no causes where there are no effects, so philosophy acknowledges no effects without causes. Let us therefore look further into the matter.

When our neighbours on the continent are at a loss to understand some whimsical item of our national character, they *incontinently* set it down to

the influence of our climate. We do not, however, exactly see how climate can be pressed into the service, unless, indeed, it be assumed that fashion-hunting is an agreeable exercise, adopted to banish the ennui of a winter in London—a remedy against the November fogs and November throat-cuttings, of which so much is said. November and December are indeed seasons in which the advertisements of new fashions crowd the columns of our newspapers; but, on the other hand, the same occurs in the spring of the year, when the sun does shine sometimes, and when the influence of humidity experiences a certain relaxation. Much stress, therefore, cannot then be laid on that cause.

Neither can we well place the grief to the door of the British constitution, that scapegoat of a thousand offences; for *that* is, as every one knows, a constant quantity, whereas fashion is perpetually changing. At times we have been tempted to refer the evil to the spread of education, and that, too, the more willingly, because the free and enlightened citizens of the United States are just as much the victims to fashion as ourselves. This same spread of education has done so much mischief in so many other particulars. It has undermined the state, endangered the church, destroyed all respect for constituted authorities, and forced the proletarian population, in a body, to throw aside the spade and the shuttle, and to take to newspapers and pamphlets in the time of divine service. Why, then, may it not have done this deed also? There is

much likelihood in the thought; but, unluckily, fashion is in date older than Lancastrian schools, mechanics' institutions, or useful knowledge; so that here again we are foiled and utterly helpless.

The doctrine of races has of late years been called to the aid of political theorists. The Celts, we are told, are unfit for freedom, and the Teutons formed by nature to rule them, as the brown rats of Norway ate up our aboriginals of the black species. But race lends us no assistance in our attempt to discuss the causation of fashion. The Normans of England, it is true, claim to take rank as "the glass of fashion and the mould of form;" but the aliens in blood and religion, the wild *papishes* of Munster, are not less fastidious in the curl of their whiskers, than if they had not a drop of Milesian blood in their veins; and, what makes the case still stronger, distance does not save them from the contagion: for the bucks of Cork and of Limerick are as zealous, if not always as happy worshippers of fashion, as if they habitually walked Pall Mall, and dealt with Nugee.

Again, philosophers and breeders are strongly inclined to favour the crossing of races, and it may be thought not so much the purity, as the commingling of blood, that is answerable for fashion-hunting. But if fashion be aristocratical, this can hardly be: for the aristocracy, when not pressed for money, are jealous of misalliance; and rank and fashion are in their vocabulary nearly synonymous.

We are thus driven, *nolens volens*, upon that

ratio ultima of all perplexed disputants, the assertion, that the thing is so, because it is—a most lame and impotent conclusion. With such a conclusion we are any thing but satisfied; and the less so, because the ladies, with whom this formula is a decided favourite, indulge in it in all their argumentations; and we should rejoice if their logical fulcrum were better constructed. It is further lamentable that such a reason should fail; because, if the world were otherwise arranged, and things could be their own causes, may be, as Paddy sayeth, we would not all be dukes and duchesses at the least, as rich as the whole house of Rothschild and the plainest of us so many Adonises; but this may not be—the more's the pity.

Leaving, therefore, all further search for a special cause of Englishmen's love of fashion, let us see if it cannot be traced to an exaggeration of some attribute common to all nations. But here we are fairly divided between the hypothesis of some undiscovered bump, lying *perdu* in the base of the scull, out of sight, out of mind; and that of an animal magnetic influence, by which a patient becomes fashionized, by simple contact, with a man of fashion.

In favour of this last opinion there are strong analogies. Who does not know that, when a magnetizer stands behind a magnatizee, and operates on him *secundum artem*, the said magnetizee automatically follows all his unseen movements. This, I say, we know, because there are numbers who pro-

fess to have seen it "with their own eyes;" and there is nothing in the circumstance (is there?) so contrary to all reason and experience, as to warrant a suspicion that their "eyes were the dupes of their other (non) senses," and to place them between the two categories of fool and impostor.

If folks, therefore, by a scientific process are compelled to imitate what they do not see, what more natural than that the same cause should make them imitate whatever they do see done by their betters.

To this latter opinion we are the rather inclined, because we have observed that there are certain localities in which fashion acts with a peculiar intensity; we have known whole families to reside in the vicinity of Finsbury Square, for the better part of life, without showing any marked tendencies to the fashionable; but when they have emigrated as far as Bloomsbury, they have taken forthwith to reading the Morning Post and the Court Journal; or, if they have plunged at once west of Bond Street, have fallen into a perpetual agony, in their vain attempts to play their part in the game of follow-my-leader, and to say and do, and learn every thing that is said, done, or enjoyed by the select of Nature's chinaware.

So, too, we have observed many rising young lawyers plain and sober in their attire, as long as they merely frequented Fig-Tree Court, or the great square of Lincoln's Inn; but exhibiting the most tigrish demonstrations of fashion in their ha-

biliments, on gaining admission to the Atheneum and frequenting St. James's Street.

All this becomes still more plain and regular, when we reflect that animal magnetism is capable of being concentrated in certain substances; for if trees and water may be thus affected, there is no reason *à priori* for denying that houses and streets may be similarly influenced. Fashion, then, may happily be only another form of animo-magnetic influence; and it is not irrational to presume that places affected by fashionable (that is, by magnetized) persons, should by the bare contact become fashionable likewise, and communicate their magnetic influence even to casual visitors.

If it be objected that many individuals daily haunt the great foci of fashion, without experiencing the expected consequence—we reply, that this only brings the case more home to the magnetic theory, which notoriously is the reverse of universal in its operations—affecting, at it were by preference, the nervous, the imbecile, and the diseased—that is, the worst organized of her majesty's faithful subjects.

All this, however, we throw out as a mere hint; for though, at first sight, the theory runs on all-fours, it is not as yet reducible to a perfect concordance with facts in all its particulars. A year or two ago, indeed (and it was this, perhaps, that first put us upon the scent), the evidence of identity seemed nearly perfect; all the leaders of *ton* being likewise the leaders of magnetism; and it was im-

possible to eat one's dinner in peace, for the demands made upon credulity in all the best houses. Magnetizer and fashionable, then, stood a good chance of becoming synonymous; — to doubt of Dupotet, sent a man to Coventry, as effectually as to reject the thirty-nine articles; and to look grave amidst the general enthusiasm, rendered the best known plain-dealer liable to be suspected of being suspicious. But at present, *on a changé tout ça*, Dupotet received a severe blow from Murphy and his almanac; he was further shoved on one side by Lady C. B.'s *Memoires contre le genre humain*, and was finally driven from good society by Lord Brougham and the Canadian reform.

Not, however, to weary our readers, or to dim the delights of fashion, by further exploring its cause, we will leave that matter to future philosophers, to be taken in hand, as soon as all other political questions shall have been solved to the satisfaction of mankind, whig, tory, and radical. In the interim, we beg to be permitted a word or two on the various utilities, which fashion draws with it, to society at large, and to the fashionable in particular.

And first, as to the article of dress. Artists and antiquarians have been accustomed, in their reasonings, silently and without notice, to adopt the notion, that there are *in rerum natura* certain principles of dress, which should, could, might, and ought to lead mankind to definite forms, as the most suitable to the purposes of taste and convenience. But if any

such principles really exist, we, for our parts, are quite satisfied that ordinary intellects are not sufficiently acute to detect and adopt them. We opine, therefore, that fashion, with its acts of uniformity, is absolutely necessary to relieve the mass of mankind from an awkward embarrassment; to establish one true school for dress; and to deter non-conformists, by its ban of exclusion, from the exercise of a private judgment, where, in reality, there is no judgment to exert.

In proof of this truth, we appeal with confidence to the common every-day experience of mankind. Is it possible for the least observant of men to enter any polite assembly at the west end, without being pleasingly affected by the aspect of symmetry exhibited in the habiliments of the parties? True it is that, to-day, hats may be church cupolas, while to-morrow's are fashioned upon the Lilliputian scale; to-day, the petticoat may train on the ground, long and plain; to-morrow, it may stop half way below the knee, and be flounced and furbelowed to the waist; but, like the decisions of the Venetian law court, it is, in its successive changes, *sempre bene*. The unity of the effect begets a harmony out of the very excess of every extravagance; and no one will presume to think that the existing mode is not ever the most genteel, tasteful, and rational; that is to say, *durante bene placito*, and until it is superseded by something still more genteel, tasteful, and rational than itself.

Now, if this be not convincing, for the love

of truth, Reader, take a peep into the assemblies of the non-conformists, east of Tottenham Court Road. Released from the trammels of fashion and a French milliner, the world is all before them where to choose, and a pretty choice they make. *Nil fuit unquam tam dispar sibi.* The raw-pork nightmares of Fuseli never raised such spectres of horror, as are exhibited in the contrasted forms (if forms they can be called, which form have none). One lady has a pyramid of gauze flowers and feathers on her head, resembling the triple crown of the lady of Babylon, and high enough to shame the tower of Babel: next to her sits one with a skimming-dish, like a saint's *gloriole.* Then comes a rotundity of turban that would serve for the decoration of two black drummers; and then, a widow in the last month of mourning, sports a combination of wire and white crape, that would puzzle Archimedes himself to solve, or to imitate. Here, too, stands a young lady of forty-five, in flowing ringlets and a ball-dress of pink and silver; there sits a rural innocent, in a frock of coquelicot muslin, and a bright green bandeau in her hair. Here moves a staid and grave matron, in a puce-coloured silk, closed up to the throat; there, flaunts a *décolleté* dasher, in a gold tissue and court feathers.

Then, again, look at the men! True it is that the range of their fancies is more circumscribed: the most abandoned of gods and good tailors cannot launch into peculiarities, readily demonstrable by

mere verbal description. Few are they who dare venture beyond a black coat, and fewer still who persevere in their obsolete short tights, or expose the nakedness of their ill-shapen legs in white silk stockings. But amidst this seeming uniformity, there is such an endless diversity of indescribable details, so many, and such extraordinary ways of missing the mark, such a want of *ensemble* in each individual, and in the whole mass, that the knowing observer will at the first glance be struck with the impression, that he has fallen upon a race considerably below the average goodlookingness of humanity; or, if he be malignantly given, that they are the ugliest set of quizzes that his acquaintance ever coped withal.

Yet we cannot possibly believe that beauty really is governed by geographical considerations, or that people in fact change countenance as often as they change their domicile. We are driven, therefore, in spite of the elder Westminster Reviewers, to think that fashion is a potent beautifier, and "a true thing;" and to hold that Dryden was not correct when he asserted, that

> "God never made his work for man to mend."

If, however, we turn from the benighted individuals notoriously beyond the pale of fashion, who live and dress absolutely *lege soluti*, and cast an eye upon that numerous class who are perpetually following the fashion without overtaking it, we shall obtain still further proof of the natural incapacity

of the mere man to dress himself, and of the necessity of a stronger social influence, to save him from quizzery. In no instance does the maxim, *decipit exemplar vitiis imitabile*, hold good more perfectly than in the unfortunate acolytes of a man of fashion, who, the nearer they approach in a close imitation of his outward man, the more flagrantly they display their incapacity to reach him, and the more desperately sin against the principles by which he is governed.

We may take two men, the nearest in their physical exterior, and personal appearance; their hats may be from the same shop, their whiskers cut, curled, and dyed, by the same artist, the outline and colour of their clothes identical, and the gait and carriage of the one be a fac-simile of the gait and carriage of the other — yet shall the one be an unimpeachable man of fashion, and the other an unmistakeable tiger. The wildest eccentricity of the original is still within the line of licence; but in the copy, it is not the less a tangible absurdity, and an obvious caricature. A leader of fashion, like a poet, *nascitur, non fit*—is a born genius, and directs, rather than depends on the mere *fit* of his tailor; so that his happiest imitators can no more be trusted to go alone in their dressing, than the readers of a circulating library be trusted with the making of their own verses.

It is generally, by a studious exaggeration of fashionable peculiarities, that a common fellow endeavours to improve his appearance, when aban-

doned to his own discretion, and the aid of an unenlightened spoiler of cloth. The man of sense, who is conscious of no innate tendencies towards forms, frankly acknowledges to himself his own deficiency, abandons the scissors to a well educated tailor, and is content to receive the influences of *bon ton* through the medium of a regularly bred practitioner, who will not mislead him into a vicious excess.

The utility of fashion, conspicuous enough in all that respects the outward man, is still greater in its relations to the intellectual and moral individual. In proof of this (as far as literature is concerned) we have only to cite the weight and influence of Reviews. The editor of a Review is a sort of literary Brummel. He sets the fashion of ideas, laying down the law as to what is, or what is not *bon ton*, or as he calls it "sound thinking," or "right minded," or if particularly to his taste, "truly English." He dictates what books are, or are not to be read, as "Akermann's Fashions for May" prescribe or denounce collars and sleeves.

This saves mankind a world of trouble, and no small portion of mankind a world of unavailable trouble. In this mercantile country more particularly, it is a vast advantage for a man to find leisure to go to the Docks, the country house, and the Exchange, in the certainty of finding his politics ready heated at the breakfast table with his muffins; his religion regulated weekly, like the family clock, and his literary taste posted and

summed up once in three months, like his butcher's and baker's bills.

Another example presented itself not long ago in those eulogies on new plays, carefully composed and set forth at the head of the play-bills, which were intended to set the fashion in regard to the productions of dramatic genius. Without this assistance, an uninstructed public would not know which way to turn with their five shillings, or find out whether they were pleased or not with a representation. This much at least may be said, that after a frequent and attentive perusal of such documents, every man must rest perfectly satisfied, that he would not have discovered a single fact they announce, if unassisted by the lights they hold out.

In some of the earlier essay writers there is a paper in which (after much discussion of fashion) the author recommends the leaders of ton to make it fashionable to be good; and it cannot be disputed that the influence of fashion reaches even to that extent. Not that even fashion itself would lead to an absolute moral perfectibility; but it clearly does determine what shall or shall not be deemed and taken as moral, at particular times and in particular circles.

It must, indeed, be admitted, that there is a sort of code of general morality contained in the "Whole Duty of Man," and other books of the same abstract and theoretical character, which are said to be founded on the common sense of mankind, and sanctioned by an universal consent. But this morality, it is easy to perceive, is a mere matter of

form, and has nothing to do with that practical code, which is not only for ever varying, but is not at the same moment of time alike in the many different portions and fragments, into which society is divided. Every circle, in this respect, has its fashion, to which all the constituent members subscribe with undoubting fidelity. Touching the eighth commandment, for instance, how vast is the difference of opinion entertained between "the prisoner at the bar," and the twelve good men and true who "tell him his fortune!"

But, if fashion be necessary to correct our judgments of things, much more is it necessary to form our opinions of men. Mr. Sweetscent, for instance, the great soap-boiler, goes down to the independent borough of Fleecem, and sets up for a Parliament man. But not one person, perhaps, of the independent electors ever saw him before, or knew that he was in existence. How, then, could they discover that he was the profound legislator, the philosophical statesman, and honest man, that they require for their representative, were it not for his fashion? The Conservative looks into the "Times," the Whig consults the "Chronicle," and the Radical examines his Sunday paper; and, according to the odour which the man happens to be with those authorities — according to the fashion in which he is held by them — they know at once whether he is a patriot or a traitor, a man to be trusted, or a man to be eschewed by all right thinking voters.

To be seen in certain places, to frequent certain

clubs, to be upheld by certain *coteries*, are so many abbreviated expressions of character, which enable men to determine with little labour whether any individual be indeed fit to be associated with, and are much safer guides than mere actions, which are not only liable to much misrepresentation, but may also arise in hidden motives the very reverse of those which are on the surface.

In professional life more particularly, the public would be quite at a loss, if fashion were not at hand to determine their choice. *In arte sua cuilibet credendum,* says the proverb, in an humble consciousness of its laical incapacity. But, if the patient, in this his ignorance, applies to his apothecary, he is straight delivered over to the physician who prescribes most medicine. If he asks of his neighbour, he is recommended to a customer, or to a cousin who attends the recommender *gratis;* and if he tries to make the matter out by his own personal investigation, he dies before he can hit upon the right man. Let him, however, walk round Belgrave Square, and scrutinize the doctorial chariots waiting at the several doors, or let him search the journals to see who is called in when the minister, the Duke of A., or the Bishop of B., are sick, and his embarrassment is at an end.

By parity of reason, the attorney-general for the time being is ever the safest lawyer to trust your suit withal; and the preacher at the most fashionable chapel is the soundest theologian. Nor is it any derogation from the soundness of the rule, that

Fashion is for ever changing her opinions on these persons. That the selected of to-day is the abandoned of to-morrow, proves not that Fashion has been mistaken in her men, but only that she has fortunately become acquainted with persons of still greater abilities.

We cannot further enlarge on this very copious theme; but, *verbum sapienti*, the reader will be at no loss to conclude that, were it not for the influence of fashion, society would be a congregation of floating atoms, a mere rope of sand; and the chaos of private ideas, *non bene junctarum discordia semina rerum*, would never coalesce into the necessary connivance, which constitutes that *cheville œuvriére* of nations—public opinion.

Let us, then, hear no more absurd railing against fashions and fashionable men. Before we take the child from the go-cart, we ascertain that he is able to walk alone; and before a man be permitted to cast aside the fashionable faith, let him first prove that he really is capable of forming one opinion of his own—no matter on what subject.

PHYSIC FOR THE MIND.

"And here I stand both to impeach and purge."
Romeo and Juliet, ACT v. Sc. iii.

WHOEVER has read the ingenious lucubrations of Dr. Gastaldi* *(et cui non dictus Hylas)*, must be aware, that when a man of hospitable aspirations has provided himself with an approved *artiste*, and with the necessary fortune to pass through his stewpans, he will still be a hundred miles distant from a good dinner, unless he engages with Monsieur to submit to an occasional dose of physic, whenever his palate loses its proper tone; which, by the heat of the kitchen, his professional anxieties, and the frequent swallowing of degustatory morsels, it is very apt to do. Half a note above or below concert pitch makes a difference in the nerves of this organ, which sets all culinary experience at defiance; just as a similar incongruity in the tuning of musical instruments, unspheres the harmony of a Mozart or a Rossini.

Accordingly, a true connoisseur in the table,

* Almanac des Gourmands.

when he notes his *menu* with a pencil, as he works his way through the three courses, and finds many "sweets," "sours," "pepperies," "*fades*," "insipids," &c. &c., he unpityingly concludes with an admonitory hint of a "screw loose" in the cook's digestion, and refers him peremptorily to the peptic persuaders, the rhubarb mixture, or the grain or two of calomel, according to the extent of deviations discovered from the *juste milieu* of culinary politics.

In this practice there is involved much recondite philosophy, if the world had possessed the wit to discover it; and it adds another instance to the many already recorded, in which a trifling fact is capable of changing the whole face of a science. It was the idleness of a truant boy, and not the meditations of a theoretic mechanist, that rendered the steam-engine a self-acting machine; and the flying of a child's kite introduced the invention of lightning conductors. When the attraction excited by friction in a stick of sealing-wax, or the effects of two bits of metal on a frog's foot were first noticed, there was little reason for imagining that these discoveries involved all that is both brilliant and solid in the present advanced state of chemical knowledge. As little could it have been surmised from the first observations made on the loadstone, that this mineral would open to mankind a new world, and familiarize Europeans with tobacco-smoke and people-directed government!

To those who have made nature their study,

such instances are any thing but uncommon; and the learned will not be surprised to find that an inference drawn from a Frenchman's dyspepsia may throw a much-wanted light upon morals and metaphysics, or that the theory of a good dinner, and that of a good public administration, are precisely identical.

The connexion between the abdominal viscera and the gustatory perceptions of a *chef de cuisine*, which prevents him from doing his duty, when his stomach is out of order, is by no means a solitary fact; but is one of a long train of phenomena, in which the condition of the mind is subordinate to the changes in the constitution of the body. Many such instances have long been known to the physician, and even to the common observer of nature. The connexion between red hair and a passionate, angry character, is familiar to most persons; and melancholy was, early in the history of medicine, assigned to its physical cause—a peculiar derangement in the patient's liver. Every body is likewise aware of the influence of particular states of the constitution over our feelings and actions; and a man of the least possible knowledge of the world would abstain from asking a favour from a hungry friend, at the moment when a servant is announcing that the dinner is *not* ready; but would await his opportunity, until the genial influx of a bland chyle into his veins shall have tempered the acrimony of the fluids, and predisposed the mind to the softer and more amiable affections.

These facts, however, have hitherto stood in a barren isolation; and have been so overlaid by the cumbrous hypotheses of theological moralists and systematic metaphysicians, that they have not been able to germinate and produce that fruit with which they are manifestly pregnant. Many similar instances will assuredly suggest themselves to the recollection of the reader; and it is needless to mention to the professional writer, that, when the stomach is oppressed, it is as impossible to write as to fry,—to compose an ode, as a *consommé*,—and to succeed in a *jeu d'esprit*, as in an "*epigramme d'agneau.*" Dryden always took physic as a preparative for poetic composition; and Apollo, be it remembered, is at once the god of Medicine and of Verse.

An attentive observer will detect in himself, at every turn, a thousand *nuances* of temper, hitherto utterly inexplicable, which have been more or less injurious to his interests; and which, by the aid of this clue, he will at once refer to an indigestion, or a fit of the bile: and he will not fail, in reading history, to discover an infinity of events, that have turned on the caprice of an individual; which caprice was itself the consequence of some hitch in the animal mechanism, some *poco piu* or *poco meno* in the circulating fluids, or some morbid irritation of an internal organ. Thus, the downfall of monarchy in Rome was manifestly a proximate consequence of the turgescence of Tarquin's veins: the endless quarrels between the aristocracy and

plebeians, in the same city, were maintained by crudities in the stomachs of the lower classes, occasioned by insufficient nourishment: and the execution of the unfortunate Louis the Sixteenth, with all its consequences, was occasioned by his liability to *bulimia;* a disease which, in common language, may be defined an inordinate appetite for mutton chops. Every one knows that a sudden access of this malady led to his arrest at Varennes.

"It is but increasing," says an ingenious writer, "or diminishing the velocity of certain fluids, to elate the soul with the gayest hopes, or sink her in the deepest despair; to depress the hero into a coward, or advance the coward into a hero." Who, then, shall say that there may not sometimes be a mere dose of physic, of difference, between a Whitelock and a Wellington? Who shall say that, if Napoleon had slily slipped some medicine into the breakfasts of our grenadiers, on the morning of the battle of Waterloo—if he had found some "rhubarb, senna, or some purgative drug," to cool their courage on that eventful occasion—he might not in reality have "scoured these English hence," and turned the tide of Fortune once more in his own favour? There is nothing in history more glorious than the victory which the English obtained at Agincourt, when labouring under the dysentery; unless, indeed, as is possible, the French themselves likewise suffered under the same courage-depressing complaint.

So, likewise, if some pharmaceutic preparation had, by causing a metastasis, removed the velocity

from King James the Second's heels to his animal spirits, on the day of the battle of the Boyne, he might have had a better chance for his throne; and popery and wooden shoes might have still maintained their ancient supremacy in the land. Where, in that case, had been our glorious constitution of 1688, the American war, the debt, and all the other consequences of that monarch's under-stimulation?

All right-thinking persons attribute the courage of Englishmen to their beef: but the beef makes the humours, and the humours make the man. The continental soldiers fight upon brandy; and brandy, though a more diffusible stimulus, is less permanent in its efficacy: no wonder, therefore, if, in the long run, their fire is mastered by the obstinacy and bottom of the island heroes.

Notwithstanding all these partial glimpses at the real nature of human affections, the learned have never yet followed up their discoveries in this field to a practical result. The conclusion is not the less obvious. Generalizing such facts, we must be convinced that the application of rewards and punishments is, in itself, perfectly insufficient to reduce men's actions to any standard of right and virtue; that the moral world must be governed through the physical; that ethics are but pathology seen in a particular light; that history is a clinical course, and politics identical with therapeutics.

From all this it follows, irresistibly, that the constitutional deficiencies of heroes, statesmen, and

diplomatists, may be corrected by the physician; and that their bodies, by a due course of medicines, may be preserved in that condition, in which they can best promote the welfare of "the people committed to their charge;" while it is equally clear that the world must continue burthened with all the evils of despotism, anarchy, and other misgovernment, as long as sickly and cachectic ministers are permitted to regulate, unpurged, the destinies of nations.

When we reflect that Mr. Pitt was in the habit of preparing for debate by eating highly-deviled chops and steaks, and drinking a couple of quarts of black-strap, we can no longer feel astonishment at the many "just and necessary wars" into which his acrimonious policy plunged his country. If, instead of thus "applying hot and rebellious fluids," ay, and solids too, to his blood, he had made use of emollients and sweeteners; if, instead of inflaming his passions by inflaming his liver, he had cooled his brain and calmed his pulse to a peace establishment, with white meats and water-melons, who knows but he might have earned the good reputation of his father, and England might have been many millions the better, both in purse and person, for the regimen.

When these truths come to be familiar, and to be felt as well as seen by the public, there can be no doubt that a thoroughly reformed parliament will abolish Bellamy's, and substitute in its *locale* an apothecary's shop; and that it will place no confidence

in any man's speech, unless upon a previous acquaintance with his regimen, or on a clean bill of health from a competent physician. Coeval with this change, it is to be expected that a national hospital will be established as an appendage to Downing Street, and to the two houses of legislature; and that as much care will be taken to forbid the access of a minister to the royal presence, when under a morbid excitement of mind, as if he were tipsy, or rather, as if he were under the direct influence of a contagious typhus.

While awaiting the advent of so happy a consummation, a learned physician has been busily employed in developing this great leading idea, and verifying by private experiment the extent and influence of therapeutic applications, as well to the private as the public errors of mankind. Hitherto, success has justified his most sanguine anticipations; and in order that the reader may have some notion of the vast field which lies before him, he has only to peruse the few cases which follow, and which are not selected, as the custom is, for effect, and for bolstering up a weak cause, but fairly taken, without reference to their efficacy or failure.

Case I. Timothy Wildfire, Esq., and cornet of dragoons, a buck of the first head, hits the ace of spades at twelve paces, is of a jealous, touchy, and irritable temperament, has fought three duels in five weeks, and pulled seven inoffensive individuals by the nose. Application was made by his friends

to request a visit to him at a neighbouring coffee-house, to which he had repaired with the intention of calling out a rival fire-eater, whose pretensions to bullying had crossed his own. Finding him very red in the face, with a sinister scintillation of the eyes, with a hoarse, elevated voice, and "the lie" at every instant on the tip of his tongue—the medical adviser contrived to slip, unperceived, three grains of emetic tartar into his negus, while he was penning his "reproof valiant." Before he could seal the envelope with a hand and dagger, he became heartily *sick* of the business, retired hastily to his barrack-room, and, at once throwing up the affair, was cured completely—at least of the actual paroxysm.

Case II. Money-trap Gobbleton, citizen and goldsmith, after a series of civic entertainments, in an access of bile, disinherited his son, on account of what he called an imprudent match. Six weeks at Cheltenham brought his skin to its colour, and his temper to serenity; when no longer viewing the transaction with a jaundiced eye, he agreed to see the young couple, and forthwith cancelled his will.

Case III. Lydia Lovesick, spinster, having, by a course of amatory poetry and romance, fallen into an inflammatory diathesis, accompanied by palpitations of the heart, hysteric weepings and laughings, and slight occasional aberrations of mind, was on the point of eloping with a married man. Fortunately the disease took another turn. A delicious walk by moonlight along the side of a

pond, which bore the name of lake; brought on a violent cold. This falling, as the phrase is, upon the lungs, she was seized with a dangerous inflammation of that organ. The loss of thirty ounces of blood abated, at the same time, the fever of her pulse and of her mind. A large blister, applied to the chest, removed the inflammation of the pleura and of the imagination; and, in two days after the use of these and other cooling remedies, she confessed the whole matter to her mother, desired back her pictures and letters, and absolutely wondered what had made her in love with a man who was neither young nor handsome.

Case IV. Lord Loggerhead, a determined opponent of reform, and a resolute boroughmonger, expended half his fortune in contesting a county election. The loss of his money, and of his seat, together with the ingurgitation of large doses of sloe-juice and logwood affecting his intellects, he was placed in a straight waistcoat, and submitted to a strict regimen. By a rather extensive course of county speeches, and Harrowgate water, he discharged an enormous quantity of peccant matter; and, about this time, being unable to remain at his seat, owing to his excessive unpopularity, he travelled for some months abroad. On his return home, the virulence of his opinions was considerably abated; but he sunk into extreme dejection and melancholy, and never afterwards attained to any positive soundness of mind. This, upon the whole, was the most unsuccessful of many expe-

riments. Medicine seemed to have lost all power in his case; and, both pathologically and politically, he was fit only to end his days in a hospital for incurables.

Case V. Robert Sneak, pin-maker, was troubled with a constitutional coldness and timidity. He had, for years, laboured under a vixen wife, who snubbed him before company, kept the purse, and once even boxed his ears, for his interfering with her flirtations. By taking only one pint of brandy, his courage became so inflamed, that he was enabled to kick his domestic torment down stairs. After six hours' comfortable sleep, however, he awoke as bad as ever; or rather, I should say, much weakened by the effort.

Case VI. Benedict Snug, bachelor, aged sixty-five, under a paroxysm of the gout, had bespoke a license to marry his cook. Being interested for his nephew, his attendant advised him, on the plea of general health, to abandon his nightly brandy and water, and to pretermit the use of a warming-pan. This regimen had the most satisfactory effect. The cook was discharged, and the patient paid a long visit to his sister, in the country, where, by shooting, hunting, and card-playing, he staved off any notable access of his disease. On returning to town, this unfortunate gentleman resumed his old habits: after one night eating a hundred of oysters, and taking a tumbler of stiff punch, he, the next morning, committed matrimony, in the face of the parish, on a giggling milliner who came

to take his measure for some new stocks; and, in six months, his nephew was disinherited by the birth of a son.

Case VII. Aminadab Dismal, clerk, by dint of much fasting and solitary study, was attacked with a deep, religious melancholy, alternating with paroxysms of raging fanaticism. Sometimes he thought himself spiritually lost; and at others, in a state of perfect grace. He had frequent inspirations from heaven, and was complete master of the unknown tongues. Becoming acquainted with a rich rector, he insensibly adopted a more generous diet. Two daily bottles of old port, with fish, flesh, fowl, and pastry, *à discrétion*, considerably improved the tone of his spirits; and, upon his eventually succeeding to three lucrative livings and a deanery, he finished his days in a very comfortable state of apathy and indifference.

Not to trouble the reader with further details, sufficient evidence has been adduced to show that the judicious application of a blister, a dose of calomel, or a stimulant, might, on many an occasion, have saved a vast deal of calamity: so that there can be no doubt that a skilful physician, attached to congresses and private meetings of sovereigns, might tend to the preservation of the public peace, by the timely administration of physic to the "high contracting parties." Had Charles the Twelfth of Sweden been properly disciplined by medical authority in his youth, and violently bled once a month, he would not have ruined his country

by ceaseless wars; and a vigorous course of exercise, combined with low diet, might have prevented Louis the Fifteenth from wasting the revenues of his kingdom on concubines and pimps. On the other hand, it would have been possible, perhaps, to have figged even a Fleuri into a declaration of war, upon a really necessary occasion; or to have cauterized a Francis or a Nicholas into the grant of a constitution.

To the immediate application of this system there are some objections, which it would be unfair to conceal. One is, the number of incurables actually on the thrones, or in the cabinets of Europe: another, not less important, is the state of public opinion, which is not ripe for subjecting royal and noble patients to the necessary discipline for improving their minds, either physically or ethically. It would therefore be best, following the customary routine of practice, to commence the trial *in corpore vili;* and to exercise, in the first instance, upon such thieves and murderers as are within the reach of the law; just as was practised in the commencement of inoculation for the small-pox.

For this purpose, Newgate might be divided into two wards; so that while Mrs. Fry is carrying on her operations in the one, by means of instruction and example, the physicians and surgeons of the neighbouring hospital of St. Bartholemew's might take charge of the other; and by excising overgrown bumps on the scull, blistering

the seats of deficient propensity, and "purging the bosoms" of their patients "of the foul stuff," which weighs so heavily upon them, they might, in process of time, determine to a nicety the relative advantages of moral and medical treatment. By a judicious use of a seaton in the neck, they might supersede *in toto* the hempen cravat; and substitute a blood-letting from the arm, for a scarification of the loins.

By the time the public were accustomed to this practice, it might be feasible to undertake a certain portion of the public press; and by purifying their blood, to sweeten the asperity of their vituperation. Thence, the step would not be long to the public defaulters; though it would certainly require strong emetics to force these gentlemen to disgorge.

Proceeding upwards in society, we shall at length arrive at the governing classes; when, by stimulating the whigs, we might infuse into them a greater degree of firmness of purpose; by purging the tories and the radicals we might cure the one of that "vigour beyond the law," to which they are so especially prone; and the other of their fiery intolerance of all opinions save their own. By much use of reform and sulphur, all parties might be relieved of their itch for place and power; while, by the proper employment of eye-waters, the visual organs of the aristocracy might be strengthened to bear the blaze of noonday truths, by which they are at present shocked, pained, and blinded.

Thus, then, would be hit off a real balance of power; and the secret be discovered of a blessed millennium of peace and good-will. We have, indeed, only to say with Shakespeare, "take physic pomp;" and forms of government will at once become indifferent: for, at least, in a medical sense,

That which is best *administer'd* is best.

If there be any spirit in the nation, this hint will not be lost. The subject will be canvassed, petitioned for, and introduced into the king's speech. The President of the College of Physicians will be called to the privy council; and a bill for the introduction of the system, after twice passing the commons, and twice being rejected by the bench of bishops, will eventually, perhaps, become "part and parcel of the law of the land."

THE CASTLE OF MALAHIDE.

Of the swarms which, at a particular epoch, rushed from the great northern hive, and possessed themselves of the fairest portions of southern and western Europe, the hardy and tenacious race which took the name of Normans evinced a superior organization over all cotemporary barbarians. Whatever element they chose for their sphere of action, as the sea-kings of one age, or the land-warriors of another, they colonized with rapidity, held to their conquests with determination, founded dynasties, and established civilized communities; and, maintaining with valour what they had obtained by violence, they transmitted to their posterity, for a series of centuries, that firmness of purpose which is the sole secret of permanent success.

Of the Norman adventurers who invaded Ireland in the twelfth century, the greater number are still represented by descendants in peaceable possession of a part of their original lands;* and

* "It is a remarkable circumstance, that the ancient baronies of Ireland have almost universally been enjoyed by persons of the same surname and blood as the first founders."—*Lynche's View of the Legal Institutions, &c. &c.*

nearly all the castles of the Pale, which mark its very limited boundaries, still show their sites with picturesque ruins, or dominate them in still more picturesque integrity. Of these two extremes, the best illustration will be found in the castles of Ley and Malahide.

The first Anglo-Norman invaders of Ireland protected by the sword what they had won by the sword. But Henry II., on his arrival, adopting the forms of feudality so recently introduced into England, conferred estates and dignities on the knights who accompanied him, to be held under the English Crown, in a country to which he was almost a stranger: and by subjecting the grantees to the conditional performance of military and honorary services, he strove, in this allocation of his principal officers in Ireland, to perpetuate their submission, and to secure the resources of their lands for the advantage of the English throne. In distributing provinces and principalities to a De Burgo or a De Boteler,* the servants of his household, Henry still kept a corner for himself, or for some of his personal favourites; who, inferior in power to the potent magnates, were more likely to preserve their faith to their master inviolate, and to offer central points for the maintenance of his authority. When he bestowed the province of

* The family name of the Butlers was Beckett; they were kinsmen of the martyr archbishop, and were created the king's butlers by Henry, in a spirit of penance. The De Burgos were the "sewers" in the royal household.

Leinster on the Earl of Pembroke, to be held as a noble fief of the Crown, he thus retained for his "pleasure and esbattement" the lordship of Malahide, or Mulloghide—two cantreds of land on the sea-side, in the neighbourhood of Dublin.

It appears that among the young gallants who accompanied King Henry to Ireland was one Richard Talbot, second son of Richard Talbot, Lord of Eccleswell and Linton in Herefordshire. His paternal grandfather was the sturdy governor of Hereford Castle; his maternal grandsire was "the grete Earl of Arundel;" and his family was already historical in the annals of England. Henry II. had given the lordship of Eccleswell, in England, to the father; on the son he bestowed the lordship of Malahide, and the castle and town of Dalkey, in Ireland.

Malahide was an important maritime boundary of the Pale: wood-embosomed, sea-girted, it was well defended by the Dangain, or Danish rath, which crowned its impending hill. Its little port was much frequented, and the whole district formed a part of the most cultivated and civilized tract in Ireland—Fingal; then, as now, designated as the "land of the Fair Stranger." "The Pale itself," says that agreeable old chronicler, Hollingshed, "was the richest and civilest soyle in Ireland; and Fingall more especially, from tyme to tyme, hath been so addicted to all the points of husbandrie, as they are nicked by their neighbours for their continuall drudgerie, *collonnes*, of the Latin

word *colonia*, whereunto the clipt English word *clown* seemeth to be answerable."

Such were the soil and population of Fingal from the twelfth century to the reign of Elizabeth, and such are they now; the habits, manners, and the very names, of the original Danish and English settlers, unchanged and unmixed at the end of six hundred years.*

Henry II. was well aware that the conquest of England by his grandfather had been greatly facilitated by the want of castles to impede his progress; and he had the sagacity to defend himself against the encroachments of the native Irish on this weak side, by granting licences to the new settlers for raising such edifices, retaining them however in his own custody in time of war—an uninterrupted possession.

A chain of rude, crenelated, square dungeons rose rapidly throughout the Pale, and dominated the marshes "to fear awaie the Irishry." Every Anglo-Norman lord had to build his tenure-castle, to be held in royal custody. English masons arrived with every tide at Clontarf, Malahide, or Dalkey; the poor Irish kearns threw away their skeins for the trowel, and their spears for the axe; and the Pale exhibited a scene of incipient activity and civilization, under the superintendence of the king's deputy, De Lacy, which is thus quaintly

* Sweetman, (Swede-man,) Seagrave, Russel, &c. &c.: not an O' or a Mac is to be found in Malahide or its neighbourhood.

described by an old chronicler of the times:—"Hugh De Lacie, the rather to mete with such hurlie-burlies as were like to put the state of the Irish countrie in danger, if the same were not the sooner brought to quiet, erected and built a number of castels and fortes in places convenientlie seated; well and sufficiently garnished with men, munition, and vittels; at which divers of the Irish praied to be set on work for wages. Lacie came sundrie times to further the work (his own castle of Durrow), full glad to see them in with anie such exercise, wherein they might have begun to have delight, and taste the sweetnesse of a true man's life. He thought it no small token of reformation; for which cause he visited them oftener, and merrilie would commend his gentlemen to give the labourers example, to take tooles in hand, and to work a season, whilst the poor soules, looking on, might rest them. But this pastime grew to a tragical end; for on a time, as each man was busilie occupied, some toiling, some hewing, some plaistering, some graving, the generall (the lord-deputy) also himself digging with a pix-axe, a desperate villain among them, whose toole the nobleman used, espying both his hands occupied, and his body inclining downwards still as he stroke, watched when he so stooped, and with his axe cleft his head in sunder—little esteeming the torments that for this traitorous act ensued," an universal war between the Irish and the English of the Pale and its surrounding countries.

It was thus, like the gentlemen of the lord-deputy's train, that the Talbots probably worked, axe in hand, at their first rude castle of Malahide, which they raised in a place conveniently seated, in the midst of a wooded plain, close to its port, and sheltered by its rath-crowned hill.

To castellate now became a fashion: the monasteries of the Pale "sued for license to crenelate and embattle their belfries," with a clerical foppery singular in those rude times. Thus, too, the strongholds of the Fitzgeralds, the St. Lawrences, the Plunkets, (Lords of Fingal) the De Lacies, the Barnwells, &c. &c., rose on every side, and bade defiance to the O'Moores, the O'Briens, and the O'Tooles, who looked down in contempt from their mountain fastnesses, and impervious glens of Dublin and Wicklow, on those *stone-cages*, unworthy for brave men to depend on for defence.

Even in a later epoch, when the lord-deputy De Courcy, "a powerful man," had won the friendship of that wild toparch, Mac Mahon, and was bound with him in the strong and sacred tie of gossipry, he could not bring him over to the domestic comfort and warlike security of "lyme and stone." For, having raised him two castles on the boundaries of his country, for his defence against encroaching neighbours, scarcely had the deputy returned to Dublin, when Mac Mahon levelled them to the earth. Called to account for this breach of trust, he answered contemptuously, "I swore not to hold stones, but lands; nor is it in

my nature to live between cold walls, when the woods are so nigh."

Here and there, indeed, the Irish raised a few piles "for the captains of their countrie, in imitation of the English settlers: but I will be bold to say," adds Sir John Davis, "that never any particular person (Irish), from the conquest to the reign of James, did build any stone or brick houses for his private use, but such as have obtained estates under the English law."

Entrenched within his tenure-castle of Malahide, Richard Talbot was soon bound in the galling chain of feudality, knighted, and obliged to go forth to battle whenever the deputy unfurled his standard. The Church, too, soon discovered the new and prosperous settler, and pounced at once on his conscience and his cantreds. The first act of the chatelain of Malahide was to make over "a grant of certeyne lands in Malahide Beg in pure and perpetual almes to the monks of St. Marie's Abbey in Dublin, for that they might praie for his soule, the soule of his brother Roger, and the soules of their ancestors;"—a sweeping bargain!

This grant, in the reign of King John, Reginald De Wassanville Talbot, the son of Richard, piously ratified, with an addition of a few acres of his lands of Port Maonock, in part payment of his own salvation. So rapidly, indeed, did the organ of veneration develop itself in the heads of this family, that in the year 1250 they founded and endowed a monastery, dedicated to the Holy Trinity, at their

sole expense. This monastery occupied the site, where far other rites were celebrated in aftertimes, —the site of the Royal Theatre in Crow Street, where the Mossops, the Barrys, the Woffingtons, and the Jordans, performed their noviciate. The ground is now about to be built upon for a Methodist Chapel.

Meantime, "to make assurance doubly sure," Richard Talbot, in 1259, obtained a re-grant of his estates from King John; and one Richard Talbot succeeded another in lineal descent, to the reign of Edward III.;—all valiant and comely cavaliers, as it should seem, for they all married heiresses: and the rich and fertile cantreds of Cork Beg, Feltrim, Baalragan, and other smooth acres with rough titles, were brought into the rent-roll of Malahide, by the alliances of its worthy knights with the Lady Marys, Julias, and Margarets of the De Canetons, De Kenewricks, and other grim names, of then powerful import.

With all this accession of lands and honours, the Pale lords slept not on beds of roses. To defend their own castles, and to attack those of their neighbours, whenever they were not hunting an O'Moore to his woods, or an O'Beirne to his mountains,—to go forth an hosting at the lord-deputy's command,—to make a prey of cattle or of men, or to undertake pilgrimages through perilous ways to remote shrines,—and never to leave the protection of their own barbican without a well-founded apprehension of returning shorter by a

head, (the Irish custom being to cut off the heads of the vanquished,)—formed the principal details of the wretched existence of these early settlers on the lands of the Pale.

The state of society in Ireland at that period, and even for two centuries afterwards, was without parallel in the history of the world; and all its elements were so anti-socially organized, that the wonder is not that the country should still exhibit traces of incivilization, but that it did not become wholly depopulated and wild. The invaders were in perpetual and universal warfare with the invaded, who would neither unite to expel the foreign enemy, nor agree to submit to the English authority. The English by descent at variance with the English by blood, the native chiefs in ceaseless predatory hostility with each other, and all alike in occasional rebellion against the government, were all equally ignorant of enlightened morality, of the blessing of good laws, and of the evil of those feudal institutes, which made every chief a despot, and every subject a rebel or a slave.

Thus, it appears, a Reginald Talbot of Malahide, began to run restive, and failed to offer at the Exchequer his tributary goshawk, probably intending, like many others of his order then in Ireland, to set up for himself. When obliged to come in, he was had into Court for delivering into the Exchequer, as the rent of his estate, one goshawk, which, on inspection and examination, there, proved unsound, unfit, and of no value: and inasmuch as

the delivery of the same was a fraud on the Court, and a grievous damage to the King, the said Reginald Talbot was fined.

In times so wild and barbarous, it is pleasant to see some faint ray of a dawning civilization breaking through the gloom. In 1315, Richard Talbot, of Malahide, was elected sheriff of Dublin.* He was soon, however, called on to bring his faction into the field, and to march under the banner of his gallant friend, Lord John Birmingham, of Louth, against Edward Bruce, who, joining the "Irish enemy," had devastated the country, and deluged the soil with blood, carrying destruction to the castles of the Pale, most of which he levelled, to the very walls of Dublin.

The bloody victory obtained over the Scotch and Irish armies by the Anglo-Irish captains, brought no peace to the conquering survivors. A feud broke out between the gentlemen of Fingal and Louth. Richard Talbot, with his friends and partisans, joined Lord John against the De Gernons, De Verdons, and others. A pitched battle was

* In the genealogical account of the family, it is said that Richard Talbot was elected sheriff in 1315. It is more probable that the city dignity conferred was that of provost; for, according to Stanihurst, "the sword was not given to the city till 1409 (Henry IV.), when Dublin was ruled by a mayor and two bailiffs, which were changed for 'shiriffes' by a charter granted by Edward VI. (1547): but it appeareth by the ancient seale of the citie called *signum prepositurœ*, that this citie was in old times governed by a provost."

fought in the plain of Ballybragan, on the vigil of St. Barnaby; and Richard Talbot, and his friend, Lord Louth, were slain, with two hundred gentlemen of their followers. This event happened in 1320.

The loyalty and worth of the father, procured the protection of the English Government for the son, who, though a minor at his father's death, was knighted, and received a livery of his estate. In 1374 (Edward III.) he was summoned to the *magnum concilium*, or Parliament, by the title of Thomas Talbot, *miles*, and as one of the *melioribus et sufficientibus hominibus*, &c. In 1379 he was again summoned to Parliament by special writ. Thus, at the distance of five hundred years, began the parliamentary career of the Talbots of Malahide; and, through that awful interval of time, and long sweep of events, it does not appear that one voice of their's was raised against the honour or the interests of their native country.*

In 1414, Sir John Talbot, Lord of Furnival, and kinsman to the Irish families of that name, came to Ireland as the King's Deputy. He landed at Dalkey, and "made a circular progress round the Pale in a most warlike manner." It may be sup-

* Mistaken, perhaps, in their opinions, they were never false to their ideas of patriotism. They fought against invasion or usurpation, against a Cromwell or a William of Orange, but still they fought for Ireland; and if they loved her not wisely, they at least consecrated their errors by their disinterestedness; for they were on the side of the weakest.

posed that the Talbots lost nothing by the influence of their relation, who was succeeded in office by Richard Talbot, Archbishop of Dublin.

Some curious traits of the Vice-regal reign of this Deputy are preserved, illustrative of the times. In a Parliament held by him in Trim, it was enacted that "cornonick, or protection of Tories, be treason." It is a mark of the growing liberality of this age, that it was "licensed that any officer may travel by sea from one part of Ireland to another, without forfeiture," or may travel any where with a license. Thus was Ireland, in the fifteenth century, in this respect, on a par with Austria, and some other European states, of the nineteenth; whose serfs of the highest ranks are obliged to obtain permission to travel or reside for a given time in foreign countries, under penalty of forfeiture.

In 1415, Robert Talbot, "a righte noble man," close-walled the suburbs of Kilkenny, and departed this life.

In 1436, the castle and lordship of Malahide, with other lands in Dublin, Meath, and Kildare, were placed in the King's hands (Henry VI.) during the minority of Richard Talbot, the King appointing four chaplains, or ecclesiastics, as guardians. On coming of age, this Richard Talbot brought to his castle, as its bridal mistress, the Lady Maud Plunket, daughter of the Lord Killeen, and sister of the first Lord Dunsany. The lady's story was a romance; it being recorded of her, that she was "a maid, wife, and widow in one day." Her first

bridegroom, Hussy, Baron of Galtrim, having been called from the altar to head a hosting against the Irishry, was brought back to the bridal banquet a corpse, on the shields of his followers. The effigy of this lady is still to be seen, in the church of Malahide, dressed in the costume of the time.

It was at this epoch, that a new source of "feud and foray" broke forth in Ireland, which assumed all the fierce and bitter character of its own domestic origin—the struggle of the Houses of York and Lancaster. "Hence began," says the chronicler, "the factions of the nobilitie and gentrie of Ireland, favouring divers sides that strove for the crown of England; for the Duke of York, while in Ireland, had by his conduct exceedingly won the hearts of the nobilitie and gentrie of that land. Great was the credit of the house of Geraldine, even when the House of York prospered; and likewise the Butlers thrived under the blood of Lancaster."

The Talbots, always of the party of the Geraldines, which was ever that of the nation, became the most zealous of the Yorkists. The Lancasters were deemed their natural enemies; and to side with the House of York (the Duke of Clarence was born in Dublin) was the liberalism of that day.* "The faction of the Talbots began to get great," says Coxe, "it being in the nature of mankind to be mutinous against an uneasy government, be the

* Within the memory of the present generation, the Yorkist rose was still to be seen in the pavement of the old church of Malahide.

fault where it will; for the multitude consider what they feel, and cannot penetrate into the cause or evil of their grievance; and therefore they fall upon the most obvious remedy, which is the change of the government."

The impressions which the Duke of York (1459) had left behind him, by his severe, but even-handed justice, procured for him the most enthusiastic reception, when he took refuge in Ireland from the persecutions of the Lancastrians; for he was so well esteemed of the Irish, says Stanihurst, "that multitudes of his Irish subjects followed him to England, to assist him in the pursuit of his claims to the crown."

The adhesion of the Earl of Kildare, of the Talbots, the Birminghams, and other lords of the Pale, were well marked in aftertimes, by the unforgiving blood of the Lancastrian Tudors. The extermination of nearly the whole race of the Geraldines, could not satiate the love of blood and vengeance, which distinguished that race, from Henry VII. to Elizabeth—the antitype of her father; nor was the crime of Yorkism in Ireland ever forgiven by the English sovereigns, till the house of Tudor became extinct.

In the reign of Henry VII. a deep and mutual hatred to the Lancastrians and to the Butlers, their Irish adherents, led to a strict alliance between Sir Peter Talbot of Malahide, and the great Earl of Kildare, which was cemented by a union of the tenderest nature; the Earl bestowing on Sir Peter his youngest daughter—the Lady Catherine Fitz-

gerald—who brought with her as a dowry the beautiful estate of Carton, lying under the very walls of her paternal castle of Maynooth. It was the grandson of this lady who founded the younger branch of the Talbots of Carton, which thus became the birth-place of the celebrated Richard, Duke of Tirconnel, and of his brother, the gifted and unfortunate Archbishop of Dublin. By this illustrious alliance, Sir Peter Talbot became the brother-in-law of his foe, Pierce Butler, Earl of Ossory, who married the Lady Margaret Fitzgerald, the most celebrated and extraordinary woman of her time and nation.

The reign of Edward IV., though it brought no remedy for the sufferings of Ireland, was eminently favourable to the nobility of the Pale. Many of their castles, which even in the time of Edward III. were going to decay, were now re-edified upon an enlarged scale. Among these, the Castle of Malahide, if not wholly rebuilt, was considerably improved; an effigy of the King was placed over the principal entrance; and its towers, its court, or bawn, its crenelated walls and ditch, exhibited all the stern and formidable characteristics of a baronial dwelling. A grant from the King conferred regal powers on its lords; and a prison, a gallows, and a church, within its circuit, intimated their privileges and their piety.

The arrival of Lambert Simnel; the honours paid to him by the deputy, Gerald, Earl of Kildare, and the gentry of the Pale; his coronation in Christ

Church; his being carried to the castle on men's shoulders, "as he was sure an honourable child to look upon;" all these open symptoms of treason were not sufficient to displace the Lord Deputy, "so powerful was that mighty man."

When the plot (or just claim) of Lambert was defeated at the battle of Stoke, the earl's attendance at court was demanded by the King; but he, for sufficient causes, took leave to decline the invitation, on the plea that "he could not be spared from the government." This excuse was admitted; his pardon was granted for the nonce; and Henry remained satisfied with despatching his minister, Sir Richard Edgecomb, to Ireland, to take new oaths of allegiance from the nobility, and to hold them in recognizances, as the price of their pardon.

Accompanied by five hundred men-at-arms, Sir Richard arrived at Waterford after "a contrarious-voiage." Having taken the oaths from Lord De Courcy, and the loyal mayor and corporation of that city—all true Lancastrians (the Tories of those times) and good haters and calumniators of the Earl of Kildare—"the seyd Sir Richard," as his secretary and journalist calls him in his curious diplomatic diary, "continued his most perillous voiage, and set forth in his skippes to braven the wide seas, and expose hymself to great contrarious wyndes and tempests."

The chances of this adventurous voyage threw him on the hospitality of Malahide Castle; and he unconsciously became the guest of the sister and

the wife of two men, whom he had orders to attaint of high treason, in case they should not make a confession of their faults, and an unconditional recognition of the House of Tudor. "The seyd Sir Richard, after great contrarious wyndes, fetched one island, called Lambay, off the coast of Dublyn, and sent to inquire for the Bushopp of Clogher, Thomas Dartrass, the Kyng's porter, to have knowledge of him of the disposition of the people." Thomas Dartrass returned with the intelligence that "the redoutable Erl" was gone on a pilgrimage, and that it would be four or five days "ere he mought come again to Dublyn; and so desired hym to come to Dublyn and take his ease." For this purpose "the seyd Sir Richard landed at Malahide; and ther a gentilwoman called Talbot receaved and made hym righte good cheer: and the same day, at afternoone, the Bushopp of Meath and others cume to Malahide aforesaid, well accompanied, and fetched the seyd Sir Richard to Dublyn. And at his coming thither, the mayor and substance of the citie receaved hym at the Black Fryers gate, at which Black Fryers the seyd Sir Richard was lodged."

The result of this visit, most dramatically related in all its details by "the seyd Sir Richard," was the obtaining, with much difficulty, the required oath of allegiance from the "redoutable Erl," the Archbishop of Dublin, the Bishops of Meath and Clogher, the Prior of Kelmainhum, Preston Viscount Gormanston, James Fleming Baron of Hune,

Nicholas St. Lawrence Lord Howth, Christopher Barnwell Lord of Trimblestone, Sir John Plunket Lord of Dunsany, P. Birmingham (afterwards Lord Athonry,) Christopher Bellew of Bellew's Town, Peter Talbot, Kt. Lord of Malahide, &c.

The oath of allegiance thus taken by the Talbots left them for some time in peace in their castle of Malahide, where, doubtless, in their beautiful hall, which at this moment presents the same aspect as it then did, they continued to dispense right good cheer to their neighbours the Howths, the Louths, the Barnwells, the Gormanstowns, the Bellews, and the Geraldines, all now, as then, their alternate guests and hosts.

During the reign of Henry VIII. the Irish nobility were marked out for the most sanguinary persecution. Of this, the house of Kildare were the most notable victims. The father of Lady Catherine Talbot died in the Tower of London of a broken heart; and her five uncles, with her celebrated and gifted brother, "the silken Lord Thomas," were delivered up to the King's vengeance, by an act of treachery, the vilest that ever disgraced the history of any government. Her half-sister, the Lady Geraldine Fitzgerald, an hostage and a guest at the court of the murderer of her kinsmen, became better known to posterity as the "more than celestial Geraldine" of Lord Surrey's Muse.

It was a remarkable circumstance that, while Sir Peter Talbot was suspected of treasonable prac-

tices, and called on for a formal recognizance for his loyalty, his son and successor, Thomas, was dubbed a knight-banneret on the field, by the Lord Deputy Grey, for his gallant bearing in a conflict against O'Neil. This circumstance, however, did not influence the feelings of the new knight against the House of Tudor; for the Talbots were ever good haters, as they were zealous friends: and when, in 1531, the King displayed his banner on the hill of Owenstown in the county of Dublin, Thomas, not obeying this summons, nor appearing for his barony, was processed by the Court of Exchequer.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the celebrated "celestial Geraldine," the Queen's old playfellow at Hunsden, had become the stately Countess of Lincoln. As cousin to Talbot of Malahide, she may have presented his learned and reverend kinsman, John Talbot, to the Queen. As a recent convert to her new religion, Elizabeth proposed him to the Archbishop of Canterbury for a vacant bishopric. The Archbishop, in horror of a man who had Papist blood still hot in his veins, exclaimed, "Talbot a bishop! Marry, an it please your Highness, he is not even a Christian!" "An though he be not," replied the Queen, merrily, "he will do well enough for an Irish Bushopp." This John Talbot is cited as a "very good maker in English;"* English being then in Ireland nearly as

* To "make well in English" was a great eulogium. "There liveth," says old Hollingshed, "one Wise, in Water-

scarce as Greek. It is probable, however, that his Latin oration in praise of Essex, was the true cause of his elevation.

The accession of the House of Stuart to the throne of England was the millennium of the noble families of Ireland, as well Irish as of Anglo-Norman origin. As Catholics, they imagined that in the person of James they had found a protector; and the natives considered him as a descendant of their own kings. Many, therefore, posted to his court, to press claims or to extort favours by a prostration of personal dignity, such as Ben Jonson has immortalized in the exaggerated, insolent, and too melancholy satire of his "Irish Masque."

At this period, and during the reign of Charles I., the Talbots of Malahide remained at home; and, while the Talbots of Carton were pushing their fortunes at Whitehall, or fighting under foreign banners abroad, Sir John Talbot of Malahide, and his wife Lady Catherine, the daughter of the Earl of Fingal,* were still representing the honours and dispensing the hospitality of the family, when Cromwell arrived as General of the Forces in Ireland.

ford, that maketh verrie well in the English." There still liveth one Wyse in Waterford, worthy of the same commendation. Another of the family of the Member for Waterford is celebrated as "one Andrew Wise, a toward youth, and a good versifier."

* Ancestor of the present Earl, whose ancient and beautiful Castle of Killeen is still among the most precious specimens of the historical architecture of Ireland.

The Pale was then the focus of loyalty, and its castles were of great importance. Even after the republicans had obtained possession of Dublin, part of the royal army was encamped at Finglass, a village close to the capital; and the battle of Swords was fought within gun-shot of Malahide. The siege and sacking of Drogheda, a terrible event, within fifteen miles of the castle, was followed by an attack on its own walls. Upon its surrender, it was instantly seized on by Cromwell for his own residence, being, as he observed, "the strongest castle in the neighbourhood of Dublin." To Sir John and his lady was given the gracious alternative of going "to Hell, or Connaught," and they chose the latter. Retiring to their estate of Castle-Ring, in the county of Roscommon, they took, as they believed, their last farewell of that ancient residence, where, for five centuries, their ancestors had "kept crock and pan," or had armed for field or foray, against king or subject, as they deemed the interests of Ireland may have demanded.

Whilst Cromwell took possession of Malahide, and stripped the Church of its lead to defend its walls, Colonel Ingoldsby obtained Talbot's Town, another of the family estates in Wicklow. On Cromwell's departure to play the greater part assigned him in England, Malahide Castle was given to his deputy Miles Corbet, who set up a brewery in the church, and kindled the fire under his boilers on the site of the great altar. The stains of the smoke are still visible; and tradition asserts, that,

in consequence of his destruction of the twelve Apostles sculptured over this altar, the image of the Virgin Mary (who, from the foundation of the castle to that moment, had kept watch and ward over its inhabitants) disappeared from the black oak chamber. On the morning, however, of the flight of Miles Corbet in an open boat from the port of Malahide, he observed in passing through this chamber, that the Virgin was again enshrined in her ancient niche over the chimney-piece, and remarked it to some of the followers of the Talbots still retained in his service. From that moment to the present, she holds her place over one of the most cheerful and hospitable hearths in Ireland.

The restoration of the House of Stuart was the restoration of the venerable Sir John and Lady Talbot. The first act of this spirited lady was to order the demolition of the outworks and defences of the castle; alleging to her son and heir Richard,* that she was resolved Malahide should never again serve as a stronghold to invite the residence of an usurper.

There is no greater historical illusion, than that entertained of the reign of the Stuarts, as having been favourable to the Catholics of Ireland. It was under James I. that a civil inquisition was set up for the discovery of disputed titles, which aimed at the forfeiture of the entire Catholic property. Sir Arthur Chichester, his deputy, is doomed to ever-

* This Richard Talbot married his cousin Frances Talbot of Carton, sister to Richard Duke of Tirconnel.

lasting infamy for the prosecution of this scheme, which was recompensed by a share of the forfeited estates, amounting to ten thousand a year.

The same inquisition was continued under Charles the First, by the despotic Strafford; who, in his determination to find the title for the king, proposed to have his inquisitors attended by five hundred horse, "as good lookers-on." Four whole counties in Connaught were thus found for the king.

But the loyalty of the Irish to this false and worthless race, (whose hereditary temperament continued unchanged to its last miserable representative) remained unshaken. They brought the same devotion to the Court of Charles II., as they had evinced for his father in the field, and in exile. The Ormonds, the Ossorys, the Kildares, the O'Briens, the Fitzmaurices, and the Talbots of Carton, all hastened to exchange their Pale castles of Ireland for an apartment at Whitehall, or a lodging at Newmarket. Colonel Richard Talbot of Carton, (nephew of the Lord of Malahide), and his brother the Red Peter Talbot, were among the favourites and boon-companions of the king and his brother the Duke of York. Peter was made almoner to the queen; while Richard, in a fit of disgust or patriotism, left the court, and retired to Ireland. When he again presented himself at Whitehall, he appeared as the advocate and agent for the claims of the Roman Catholics of Ireland, more unjustly treated and oppressed by the Stuarts, than they had been even by the Tudors.

It is curious to see the Butlers and the Talbots

still opposed to each other in the Court of Charles the Second, as they had been in the reign of Henry the Seventh. The minister Ormond opposed the claims of the Irish Catholics advocated by Talbot; and the petulant and irascible advocate in his expostulations with the ducal premier, conducted himself with such haughty violence, that he was committed to the Tower. Charles, in his mischievous love of fun, taunted the duke with his passive endurance of Dick Talbot's wit and violence, till, worried by the heartless pleasantry, Ormond turned shortly upon him, and exclaimed, "Odd's my life, Sire; does your Majesty then wish that I should doff my doublet at this time of day, to fight a duel with Dick Talbot?"

The succession of James II. converted the "Dick Talbot" of Whitehall into the Earl and Duke of Tirconnel, lord-lieutenant and commander of the forces in Ireland. But though the family of Malahide returned five members to the parliament held in Dublin, 1689, they seem to have derived but small advantage from the elevation of their kinsman. Edward III. by his letters patent, and Edward IV. by his grant, had given to the Talbots of Malahide royalties and privileges of the highest and most distinguishing character. With other far greater powers, were assigned the customs of the port of Malahide, with the right of sealing the cocket, or custom-house receipt, with their own private seal, without any account to be rendered to the king. If any of the king's officers should

enter the manor to exercise any thing contrary to this privilege, it was made lawful for the Talbots to hinder and resist them.

But though at the Restoration the Talbots were declared "innocent persons," and by virtue of the Act of Settlement were restored to their manor and lands of Malahide, with all the royalties thereunto belonging, the customs of their port were taken by the king's officers. Richard Talbot petitioned the king against this usurpation in 1678; and Sir John Temple, to whom the case was referred, admitted the grant and its exercise up to 1641, but recommended that the rights should not be restored, as being prejudicial to his majesty's customs; but that some such compensation for his pretences should be granted as his majesty shall be pleased to allow, as in the case of the Earl of Kildare for Strangford, and the Society of London for Londonderry, and thereupon the petitioner be obliged to release to his majesty all his right and claim, &c.

Notwithstanding the evident justice of this claim, and the near relationship of the family to the all-powerful Duke of Tirconnel, neither were the rights restored, nor any compensation made for the usurpation.

Of Richard Talbot, duke of Tirconnel, much ill has been written, and more believed; but his history, like that of his unfortunate country, has only been written by the pen of party, steeped in gall, and copied servilely from the pages of prejudice,

by the tame historians of modern times, more anxious for authority than for authenticity. Two qualities he possessed in an eminent degree—wit* and valour; and if to gifts so brilliant and so Irish, be joined devotion to his country, and fidelity to the unfortunate and fated family, with whose exile he began life, and with whose ruin he finished it, it cannot be denied that in his character the elements of evil were mixed with much great and striking good. Under happier circumstances, the good might have predominated; and he, whose deeds are held by his own family in such right estimation, might have shed a lustre on his race, by the talents and heroism, which gave force to his passions, and celebrity to his errors.

Of the various conflicts which have influenced the fate of Ireland, the greater number have been fought within the boundaries of the Pale. The last and greatest was the battle of the Boyne, an event in which the destinies not only of Ireland, but of Great Britain and even Europe, were deeply involved. On the eve of that memorable battle, King James slept at Slane Castle, where he had

* During his exile with the Duke of York, he was presented by Charles II. to Louis XIV., to whom he bore so extraordinary a resemblance, that Louis, mortified to find that any "mortal mixture of earth's mould" should approach so near to the royal model, demanded insolently of the young Irishman, "La mère de Mons. Talbot a-t-elle été à la cour de France?" "Pardon, sire," replied the Irish wit, "jamais: c'est mon père qui y a été." Louis turned on his heel, while the courtiers bit their lips in vain.

been sumptuously entertained by Christopher Flemming, Lord Slane.*

This Christopher was then scarcely eighteen. Devoted, like all his family, to the Stuarts, he saw the king issue forth from his gates armed for the fight. He saw the first onset from the walls of his castle, and hurried forth to mingle in the fray, from which he escaped a beggar, an exile, and an attainted traitor. Such are the lamentable consequences of the most glorious of victories, by which the liberties of a nation are rescued through the perils of a civil war. In such contests it is the noblest and best who suffer, and who fall. How deep then is the guilt, and how black the infamy, of the traitors, crowned or coronetted, whose selfish ambition, by trampling upon public rights, compels an injured nation to rise in its own defence, and to put its existence, political and civil, on the issue of a battle!

While James was arming in Slane Castle, another scene equally striking was enacted in the hall of Malahide. Before the dawn of day, the Talbots with their kinsmen, to the number of fourteen, assembled, armed to the teeth, round a breakfast-table, at which the sister of the king's lieutenant-

* Slane Castle, and its vast territories, forfeited by this lord's attainder, were sold, and are now the property of the Marquis of Conyngham, who, in 1822, entertained there another king. King William, on the night before the battle, lodged with Lord Howth.

general (Tirconnel), the Lady Frances, wife of the head of this loyal party,* presided.

Setting forth with the light to join their kinsman the duke, at the king's camp lying on the near shore of the Boyne, they found Tirconnel with the Duc de Berwick, James's natural son, reconnoitring the position of King William on the opposite side of the river. While William was mounting his horse, it happened that a man and two horses, standing near him, were killed by a cannon-ball. A second bullet, rebounding, glanced over the right shoulder of the gallant William, and inflicted a flesh wound: his officers crowded round him, and it was thought by the enemy that he was killed. A shout of joy rose from the Irish camp; and Tirconnel, prompt to avail himself of the great event, sent forth a squadron of cavalry to profit by the consternation. In this petulant attack perished the party of the Talbots, one only returning to the castle to tell the story of the eventful day. This one was a stripling youth, Richard, son, heir, and successor of the then Talbot of Malahide. The story he continued to tell down to the middle of the last century—and "many a time and oft" to one, from whose veracious lips the author of this sketch first heard its details.†

In 1789, Richard Wogan Talbot, Esq., now of

* Richard Talbot, of Malahide, who died in 1703.

† The venerable mother of the present Lord of Malahide, to whom the late king restored the ancient honours of the family by the title of Baroness Talbot de Malahide.

Malahide, succeeded to his father (the heir and nephew of "the old gentleman,"* the Richard of the Boyne.) He was called to represent the honours of his family, as heir male general of Sir Thomas Talbot, summoned to Parliament, 1374.

There are illusions, almost poetical, connected with the inheritance of a name so interwoven in the history of a nation, which, though they be not approved by sound philosophy, may be considered as splendid errors, when compared with the dogged pride of unillustrated races, whose blood "has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood," or with the *morgue* of a sordid ascendancy obtained by creed or party. The Talbots of Malahide had been Catholics and Jacobites, when in Ireland it had been deemed a virtue consecrated by persecution to be either: but the virtues of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, no longer belonged to the eighteenth. Richard Wogan Talbot took his place in the "great council," a representative of the reforming spirit of his age: a Protestant, he voted for Catholic Emancipation; and an inheritor of six hundred years' aristocracy, his voice was

* By this name he is known in the traditions of the family. Of his humour, oddities, and Jacobite feelings, many curious anecdotes remain. Entertaining, one day, a large party of his noble neighbours of the Pale, his near relative, Lady Alley Talbot, seated at the head of the table, he suddenly rose from his place, and hit her a violent slap on the face; then, falling on her neck and kissing her, he exclaimed, "Forgive me; you looked so like William of Orange at that moment, that I could not resist it."

raised for that great question of Reform, which was eventually to destroy much of the false prestige of privilege, and to substitute things for sounds, —personal qualifications for the accidents of birth. He did not "blush" that his ancestors "had been fooled so long," because such folly was the wisdom of their times; they had gone successively with their age, he resolved to go with his. For twenty-four years he struggled for Catholic Emancipation and for Parliamentary Reform, and he has obtained his reward—the best reward of his political consistency—of seeing those long-withheld boons of justice granted to his country.*

Malahide Castle, or, as it was then called, "the Court of Malahide," is thus described by a tourist of the last century:—

"It is a large, irregular building, of unequal height. It is nearly square, and has an area or court within. The entrance is on the east front, by a flight of black-marble steps. The hall is spacious, and of most ancient appearance, corresponding with the antiquity of the exterior. There are ten rooms on a floor. The parlour is wainscotted with carved oak, in a curious and old-fashioned manner. The lower stories are servants' offices. It is founded on a limestone rock, the situation lofty, and the whole commanding a fine prospect of the bay and town of Malahide, and of

* Since this was written, Colonel Talbot has succeeded to his mother's honours, and has been created a British Peer, by the ancient family title of Baron Furnival.

the sea on every side—the castle standing on a peninsula. It is surrounded by old woods of oak, ash, and beech, of great size: the manor is extensive, and the royalties stretch a considerable way along the sea-shore."

Since the epoch of this description, the rebuilding of one of the great towers battered by Cromwell, and other restorations, have considerably increased the beauty of the edifice, as a monument of antiquity, and its comfort, as a domestic residence. The entrance now is by a low-arched door, opening into a vaulted passage or hall, and winding-stairs of black-marble, coeval with the castle in the time of Edward IV. They terminate abruptly at the entrance of the black-oak chamber, one of the most curious apartments in Ireland. This room is long, low, and narrow, and illumined by a single window of stained glass. The walls and roof are panelled and rafted with carved oak, so exquisitely worked, as to be worthy of the chisel of Gibbons; and so blackened by time, that the whole has the air of a large and antique cabinet of ebony. The doors of the buffet, at the further extremity, represent Scripture-stories; and "the chimney-corner" appears to have been literally the domestic altar; for it is surmounted by a carved representation of the Virgin—the identical image which disappeared on the arrival of Miles Corbet.

The Virgin herself had, in a dream, commanded one of the Sir Richards or Sir Reginalds to build this votive chamber to her honour, with a strict

order that it should be "garnished with ivory pillars." This order was a poser! Ivory was not easily to be had in Ireland, and the votarist was driven to a pious fraud. The room was garnished with pillars of the oak of the celebrated *sagro bosco* of Fingal, painted white; and the deceit passed muster for ages. When "the old gentleman" succeeded to the honours of Malahide, he declared the proportions of the little white pillars stuck over his oak room, gave it the appearance of a chandler's shop. The white paint was scraped off; and if the Virgin took cognizance of the fact in a dream to the old gentleman, he never revealed the circumstance to his friends.

To the right of this chamber is the baronial hall, unchanged in its original construction, and presenting the same imposing appearance, as when it served the purpose of a court-leet* in the time of

* In the Court of Malahide all manner of pleas, as well real as personal, were entertained before the seneschal, with power to arrest and attach the bodies and chattels of those moved against within the liberties, to commit to prison for ever, and to make due execution. The lords of Malahide were also exempted from serving the office of sheriff, coroner, or escheator of Dublin, Meath, Kildare, or Louth, and from attendance on juries, &c. They were allowed to receive all fines, &c. arising out of their court, to their own use, without any account to the King. They had cognizance, too, of all pleas in Chancery, the Exchequer, and Admiralty, of any matter within the manor. The customs and dues granted to them out of the port, extended over almost every importable article; the whole forming a mass of privilege and power greater than that is at present possessed by most reigning sovereigns.

Edward III., or received the envoy of Henry VII. It is a spacious and lofty building, with a cathedral roof of black oak, flanked by two towers, and with a gallery at the lower end. It is lighted by three large Gothic casements, with embrasures of immense depth, and is warmed by two ample and open hearths, where, on dogs of the time of Louis XIV., blaze the produce of the neighbouring woods.

Among the interesting portraits that partly conceal the rather rude walls of this chamber are one of Mary Queen of Scots, by Holbein, or his school; a portrait of the amiable little Queen of Charles II., in the very costume so ridiculed in the "Memoires de Grammont:" this, probably, came into the family through her *protégé* and almoner, Peter Talbot, who, after being made Archbishop of Dublin by Pope Clement, died a prisoner in Birmingham Tower, in the castle of Dublin. There is a charming picture of the little daughter of Tirconnel, not more remarkable for the peculiarity and richness of the dress, than for its likeness to the living beauties of the Talbot family, with portraits of the duke himself and his spirited duchess "la belle Jennings," and other family beaux and belles of the time of Charles II. Opposed to these worldly representations of a courtly age, hangs a fine and very valuable picture by Francis Hals, of his own very ugly and primitive family. It was, probably, brought to Malahide by Miles Corbet.

The hall opens into a small antiquated room, in modern *parlance* called the library, but formerly devoted to the preservation of the records, plate,

and other valuables — the accumulated relics and evidences of successive ages. It is lighted by three Gothic casements, and surrounded by bookcases, with an adjoining iron closet. Here is deposited the grant of Edward IV. to the Talbots, which was characterized by the late Lord Chancellor Ponsonby as being "the proudest record in the possession of any gentleman of the empire." It is a large sheet of parchment, beautifully engrossed, and curiously illuminated with a sketch of Malahide Castle as it stood in those days, with its keep, the present edifice, with two walls flanked by seven towers, a barbican, and a drawbridge. There is also depicted a stag reposing under a tree, guarded by a lion — the Talbot crest: this intimates a privilege of free warren. Further on are the Talbot dog *couchant,* the royal leopards, and St. George charging the dragon. The witnesses to this deed are Richard Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III., and the Duke of Clarence of malmsey celebrity. The great seal of England is appended.

The next curious document is the instruction of King James II. to the Duke of Tirconnel, with the king's autograph and signet, and the ribbon with which it was tied after the fashion of those times.

This evidence-chamber was the favourite retreat of "the old gentleman," from which, in his latter years, no human influence could tear him. A few days, however, before his death, a superhuman agent contrived to dislodge him. The chamber for centuries had been the haunt of "Puck" who had

accompanied the family from Eccleswell, and continued to torment the objects of his mischievous predilection, down to the arrival of Cromwell, when, like the Virgin, he departed. After the battle of the Boyne, he again took his place in the chimney-corner. There are many anecdotes in the family which prove that Puck was a bore; but the old gentleman endured him till he took to playing certain midnight pranks, to the great annoyance of the inhabitants. It was the wont of this imp to roll a little wheelbarrow filled with bones from the neighbouring churchyard, across the hall, and into the old gentleman's room. After submitting to this intrusion for some time, the old gentleman arose one night, took his clothes, fled to one of the distant bedrooms, and died, as he declared, of the persecution he had endured from Puck.

To the left of the great hall, is the drawing-room. But for the deep recesses of its window-cases, it might pass for a modern apartment. It is flanked by a round tower, fitted up with appropriate decorations by the present lady of Malahide; to whose judicious exertions and good taste in consulting the "genius of the place in all," the castle of her husband's ancestors stands deeply indebted. This room is most remarkable for the valuable pictures it contains. Among these is a fine altar-piece by Albert Durer, on three folding panels. This belonged to Mary Queen of Scots, and stood in her oratory at Holyrood House. Her son James brought it to England; and Charles II. gave it to the Duchess of Portsmouth. On her return to France,

— having retired *pour faire ses pacques* to a convent of English nuns — she was struck with the beauty and grace of the grandniece of her old friend "Dick Talbot," who had been sent there for her education; and, conceiving an affection for her, presented her with this valuable picture, with other curious and rare objects of art, now decorating the castle of Malahide. Here, also, are some portraits by Hals, a fine landscape by Hobbima, the Temptations of St. Antony by Calot, and a very curious representation of the ball at the Spanish Court during the visit of Charles I., and Buckingham.

The second drawing-room, modernized in the last century with a bad taste that destroyed the harmony of the suite, contains some of the best pictures in the castle. Of these by far the most valuable is a portrait of Charles I., by Vandyke, one of the finest pictures by that eminent and prolific master. The portrait of Charles's mischievous and intriguing queen forms its pendant, but is much inferior in execution. Here, also, is the portrait of the Duchess of Portsmouth, missing, it is said, from the collection at Windsor, and probably given by her either to the Duke of Tirconnel, or to his niece. There is, also, a portrait of the little Duke of Richmond, her son, the founder of the present family: both by Sir Peter Lely. The portraits of the Duke of York and Anne Hyde, and of the Duke of Tirconnel in his robes and order of the Garter, if not by the same master, are from the same school, and are highly finished. There is a noble picture in this

collection ascribed to Holbein, which might be taken for Henry VIII., if it were not inscribed as the portrait of John Talbot, the great Earl of Shrewsbury.

This handsome and comfortable room is flanked by a round tower corresponding to that in the adjoining drawing-room. On the left, it opens by a narrow passage cut from the depth of the wall into the black oak room, and thus continues the suite.

The upper part of the castle, in spite of its towers and passages, and nests of closets, has been so modernized into comfort, and reformed into accommodation, that the guest who leaves the hospitable board in Edward the Fourth's hall, or the sombre gloom of the oak chamber, to retire to rest, seems to have made a transition from the fifteenth to the nineteenth century: and, if the spirit of antiquarianism regrets the change, the philosophy of enjoyment finds full compensation for the discounts of the imagination.

The castle stands a short mile or less from its feudal appendage "the town, or creek of Mullaghide in our land of Ireland," as it is styled in King Edward's grant to his dearly-beloved and faithful Thomas Talbot. The beautiful village of Malahide (for it is now no more than a village) is almost as curious a monument as its castle, presenting at the end of six hundred years the results of its first colonization, so praised by Hollingshed. It is a solecism among Irish villages, having neither pigs, paupers, dunghills, nor dirty children: its neat

white houses, looking on the little bay, command a view of the woods of Portran on the opposite shore, the island of Lambay, Howth, and Ireland's Eye, terminated in the remote distance by the sugar-loaf mountains of Wicklow. Its extreme cleanliness, quietude, and sobriety, form a strong contrast with its flourishing rival on the other side the bay of Dublin — the Black Rock, that great metropolis of jingles and jingle-men, of *badauds*, and (till lately of) whiskey.

Situated within seven miles of Dublin, Malahide abounds in all the accommodations of life. It is principally inhabited by small annuitants, who occasionally let their neat domiciles for the bathing-season to lodgers as quiet as themselves, eschewing the noise and bustle of Kingstown, and feasting on the delicious Malahide oysters, gathered from the beds in view of their windows.

Of the ancient town, as it stood up to the time of Oliver Cromwell, nothing now remains but a dilapidated building by the water's edge, called the Old House. It is memorable as the retreat of "the old gentleman," when, under the infliction of family feuds with "Madame Frances," his mother, he was driven from the castle; for the sister of Tirconnel is by no means a popular subject in the traditions of Malahide.

PUCK OF THE PALE.

THE temperament of nations governs the character of their mythology; for what can man attribute to the creatures of his fancy, save the reflection or the exaggeration of his own sensations and desires? The domestic mythology of England is distinguished by a homebred agency, tinged by that bitter vein, which makes its fairies malignant, and its men morose. The Irish mythology is wild and weird, full of passion and pathos; its agents are more poetical, its apparatus more mysterious, its events more awful. The special interference of its ministers is announced by sounds deep and fearful —the eagle and its scream, the goshawk and its shriek, the death song of the Banshee, and the melancholy vibrations of viewless harps. The mythological impersonations of Ireland are all sympathy, sighing over wrongs they cannot remedy, and predicting events they cannot avert.

At the head of this melancholy and fantastic creation stands the Banshee, or white lady of sorrow. Her sweet, sad song, breaking on the silence of night, is the certain harbinger of death to the

family of her disconsolate protection. If heard, hope quenches its light; if seen, cheerfulness abandons the beholder for ever. The image is indelible, and the stricken fancy is incessantly haunted by the fair but fearful form, draped in a death shroud, with hands wringing in agony, and eyes gleaming darkly and tearfully through long and golden tresses.

This "*madre di dolore*" of Irish faith is a tutelar deity natural to a nation, whose destiny it has been to suffer and complain; and it is also of universal credit and occurrence: but all the great Irish families have, in addition, their local and particular genii, who "watch over them, through good and evil report." They are also the harbingers of woe; and by announcing fatal calamities, they lead their protegées to an implicit resignation, which approaches to the numbing influence of fatalism. The hawk of the Mac Murrochs, (O'Kavanaghs, Kings of Leinster,) was found by the followers of Strongbow in attendance upon the royal traitor, whose vices prepared the way for the Anglo-Norman invasion: at the distance of six centuries, the hawk of the O'Kavanaghs still fulfils its melancholy functions. When the late Bryan Kavanagh, the representative of that ancient and royal race, fell ill at David's Town, the seat of the Archibolds, and when he continued to linger after the physicians had given him over, he was wont to repeat that his hour was not yet come, with a confidence apparently inexplicable. It was, however, accompanied

by a restlessness towards the close of day, when he earnestly desired to have his windows opened, and it was observed that his languid eyes followed the sailing flight of a hawk, which at that hour was accustomed to wing her way to her nest in the neighbourhood. One evening he was awakened from a deep sleep by an unusual sound, that resembled the flutter of a bird's wings; he drew back his curtain, and in great agitation asked what was that? The friend who watched him, and who stood near to the window, replied, "It is a hawk, with a wood-pigeon in its talons." "Then," said the descendant of the kings of Leinster, "my hour is come." His friend threw up the window to give him air, but when he returned to the bed-side he found him dead!

The eagle of the O'Briens fluttered over the bloody battle of Clontarf, wheeling over the spot where the heroic Brian Boru fell in defence of his country against foreign invasion, and then disappeared from the province, to seek the seat of the ancient dynasty in the south. The O'Donnels had their raven, which still croaks over their fallen grandeur among the beautiful ruins of their castle of Donegal; and every peasant clansman of the great families of Ireland has some *oiseau de bon, ou de mauvais augure:* the lucky gull, or the brackett hen, which, if it "does its spiriting" less poetically than hawks and eagles, inspires equal confidence in its vaticinating and tutelary powers.

Shortly after the English invasion, the Irish bards

superinduced an oriental imagery, brought into Europe by the Crusaders. The fabling of the Saracens, founded on the physical facts of their favourite science of chemistry, is replete with transmutations; and the pilgrim monks, on their return from Palestine to the "Isle of Saints," opening to the Irish genius those sources, whence Ariosto in after times drew his Alcina, and Spenser his Arcadia, adding enchanters and enchantresses to the wild imagery of Irish fiction.

Old Hanmer, writing some years after the epoch of heroic story in Ireland, observes that "many giants and worthy champions there were in those daies, both of Irish and Danish birth."

An adventure ascribed to Fionne Mac Comhal, or Fingal, the father and the hero of Ossian, was evidently borrowed from the same original from which Trissino drew his magic tale of "the ring" in his Italia Liberata. Fingal, being present at a feast of heroes in the hall of Almhain, went forth (in the words of the Irish poet*) to breathe "the fragrant gale," when from an adjoining thicket a beautiful doe started forth and crossed his path. Fingal called his dogs, and pursued the animal to the mountain of Sleiv Gullin, when the doe disappeared, or rather was replaced by a beautiful woman, who was weeping for the loss of a ring which she had dropped into the lake. Fingal gallantly plunges into the waters, recovers the ring, reaches the shore, and finds himself in the presence

* See Miss Brook's "Translations of Irish Poetry."

of the enchantress, by whom he is turned (it does not very well appear why) "to gray and palsied age." Missed in "the hall of shells" by his band of heroes, he is traced to the cave of the beautiful magician, who is compelled to disenchant her victim; and the Irish tale winds up like the Italian canto, from which it differs only in names and sites.

In the twelfth century, the Anglo-Norman invasion excited an obvious influence on the national mythology, and the preternatural creations of Ireland's morbid imagination became enlivened by the fantastic and mischievous genii, which, under the name of "feadrée," or fairie, overran the English pale, and progressively extended their unseen, but not unfelt influence, together with English arms and English power. This mythology had been but recently naturalized in England; of true French origin,* natives of the brilliant clime of Languedoc, the fairies are still represented as pert, as pretty, and petulant, as when they first issued from their flowery cells, on the banks of the Garonne, in the train of their queen.

Jervaise de Tilleberrie, Marshal of Arles, in the thirteenth century, writing to the Emperor Otho the Fourth, says,—"It is asserted by persons of

* Languedoc is the ancient seat of the fairyism of modern Europe. There is not a village in that beautiful province which has not some cell or cavern which boasts the honour of a fairy's residence, or at least some fount or spring where fairies bathed and sported.

unexceptionable credit, that fairies used to choose themselves gallants from among men, and rewarded their attachment with an affluence of worldly goods; but if they married, or boasted of fairy favours, they severely smarted for such indiscretions." With which of the Anglo-Norman knights Queen Titania came to Ireland—a Geraldine or a De Burgh, a Le Gros or a Le Boteler—does not appear. But whether her light, capricious fancy fixed itself upon any of these, or upon an O'Donnel or an O'Connor, there are evident vestiges of her power and influence, and of her having possessed herself of every hill and vale, spring and fount, where heath-bells bloom and waters sparkle. The English pale became all fairy land, and Spenser found in Ireland those treasures of fairy lore, to which his poem stands so largely indebted.

Between the new settlers and the aboriginal genii of the land, there was no similarity; the fairy, with her French characteristics, her love of dancing and proneness to coquetry, had either imbibed a bitter and mischievous disposition, during her residence in England, or was supposed to have done so by the harassed Irish. The fairie was always invoked in fear, and propitiated as a demon. Down to the present day, the lower Irish pour upon the earth libations of whatever they drink, as a sacrifice to fairy power; and an order of priesthood was early instituted, to mediate between the malignant little deities, and the victims of their tyranny. Blights, blasts, mischiefs, maladies, were attributed to fairy

influence; and their remedy was within the peculiar jurisdiction of the "fairy doctor," or wise man, whose intercourse and mediation with "the good people" have never been doubted, and are still sought and purchased by the unhappy wight,

"Who in their hour of fairy revel,
Or in their sacred paths dare tread in shape profane."

Such luckless intruders paid their penalty by being waylaid and carried

"Through break and through briar,
Through mud and through mire;"

sometimes also by the loss of health, sense, or cattle; or, by undergoing such ludicrous persecutions from some particular "sprite, pitiless and rough," as filled up the measure of his hatred against the *Boddagh Sassoni*,* who, in addition to their political injuries, had thus introduced "urchins, ouphs, and faierie," divested of the human sympathy, and superhuman dignity, which distinguish the spirits of Irish mythology.

In process of time, every physical calamity was attributed to the malicious intervention of the "good people," (so called, in fear, or in irony). Paddy Rooney's complaint of having been changed at nurse, was one of common occurrence. Every fond mother, whose baby's "days were dwindled to the shortest span," believed that some night-tripping fairy had exchanged her own fine "lump of a gossoon" for the "donny poor cratur," whose wiz-

* *Boddagh Sassoni*, "English churls;" a term anciently applied to English settlers.

zard eyes gleamed from the chimney nook, where it had been deposited during the parents' absence at wake or patron.

There was another species of agency exercised by the Fead-heree, particularly obnoxious to Irish habits and Irish tastes. A nation of warriors and bards, whose lives were passed in battle or in song, had for ages indulged in a poetic licence, an epic negligence of domestic order and its prosaic details, which shocked the tidy deities of the conquerors. The little subjects of "the radiant queen, who hated sluts and sluttery," were accustomed to pinch "the unclean knight," who lagged behind in the march of dandyism—such as old Campion describes in speaking of the Irish gentlemen of his time—"cleare men of skinne and hue, but of themselves careless and beastiall, though they have now left off saffron, and learn to wash their shirts four or five tymes in a year."

The contest was obviously unequal; the fairies soon gave in, and "taking Irish order," fled to the hills; where, while Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustardseed, amused themselves by blasting corn, infecting cattle, or "warring with red mice for their leathern wings," one only became domiciliated with man, who, assuming the attributes of the good old Celtic Leprehawn, displayed the malice of the "swart fairy of the mine," together with the tricksome fun of his own peculiar nature. This was Puck.*

* Puck is an old Gothic term, signifying fiend or devil.

To the present day, Puck is supposed to exercise his ancient jurisdiction over the ruined castles of the English Pale, and to preside in the modern mansions raised on their picturesque sites. Puck never "degenerated to the mere Irishry;" but continues a true member of the British demonology; and a spirit of the same local and domestic character, as he is described by Shakspeare. "A shrewd and a knavish spirit," he entered into all the *tracasseries* of a country-house life; but he seldom extended his operations beyond the bawn or park-paling of the castle, or mansion, which he had adopted as his residence; while his agency seems to have been particularly directed towards the female departments of domestic economy.

> "To skim milk, and sometimes labour at the quern,
> Or bootless make the breathless housewife churn.
> Those that hobgoblin called him, or sweet Puck,
> He did their work, and they had sure good luck."

Just such an imp as Shakspeare (the best painter of English manners during the middle ages) has described, was said to have accompanied the Talbots from their seat at Eccleswell, to their Pale Castle of Malahide, in Ireland. His feats and pranks, in which the oral traditions of the family abound, were related over the winter fire, till the listener would

> ——— "Swear
> A merrier hour was never watched,

than that in which the Irish "story-tellers" related the humours of the Anglo-Norman demon.

In process of time, however, Puck and his homely tricks were voted a bore; and it is related that his perpetual interference in all domestic service, his fastidious love of order, and proneness to mischief, at length induced the Talbot family to leave their castle, for the sole purpose of getting rid of him. Palfries were saddled, sumpter-horses loaded, fair dames were mounted, and gallant knights were in attendance. The troop commenced their march; when, in passing the drawbridge, they heard a dabbling in the water, and a clapping of hands and rustling of linen, which indicated the avocation of a laundress of no common activity. "What can that be?" asked the Lady of Malahide. "It is only Puck," answered a superhuman voice, from the bank of the fosse beneath, "bucking his linen to follow the family." The ladies turned back in despair, and submitted for another half century to an influence which was regarded as a malediction.*

When "the troubles" had banished the family from Malahide, and they took refuge in their seat of Talbot's Town in Wicklow, they sought some consolation in the belief, that they had at least left the family tormentor behind them, to annoy the Cromwellian invader, Miles Corbet, who had taken possession of the castle. It happened that the young ladies of the family, on some sultry morning, had adjourned to an old building to take the re-

* "Puck take you!" is a form of cursing still common in Ireland; and to "play the very puck," is synonymous for playing the devil.

freshment of a cold bath, in the only vessel appropriated to such a luxury, in times so comparatively rude and simple — a brewing vat. The beauty of the circle, drawing off her silken hose of yellow, clocked with crimson, and admiring the veiny whiteness of her handsome ancle, exclaimed, "How white it is!" "Puck has a whiter," screamed out the well-known voice; and the imp, perched on a rafter of the roof, was seen exhibiting his spindle shanks and laughing, as imps only laugh, at the comparison. The ladies *gave in*, and shortly after, by the "Act of Settlement," Puck and the Talbots were reinstated at Malahide.

At a much more recent period, and after a long interval of suppressed activity, Puck once more became the object of the most intense interest, and awful apprehension among the servants of the family. One morning, during the residence of some occasional visiters to the hospitable mansion, the housemaids, on entering the apartments for the purpose of commencing their accustomed task of cleanliness and order, were more than astonished at finding their work already performed to their hands. Carpets were swept, window-curtains drawn up, chairs and tables regimented in their proper places, and logs piled on the ancient andirons of the spacious hearth, as punctually and precisely, as if done under the immediate inspection of the most orderly of housekeepers. Eyes were rubbed, whose evidence could scarcely be believed; memories were taxed to revive a recollection of work done, *par ex-*

traordinaire, after the family had retired on the previous evening; but no such facts could be recalled. And while the services of Puck elicited the promise of a new suit of clothes,* for on this point Puck was particular, his half-pleased, half-frightened protegées came to the conclusion, "that there are more things in heaven and earth, than were dreamed of in *their* philosophy."

The next day the same miracle was again worked, and for several succeeding mornings the especial office of the housemaids was, in like manner, rendered a sinecure. Old traditions were straightway ripped up, ancient stories were revived, till the whole household came to "an unanimous resolution" that Puck, and Puck alone, should be answerable for the wonder.

The story spread from the servants' hall to the housekeeper's room, and from the housekeeper's room to the black oak chamber, and divers natural solutions were attempted of the supernatural manifestation. The housemaids were taxed with sleep-walking, the footmen with a hoax;

* Tradition speaks loudly of the little demon's attention to his toilette. His favourite dress was a suit of black, and it was a common thing to bribe him with the promise of one. It happened, however, at a particular period, when he was more than ordinarily mischievous, that it was suggested that if he would *leave his measure*, the castle tailor should instantly supply him with a propitiating dress. Puck took the hint, and, laying his full-length in the *lossit* of the bake-house, made so accurate an impression on the flour, that all difficulty of fitting him was removed.

each hypothesis was in turn received and abandoned, while the sceptical auditor (after *his* wont) cut the knot he could not loosen, and in spite of evidence, denied the fact altogether. Every thing, however, is known at last, and it was ultimately discovered that one of the guests laboured under a monomania of cleanliness, and that, impelled by this partial insanity, he was in the habit of rising during the middle of the night, to gratify the singular propensity of thus setting his house in order—a propensity which he had extended to the castle of his friend.

With this adventure, the implicit faith in the feats of Puck of the Pale ended in Malahide Castle, but not in its environs, nor in the general belief of the lower orders. Governments changed, revolutions came, the Stuarts were deposed, the houses of Orange and Hanover succeeded, even the Bill of Catholic Emancipation was passed: yet amidst all these changes, Puck held his place, and flourished under each dynasty alike.

But the schoolmaster is at length gone abroad, even in Ireland; parochial tithe-meetings are superseding the legendary topics of the winter evening's fireside; Leprehawns are yielding to editors, fairy tales to leading articles, and Puck has found a more potent successor in the political agitator. Yet, ere such idle visions of the brain pass away, it may be good to put such scattered fragments of "fairy revelry" on record, as marking the spirit of the age in which they were influential. The pre-

sent is an age of facts—of prose, not of poetry; and, though many there may be, who still prefer the fanciful and brilliant combinations which peculiarly belong to periods of ignorance and superstition, yet that which *is*, is inevitable; and that which is inevitable, must be *necessary*.

THE END.

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ERRATA.

VOL. I.

Page 68, line 12, for "the," read "their."
Page 73, line 19, for "possessor," read "possessors."
Page 84, line 15, for "are," read "have been found."
Page 104, penult, for "have," read "pace."
Page 173, note, for "liceri," read "lucri."
Page 192, line 13, for "his," read "their."
Page 216, line 8, for "peels," read "Peels."
Page 228, line 3, for "flow," read "flows."
Page 316, note, line 5, for "royalty," read "royally."
Page 323, line 6, for "summam," read "summum."

VOL. II.

Page 1, line 15, read "the Chinese authorities would not."
Page 8, line 5, for "*maugré*," read "*malgré*."
Page 41, line 25, for "vexit," read "vexat."
Page 42, line 3, for "constructural," read "constructional."
Page 122, line 7, dele "and."
Page 129, line 5, read "set to the violoncello accompaniment of."
Page 148, line 3, for "effortiunter," read "effodiuntur."
Page 148, line 3, for "irratamenta," read "irritamenta."

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